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HOWEVER unpatriotic a Scotchman may appear in the eyes of local advocates of "Scotland for the Scotch," there is one point in which he will share the sentiment of the patriots. He will admire Edinburgh, and be difficult to convince that any town in the kingdom has a more beautiful situation, or remains more rich in memories of the eventful past. When one speaks of Edinburgh, one means, of course, chiefly the Old Town. The new town has little to boast of except comfort, and the unalterable charm of her situation, with its view of the hills, of the sea, and of the serrated front of the ancient city. Mr. Ruskin has said so much against the architecture of the new town that it seems superfluous to add a malison to his maledictions. The new houses are very solid, and built of good gray stone, which has a tendency to grow dark, and to wear the solemn gloom admired in the respectable quarters of Bath. To me Bath always appears to have been built out of grave-stones, funereal slabs of a moderate antiquity. New Edinburgh is not so bad as Bath, of course, and stone walls can never seem so squalid and skimpy as the London houses of dirty, yellowish

brick. But, on the whole, the new town reflects in her architecture a life of prosperity, without much stir or excitement; and the spires and towers of the various churches and public buildings can be credited at most only with good intentions. The sentimental traveler soon leaves New Edinburgh, with her steep ways, her grim monumental Moray Place, her streets where the grass grows long and green in the early autumn, for the picturesque and historical wynds and closes of the ancient town. Probably the majority of the dwellers in the new town pay very few visits to the decaying houses of their ancestors. They are proud of the old town, of Auld Reekie, but they do not often cross the ravine and climb the Mound and moralize over the scenes of old forays and fights, of murders and martyrdoms. To tell the truth, there are features in the old town that rather repel the curious. You may be inured to all the odors of Cologne, you may have traveled (in the interests of *bric-à-brac*) into the Jews' quarters in Italian towns, but nowhere will you have faced such dirt as in the closes and wynds of Edinburgh. Some of these lanes leading into the High street or the Cowgate

—lanes walled with high-roofed mansions of Scotch nobles and judges in past centuries—are homes of the most abominable filth. The gutter down the middle of the steep, narrow causeway is an open sewer; the grimy women come out and hospitably offer to let you view the rooms for which they pay rent, and only very keen curiosity will tempt you to accept the offer. The condition of the children playing in these fetid places cannot decently be described. Overhead, out of most windows, stretch poles on which a few rags of clothes are drying and dripping. The poles are the substitutes for the bleaching greens of civilization, and they are everywhere to be seen poked out of windows, even in the wider streets of old Edinburgh. Everything breathes of cholera, of plague, and of that ancient "pest" so often mentioned in civic annals; yet it sometimes happens that, from the black mouths of these closes, you can see the green sides of the hills quite near at hand. Within a mile or less are the smooth slopes and fresh sward of Arthur's Seat or Salisbury Crag; or

perhaps, beyond the farther mouth of the wynd, there is a glimpse of the blue waters of the Frith of Forth. Thus, it is not strange that the dwellers in the new town visit the old as rarely as possible, except for purposes of charity, or on a raid after blue china and old chairs. Between people living in Ainslie Place and people living in the Playhouse Close, the narrow ravine beneath the Castle, is "a great gulf fixed." On the south side of the little glen where the railway runs, the folk dwell in sanitary conditions not very much altered from those of the fourteenth century. There is gas, of course, instead of the oil lamps which of old were sometimes burned between five and nine in the winter evenings. The roofs are not thatched; great stacks of heather and peat or turf are not piled up on either hand of the door, as in the past. An unfortunate small boy, three hundred years ago, lighted one of these piles of heather "in a waggishness," as Bacon says, and was himself burned at the stake for the crime, by way of encouraging other boys not



A RAINY NIGHT, LOOKING TOWARD OLD TOWN OR NORTH BRIDGE.



CANDLE-MAKERS' ROW.

to indulge in such high spirits. From these dangers the old town is now free; but in many of the wynds the dirt still reminds one of what Smollett's congenial muse described in "Humphrey Clinker." The crowding of human beings in these "lands"—houses fourteen stories high, crowded with scores of families—is probably about as bad as ever it was. The old conditions of life made these tall houses necessary, and the poor people who now inhabit them remain where they do partly out of carelessness, partly for want of cheap accommodations elsewhere. London has probably no such black rookeries as swarm in Edinburgh.

The original causes which made the streets so narrow and so high are plainly written on the configuration of the soil. Without going deep into the history of Edinburgh, without

grubbing among Roman remains and relics of the bronze and stone ages (for, if once we fall into that pit, we may never scramble out again), it is plain that the steep isolated rock of the Castle first tempted people to dwell here. It is like the crag of the Acropolis at Athens, or Ithome, or Hissarlik. A sketch of mediæval Athens, recently published, shows that the town stretched in a rough oblong east of the Acropolis rock, exactly as old walled Edinburgh clung to the rock of the Castle. That rock was a commanding spot, easily rendered all but impregnable, and so far from the sea that precautions could be taken in time against invaders by water. The conditions are exactly those which, according to Thucydides, were preferred by founders of cities in the ancient days when Greeks were half barbarians. Here,



DOOR-WAY, LADY STAIRS CLOSE.

then, the Celtic tribes and the unknown earlier races would make their clay fort; the slopes of Arthur's Seat they tilled, like South Sea islanders, on the terrace system; and to the rock they would drive their cattle on alarm of war. Then, as always happened, a village grew beneath the protecting shade of the Castle rock, and

that village developed into Edinburgh. But, from its neighborhood to the English border (whence the road along the sea is not difficult), Edinburgh was always exposed to the southern fire and sword. Again and again her gates were forced, her houses were burned, her people fled to the Castle and to the shelter of the surrounding forests. Naturally, then, the city huddled herself together as close as might be under the shadow of the Castle. Every house beyond the city walls was certain to be robbed and burned whenever a hostile force came against the town. Edinburgh had been walled in 1450, and so narrow was the circumvallation that the Cowgate was beyond the circle of towers. The wealthy dwellers in the Cowgate "were out in the open country." Any visitor to Edinburgh has only to stand where the Cowgate begins and look back to the Castle to understand how narrow were the limits of the mediæval town, and what urgent need there was to pile the houses "close and high." After the fatal battle of Flodden (1513),—a battle still remembered by the border people as a day of sorrow,—new walls were built round Edinburgh, and "the Flodden wall" included the Cowgate. "The whole length of the old wall was about one mile, that of the new was one mile three furlongs," says Mr. Grant, in his "Old and New Edinburgh." So prudent were the citizens that, for two hundred and fifty years, scarcely a house arose beyond the Flodden wall. And it is

within this miserably contracted territory, in the dark and burrowing lanes, that the poor of Edinburgh still herd, still regard the curious visitor with curiosity scarcely less than his own. So much it is necessary to say about the old town, lest the stranger who examines it should complain that he has been taken without warning into a pestilent, malodorous home of dirt and disease. He is now fairly warned, and he must console himself with the thought that the dirt is historical, the disease romantic,—a slight survival from the unrivaled filth and pestilence of mediæval Scotland.

"In Athens," says Cicero, "every stone you tread on has its history." As much may be said for old Edinburgh, where the very nuisances are historical, and the wind brings you a realistic whiff of the middle ages. The old ruined castles all around have each its legend, clinging to the place like the ivy, haunting it like the ghost of the murdered man or child so often found built up within the thick masonry of the walls. What a dreadful mystery of old times these walled-up skeletons might unfold if they could speak! In what midnight murder or brawl over cards and wine, or in what bitter family feud about charters and settlements, did *he* perish whose bones were found walled up among the ruins of Craigmillar? What was the secret of that infant's birth, who, dead, had no other grave than the "stone shroud" of the castle wall within Queen Mary's chamber? There comes no answer out of darkness and the dust, nor can we well believe that some of these dead people, thus consigned *in pacem*, were sacrificed (according to the practice of the Black Art) to secure the safety of the buildings. The times were too late for such deeds in Scotland, and the dead men surely perished in some other cause. But if their secret is well kept, some, at least, of the other secrets of the town have come into the light of day, and are recorded in the annals of history and the black calendar of crime. The Scotch of the middle ages (which in Scotland lasted till 1745) were a wild, passionate, revengeful race. They yielded not in fury, and cruelty, and pride to the violent nobles of the Italian towns of Perugia and Verona. In such streets as the West Bow and the Cowgate and Canongate, it is easily seen that most of the ancient houses are as strong as fortresses. Observe the clean-cut line of the thick walls, the narrow entrances, the lintels each carved with a text, more for magic than in piety, the small windows heavily barred. The arms cut above the lintel may be the bearings of noble houses, Douglasses, Carrs, Scotts, or the trade blazon of the weavers or the saddlers.

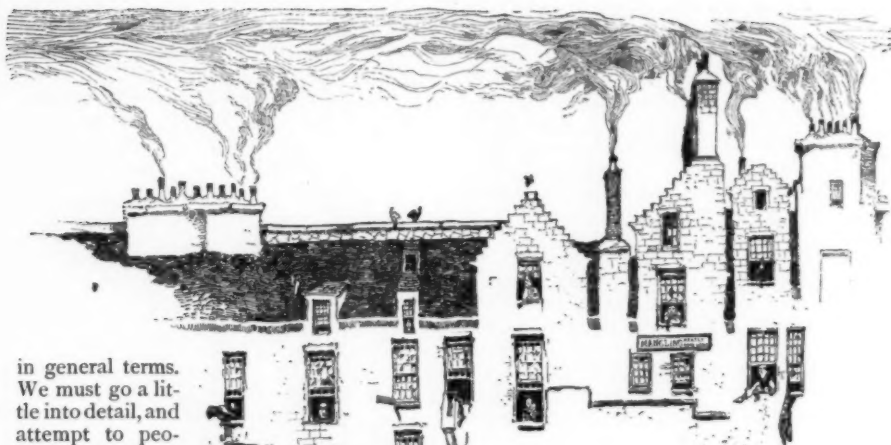
But everywhere the houses are strong enough to stand an irregular siege, and in no town in the British isles could street fighting be so dangerous and so protracted. Such houses were first the homes of a *noblesse* who shrank from no treachery and no violence. The cellars served well enough to lodge a captured judge in before he was carried on a rider's saddle to the dungeon of some keep in lonely Liddesdale. The sudden steps on the uneven floor, in dark corners, answered admirably for the purpose of stabbing a guest as he stumbled. The barred windows might long keep a deserted wife a prisoner, till it became convenient to remove her to some even more inaccessible retreat in an island of the western seas. In these recesses noble ladies have practiced sorcery, melting the waxen effigies and burning the hair of their enemies. Through these strait house-doors burghers have fled in terror, and wounded men have been dragged in hastily, when the slogan of the Border war was heard in the midnight streets, when torches flared above the thrusts of spears and swords and the noise of smitten shields. In shy corners of these closes, on a later day, gentlemen have found what Sir William Hope in his "Scots Fencing Master" calls "an occasion," that is, a chance for a sudden informal duel. Then, as the city expanded beyond the Flodden wall, and the gentry built houses in the new streets, or migrated to London, the old town fortresses fell into the hands of the most desperate of the poor. The properties and actors were changed, but the old drama went on, and the Irish murderers, Burke and Hare, counted their victims by the score, till one of them (*more Hibernico*) turned informer and had his comrade hanged. Even out of the net-work of narrow lanes, in the wider places of the city, the game of revenge, of bloodshed, of burning, went on in the open day. The gallows of the Grass Market saw brave men "testify" to the most various causes, to faith and loyalty, to reason and freedom. The stake had its share of gentle and simple, when old women of the people and beautiful daughters of noble houses were burned indifferently for the crying sin of witchcraft. Every room of each old prison—the Castle oubliettes and the Tolbooth—has its romance, its tale of some scarcely credible escape by royal prince or daring smuggler. The Scotch people, that is now so "dour," so prosperous and law-abiding, has the fiercest strain in its blood. Our fathers sowed their wild oats in rapine and slaughter and fire, while the children have subsided into a peaceful but not unadventurous race. Or perhaps, after all, it was chiefly the ravenous, arrogant nobles, so proud, so brave, and so

poor, that outdid in old Edinburgh the feats of the Baglioni. In the endless feuds and wars and party strifes, the Maiden (our Scotch guillotine) and the sword, poison, and the halter cut off the fiercer stocks of the Scotch *noblesse*, and in the struggle for existence



LADY STAIRS CLOSE.

victory remained with the quieter folk, whose necks were not eternally in peril. To understand what manner of men the "forbears" of the Scotch were, it is not enough to speak



A MEMORY OF HIGH STREET.

in general terms. We must go a little into detail, and attempt to people, for an hour, those high crag-like houses, those narrow streets, the Castle, with the men who wrangled and reveled in them, and who held all things cheaper than rapine and revenge.

Probably the best way to see ancient Edinburgh aright is to enter it from the west. Before penetrating the inner town, the Castle invites the curious, and the romance of the Castle alone would demand much more space than we can give to the whole history of Auld Reekie. The Castle of to-day chiefly consists of barracks, of no great antiquity, perched on that high crag which frowns over Prince street gardens. Often the little boys of Edinburgh risk their necks on these crags, imitating Randolph, Bruce's famous general, who won the Castle of the Maidens, *Arx Puellarum*, from the English. The keep seems a place of impregnable strength, if we think of the conditions of war before the invention of heavy siege pieces and modern artillery. From the dungeon prisons hewn in the rock, too, one might guess that even so ingenious a captive as Baron Trenck could never have escaped. Yet the whole history of Edinburgh Castle is a long tale of escapes and captures. Placed on such a height, its front secured by the perpendicular black

rocks, and (in old times) by the North Loch which lay where the railway now runs, the Castle commands a wide prospect of land and sea. No enemy can approach, no prisoner escape, without being observed in the onset or the flight. So, probably, the defenders of the Castle deemed, and, lulled into drowsy security, suffered the enemy to seize, or the captive to escape from, the keep. Randolph won the Castle by a *coup de main* in 1311. The

English then held it; but one Frank, a man-at-arms of Randolph's, knew a secret path whereby he had often scaled it when engaged in a love adventure. And so, with Aphrodite for guide, thirty Scots clambered one dark night of March into the Castle of the Maidens. It is plain enough that they never could have scaled the sheer rock without some artificial aid, and Mr. Grant reports that, about sixty years ago, there were traces of steps cut in the stone just where the cliff is steepest and where the sentinels would be least on their guard. By these steps, perhaps, the Jacobites meant to climb, four hundred years later, when, in the characteristic Jacobite style, they stopped too long "powdering their hair," as the slang term was for

drinking,—*Pulveris exigui jactus*. By that little toss of powder the plot was ruined, and the house of Hanover kept possession of the Castle. In 1337 the English again held the Castle, and were again driven out by a *ruse* of the most obvious character, a trick as transparent as that of the Trojan horse. In the Castle the fatal dish of the black bull's head was cooked for Earl Douglas in 1440. It would

be interesting to know whence the Scotch derived this *plat*, so conspicuous in their culinary history, and as purely national a delicacy as "sheep's head" or haggis. I do not know that the black bull's head was ever introduced at English, Irish, or Continental tables, and no mention of the dainty occurs, as far as I am aware, in the records of any savage or classical people. When one powerful party leader had so far overcome the suspicions of a rival as to induce that rival to accept an invitation to dinner, then the host went smiling home, consulted his cook, and hinted that a black bull's head might as well be added to the *mennu*. When this ominous dish was brought to the table, the wretched guest knew that his last hour had arrived. And this was what befell young Douglas. The people expressed their horror of the deed in a ballad, of which, apparently, but one verse

survives, though more may perhaps be known to the learning of Professor Child :

"Edinburgh Castle, towne and tower,
God grant thou sink for sinne,
And that even for the black dinner
Earle Douglas got therein."

If "sinne" could sink town and tower, Edinburgh would centuries since have been with "Memphis and Babylon and either Thebes." In those old times, when a Scotch prince hated a man, he very commonly acted on the maxim, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," and dirked his foe with his own hand. This was the custom of the Duke of Albany, brother of James III., who slew John of Scougal, and in other ways so conducted himself that, in 1482, he was consigned to prison in the Castle. Thence Albany deemed that he was not likely to come



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.



HOUSE OF BOSWELL AND HUME, JAMES COURT.

forth alive, especially as his brother Mar had mysteriously vanished—so mysteriously, indeed, that even now the manner of Mar's fate is unknown. Albany's friends sent a small ship to wait in the harbor of Leith, and a hamper of wine easily found admission to Albany's rooms in the castle. The hamper contained ropes as well as wine, and when Albany had made his keepers drunk with the liquor, had dirked them, and thrown their mail-clad bodies to grill on the fire, he escaped to the ship at Leith by aid of the rope. But the favorite way of escaping had a bland and child-like simplicity. The captive's wife paid him a visit, the pair exchanged clothes, and the prisoner walked out in the lady's petticoats! This old trick was played in the Castle as often as the "confidence trick" in the capitals of modern civilization. Apparently it never missed fire, and we may conclude that in every case the turnkeys were bribed. The only prisoner of note who ever failed was the first Marquis of Argyll, in 1601. The Marchioness came to see him in a sedan chair;

he assumed her dress and coif, and stepped into the sedan. But presently he lost heart and stepped out again, though what he was afraid of it is difficult to guess. He could only die once, his execution was certain, and he might as well be shot privately, in the attempt to run away, as be decapitated publicly in the town where the great Montrose, his enemy, was done to death. When the Marquis's son, in his turn, was confined in the Castle, his ready brain conceived the novel idea of escaping, not in the dress of a lady, but in that of the lackey of his daughter-in-law. He let the lady's train drop in the mud, whereon, with the wit and coolness of a daughter of the Lindsays, she switched the dripping silk in his face, crying, "Thou careless loon." Then the soldiers laughed, and Argyll, for that time, got clean away. A most spirited escape, not from the Castle, but from the Tolbooth prison, was arranged and executed in 1783 by James Hay, a lad of eighteen, but of precocious parts, who had been sentenced to death for robbery. Old Hay, the father,

got the turnkey to drink with him, made him "no *that* fu," but still "wi' a gey drap in his ee," and then induced the confiding jailer to go out and order some more whisky. The moment the turnkey had gone, old Hay cried (in a capital imitation of the jailer's voice), "Turn your hand," whereon the porter opened the prison door. Young Hay was off like a shot through the open prison gate, made for the Greyfriars Kirk-yard, scaled the wall, and hid himself in the vault of "bloody Mackenzie," the persecutor of the Covenanters. The vault, of course, was haunted by the ensanguined specter of Sir George Mackenzie; so no one looked *there* for young Hay, whose school-fellows of Heriot's Hospital, like bricks of boys, supplied him with food for six weeks. Then young Hay escaped, scot-free, to Holland. I don't know why it is, but I am glad he got off. All this happened precisely one hundred years ago, and it is something to think of in Greyfriars Church-yard, among the crumbling black grave-stones and ivy green, still haunted by memories of the Covenanters. One might prose for hours over the Castle, and the regalia, and the Mons Meg, that half-mythical piece of ordnance; but all these things are written even in unassuming sixpenny guide-books. It is time to leave the *Arx Puellarum* and enter the city by the West Port. I like to think that "Claverse," that bonny Dundee, when he went northward, "wherever the spirit of Montrose might lead him," clattered with his men down these narrow streets.

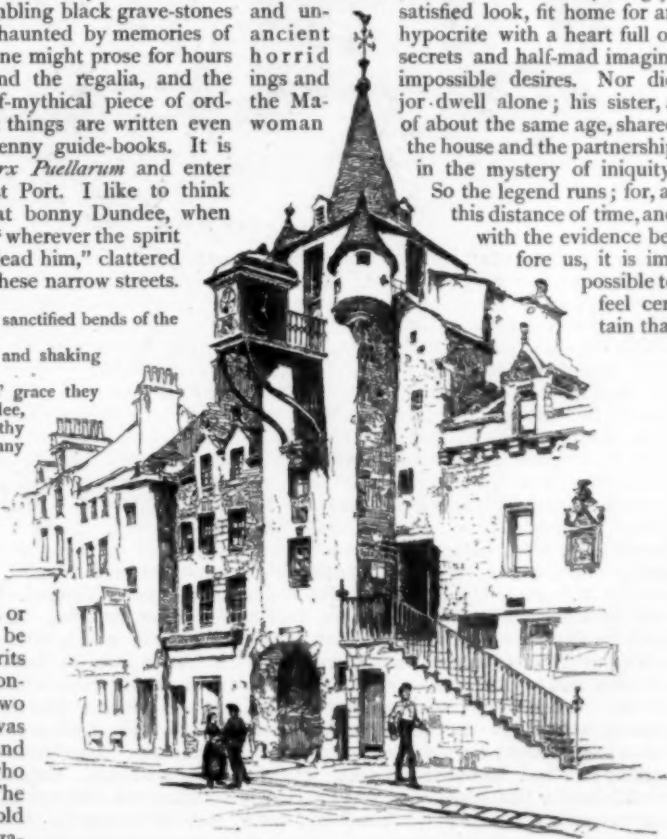
"As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Each carlin was flyting and shaking
her pow;
But the young plants o' grace they
looked couthis and slee,
Said "Good luck to thy
bonnets, thou bonny
Dundee."

The gate on the West Port was a favorite place for exhibiting the heads of traitors or martyrs, or, when traitors or martyrs happened to be scarce, of any culprits that chanced to be convenient. Here also, two hundred years ago, was spiked the red right hand of Chieslie of Dalry, who slew Lockhart. The houses have the old "crow-step" on the gable, a series of narrow

stairs whereby the little sweeps in times past were wont to scale the chimneys. Fortunately the den of iniquity, down Tanner's close, where Hare and Burke carried on a wholesale business in murder, has long perished. Perished, too, but only within the last five years, has the house of Major Weir, the most horribly haunted place in Edinburgh, worse than even Mary King's ruined close, where the blue specters of those who died in the great plague used to walk. If Hawthorne had been an Edinburgh man, he would have made the dwelling of Major Weir immortal in romance. The legend has that blending of Puritanism, of superstition, of horror, which Hawthorne enjoyed; and over all these is a veil of mystery, which seems to lift for a moment only to leave one more puzzled and confused. The house of Major Weir was not precisely in the West Bow; but the tall, gaunt building stood back within a black narrow court of its own, a court with a dark, hungry, and un-ancient horrid

look, fit home for an hypocrite with a heart full of secrets and half-mad unimaginable desires. Nor did he dwell alone; his sister, a of about the same age, shared the house and the partnership in the mystery of iniquity.

So the legend runs; for, at this distance of time, and with the evidence before us, it is impossible to feel certain that



THE TOLBOOTH, HIGH STREET.



ALLAN RAMSAY'S SHOP IN HIGH STREET.

Major Weir was not an honorable man enough whose brain, perhaps, was turned in his extreme age by sickness and religious mania. The major had been an officer in the army which (in 1641) protected the Scotch settlers then recently planted in the North of Ireland. In 1650 he was one of the guard which attended the execution of the great Montrose. Like many soldiers of that age, Major Weir was, in religion, extremely evangelical, and his sermons and prayers met with much acceptance in "the sanctified bends of the Bow." It was observed that he could only be eloquent when he leaned on his favorite stick, "all of one piece of thorn-wood with a bent head." Probably much of Major Weir's evil fame rises from nothing more serious than his fondness for this black stick, which it was his trick of manner to fondle. But, if we were still as superstitious as our ancestors of two centuries ago, what young man of fashion who takes his "crook" everywhere into society would be safe from suspicion of sorcery? When the major was about seventy, he fell into a heavy sickness, which, according to some authorities, "affected his mind so much that he made open and voluntary confession of all his wickedness." Probably

enough the malady "affected his mind," which would then play, in a fearsome fashion, with horrors of sin and the dread beliefs of Calvinism. The Lord Provost of the period, like a sensible man, at first treated the confession as mere raving. But, plied probably by the superstitious, and by the Royalist enemies whom the major is sure to have made, the Provost finally arrested Weir, his sister, and his black stick. In prison the poor wretch stuck to his "confession," but refused to pray. "As I am to go to the devil, I do not wish to anger him!" he screamed. On April 9, 1670, he was sentenced to be strangled and burned, while his sister was merely to be hanged. When his dead body fell into the fire, his stick twisted and writhed in unholy fashion, and "was as long in burning as the major." As to the confessions of the major's sister, we have them on the excellent authority of "Satan's Invisible World Discovered,"—evidence which would not now drown a kitten, much less hang a woman. Major Weir's house was long uninhabited after his execution. When some one did occupy it, in the beginning of this century, he was startled by the apparition of a shadowy being like a calf. This is the third

case of a ghostly calf which I have met with in a life-long study of ghost stories. One of the other calves haunted the place where an idiot boy had been slain. The third appeared in France, to two lads, and is mentioned in M. d'Assier's recent volume on "Posthumous Man" (*L'homme d'outre-tombe*).

One follows the winding of the West Port to the Grass Market, a wide, airy place (for

still remember "Claverse" and "bloody Dalziel" with a curse. The peasant populations of the Lowland counties have not the deathless Celtic memory of grievances; but the persecutors of the Covenanters they have never forgotten nor forgiven, and they still speak of the bones of murdered saints, found in the beds and "brae-hags" of burns, where Claverhouse came on them at their prayers,



IMPRESSIONS OF GRASS MARKET.

the old town), from the crown of whose causeway many an old Covenanting hero, trailing his tortured limbs to the gallows, took his farewell of the sky, and the green hills, and the sea. From the gallows platform the eye can glance to the north and the west,—to the "hills of the robbers" beyond the Forth, and to where the setting sun slants on moors and morasses, faint and far away, the hiding-places of the "persecuted remnant." In Scotland, the popular tradition is all on the side of the Covenanters. We read Sir Walter's works, and give our hearts to the gallant Grahames, to Montrose and Dundee; but the people

and where his musketeers shot them even on their knees. With such stories my own childhood was fed, and even Sir Walter's magic has never quite cast the glamour over the more splendid and romantic party that stood for the Church and the King. But Scots of all historical parties may find in the Grass Market a sacred place; for here were done to death brave men and fair women of every creed and character. Among others, on February 17th, 1688, fell precious Mr. Renwick, the preacher. Quite lately I came across Mr. Renwick's last dying speech and confession, a sordid little fly-leaf, in a cheap book-stall. This ex-



THE COWGATE, FROM GEORGE THE FOURTH'S BRIDGE.

cellent martyr frankly admitted that he had always preached the righteousness of resisting his lawful king in arms. This was all very well; but the odd thing was to find Renwick full of indignant surprise at his own execution. It never seemed to occur to him that the corollary of his doctrine was the king's right to put him to death if he could catch him. This is a logical deficiency which one has observed in certain homicidal patriots of a much later epoch than 1688. The ancient stone-socket of the gallows-tree has long been removed from the Grass Market. In its place you may observe stones laid down in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross in the pavement; just as opposite the windows of Baliol, in the Broad street, Oxford, a small cross in the roadway marks the spot where Ridley and Latimer were burned at the stake. The

shop of the dyer on whose pole Porteous was hanged (as we have all read in the "Heart of Midlothian") has also disappeared. "Though much is taken, much remains," however; for example, the neighboring church and church-yard that of old belonged to the Greyfriars. Here is the flat tombstone on which the Solemn League and Covenant was signed by men desperately anxious to bring back the mastodon, Theocracy; here are the graves of martyrs and of persecutors; and here is the vault of which we have already spoken, haunted by the red specter of Bloody Mackenzie. And here "Greyfriars Bobby" lay, a faithful terrier, watching for many years on the grave of his dead master. People fed poor Bobby; otherwise he would have starved; and I presume he occasionally relaxed himself by chevying one of the too numerous cats

which haunt the rusty-green grass and bushes of the old church-yard.

Leaving the Greyfriars, one naturally turns down the Cowgate, the fashionable quarter before Flodden fight—"being deemed open and airy." The Cowgate dives down a deep and narrow ravine, a kind of cañon, and high above it, as if in mid-air, passes the arch of George the Fourth's bridge. The Cowgate is like a Highland torrent of turbid population, flowing through its narrow and precipitous glen, and receiving at every turn the tributary streams of a score of dirty wynds, pouring in from either hand. The Cowgate, it is said, was originally the "Sou'-gate," or Southern Gate, and had nothing to do with kine. But this, to my mind, is contradicted by the fact that a writer of 1500-1530 calls the street *Via Vaccarum*, "the Street of the Cows," where, as he adds, you find *omnia magnifica*—everything handsome—about it. Now, it is not likely that the name of a new suburb would so rapidly be changed from South Gate to *Via Vaccarum*, or "Kowgait" (1518). But a short distance on the right hand of the Cowgate—attained by walking down Robertson's Wynd—was the Kirk of Fields, "St. Mary's of the Fields." The buildings of the University of Edinburgh now occupy most of the site of the house. It was an ill-famed, half-abandoned place, almost in the country, when Darnley was strangled there and when the mansion of the Kirk o' Fields was blown up. The very next wynd to Robertson's, namely, Niddry's, led you straight to the old High School, where George Sinclair shot the city officer dead at the great barring out, and where Scott had his schooling, and fought his "battle of the cross causeway,"—stones being the weapons, in very much later times. But the old High School has long ceased to exist. It was entered by a portal in a tower, very like the ancient entrance to the new buildings of the University in St. Andrews. The new High School is a handsome Greek edifice, near the south side of Calton Hill, and has no traditions of the famous elder world. The difficulty in writing about Edinburgh is that "one cannot see the town for the houses." So many legends cling to these black and narrow lanes and these "dour" old piles of masonry, that one is tempted to go on telling story after story, and neglecting the general effect. But this one more anecdote I cannot resist the temptation to steal from Mr. Grant's great treasure-house of traditions. Sir Walter Scott had a grand-aunt, who was all that a Scotch grand-aunt should be—a lady of an ancient house, with a memory well stored with legends. When she was a little girl, this Aunt

Margaret was residing at Swinton House, in Berwickshire, and happened to wander, in the listless fashion of childhood unemployed, into the dining-room. There sat a lady "beau-



A WYND.

tiful as an enchanted queen," and engaged in taking the refreshment of tea. Now, children have not a gift of beholding the thing that either is not, or is hidden by a veil from older eyes, that one might set this apparition down as a ghost or a day-dream. But the beautiful lady broke silence, and begged little Margaret to speak first to her mother, *by herself*, of what "she had witnessed." When the family came home from church, Margaret was advised to say nothing about the beautiful lady. Yet she was not a ghost after all, but a woman of flesh and (in the strictest sense) of blood. These things happened shortly after "the Fifteen," when many English officials were in Edinburgh. Among them was a Captain Cayley, who had grievously insulted a beautiful and very young lady, Mrs. Macfarlane. In penitence, or impudence, he then ventured



THE CANONGATE.

to call at Mrs. Macfarlane's house, near the Cowgate. What passed between them is not certainly known, but Cayley was shot dead, and Mrs. Macfarlane walked out and was no more beheld at that season. She it was whom little Margaret Swinton saw in Swinton House in Berwickshire, where the homicidal fair was concealed in the secret chamber with the sliding panel, which old Scotch families often found so convenient. So one goes down the Cowgate, past the site of College Wynd, where Scott was born, and where Oliver Goldsmith, though but a medical student, and a poor one to boot, swaggered in "a superfine small hatt," brave with eight shillings' worth of silver lace, and a "sky-blue satin, rich black Genoa velvet, fine sky-blue shalloon, and the best superfine high claret-colored cloth." What a genius for dress had Oliver, who, even in years mature, wore a coat of Tyrian bloom! The odd thing is that Oliver actually *paid*, at least in part, for the splen-

dors that dazzled the College Wynd, and charmed all eyes in the Cowgate.

From the Cowgate one reaches the High street, the central way and great battle-field of the old turbulent Scotch. As late as the end of the sixteenth century, Scotland had her regular blood-feuds, like Corsica. If one gentleman slew another, no one was so mean as to seek a legal remedy (which, indeed, no one was likely to obtain), but kinsfolk waited till they had a chance to pink some member of the hostile family. Far away in Yarrow, near the Dowie Dens, where the knight was slain in the old ballad, there is an upland farm called Catslack. The green hills gather close together; their slopes are dank and thick with rushes round the narrow Catslack burn, which leaps down, with little links and little pools, to the Yarrow. There my first trout was caught, and there, in an even more remote antiquity (1596), did Sir James Douglas of Parkhead, a natural son of the Regent Mor-

ton, meet his deadly foe, Captain James Stewart. Chance or design brought them together on the borders of the way which threads the vale of Yarrow and leads from Moffat to Selkirk. There Sir James Douglas, having overpowered Stewart in fight, left his body to be devoured by dogs and birds, and rode away,

wentwater to the Edinburgh Cross. Many were the revenges of the old Scotch noblesse; and the William Stewart who slew Torthorwald was himself son of the William Stewart slain, years before, by Bothwell, another Douglas, in the Blackfriars Wynd.

Next to the High street and Cowgate, the

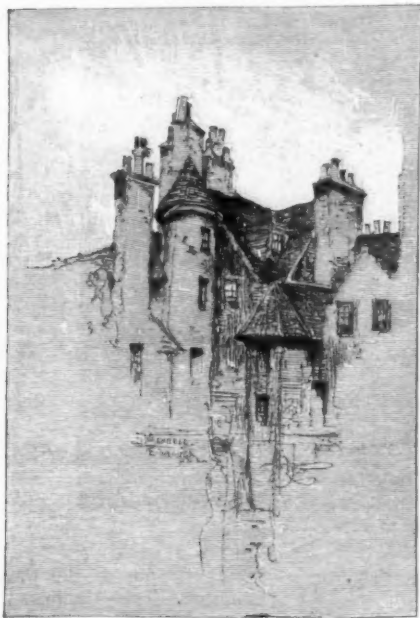


OLD HOUSES IN THE CANONGATE.

by Tinnies, and Hangingshaw, and Philiphaugh, through the oak wood, and below Black Andro, carrying the slain man's head on a spear. "Yarrow visited," indeed, with a vengeance! Now the house of Ochiltree, of which Stewart was a member, could not leave this shame unavenged. Accordingly, a trifle of twelve years afterward, Sir James, now Lord Torthorwald, was walking in the High street, and, as Homer says, "Death was not in his thoughts." There, however, he met William Stewart, a nephew of Captain Stewart, who drew his sword, and, without giving Torthorwald any "show," ran him through before he could defend himself. This was at the "Cross," hard by the great and splendid Church of St. Giles, in whose beautiful lantern cannon have been mounted to command the city, and in whose aisles Douglas and Albany built a chapel to expiate the murder of Rothesay, whom they starved to death. The cross where Stewart took his revenge on Torthorwald is now marked only by a kind of wheel of inlaid stones in the causeway. The bailies of 1756 swept it away, as bailies, town councilors, railway share-holders, and their like are always eager to destroy whatever is ancient or beautiful, from Der-

Canongate is the most famous of the ways through old Edinburgh. The Canons in Holyrood built and ruled over it,—a place without the walls, defended by the sanctity of the abbey and of the holy fathers. Yet the devil was once raised in the "back-green" of a house in the Canongate by Sir Lewis Bellenden, a lord of session, that is, a judge. Sir Lewis was so terrified "that he took sickness and thereof died," something like Semele, who perished after she beheld her heavenly lover in all his glory. We may trust that the learned judge raised the devil for no malignant purpose, but merely in the course of "psychical research." The visitor will notice the wide, wooden fronts of some of the old houses in the Canongate. According to tradition, these were fashioned out of the trees on the Borough Moor, a forest in the possession of the city. Beggars and robbers found this forest so convenient a shelter that the town council decided to fell it, and all the citizens received permission to carry off as much timber as they pleased, with which they faced their houses. But time wholly fails one to tell a tithe of the stories of the Canongate. The most horrible has for hero the gigantic idiot, son of an old

duke of Queensberry. One day the idiot was left unguarded, the house was empty of retainers, and the giant strayed into the kitchen. There he met one little boy turning the meat on the spit. When the family and servants came back, they found—but no, that is quite enough! The reader



SMOLLETT'S HOUSE.

may imagine what they found, or may consult original authorities. Nearly opposite the house of the dread ducal Cyclops and devourer of men is the "Golfers' Land," built by one Paterson, who was quite like an Olympian victor, for he and his ancestors had ten times won the champion medal at golf—an excellent and delightful game. Golf may be played wherever there is a wide enough space of broken grass-land; but he who would see the game in its glory and in its ancient seat (the most picturesque town north of the Forth) must go to St. Andrews. On the right hand of the Canongate is "the old Playhouse Close," one of the most characteristic of the antique wynds, and the home of the sorely persecuted stage in Presbyterian Scotland. And so, passing the White Horse Tavern, where Boswell entertained Johnson, and which, with its gables and dormer windows, is one of the best-preserved relics of the past, we go, by the quaint "Queen Mary's Bath," into the open free air, with the green slopes of Arthur's Seat on one hand, and

Holyrood on the other. It is pleasant to feel the salt breeze from the sea, and to leave behind the fume and reek, the memory and savor of crime and sin, the dust that may still have grains in it of burnt men's ashes, the gutters where blood has flowed so free, the historical ghosts and horrors of the old town and of old times.

Not here, nor to-day, is there room to speak of Holyrood; nor, indeed, does its tale require to be told. "A beggarly palace, in truth," Hogg found it, when he visited it with Shelley. A beggarly palace, perhaps, but one, in which it is difficult to be quite unmoved and untouched; for in the beggarly bed slept the fairest woman in the world, and in that hole of a boudoir Rizzio died, and up the winding-stair came Darnley, with Faldonside and the others that "made sikker." The view of the hill from the windows must be what Mary saw every morning, though probably the bare sides of Arthur's Seat were then wooded.

Of New Edinburgh I have not proposed to say much. A casual Scot whom Hogg (Shelley's Hogg, not the Shepherd) found in the streets assured him that "if all the buildings at Oxford and Cambridge were molded into one edifice, the effect would not be the same as that of Edinburgh University. It would be far inferior." The effect would not, indeed, be precisely the same. But if you took a few things out of Queen's, and blackened that college, the effect would not be wholly unlike that of Edinburgh University. The Register Office, according to Hogg's cicerone, was "the finest building in the habitable earth." We Scots have a "canty conceit o' oursel's," and New Edinburgh is the Sparta which we have adorned. The monuments on the Calton Hill cannot be observed without admiration. Here is a Greek ruin, a pepper-box, "very late and dreadfully debased," with other weird edifices, testifying, wildly and incoherently at once, to our feeling for art, and to our recognition of Dugald Stewart and Robert Burns.

The Register Office may or may not be the finest building in the habitable earth, but the distant views of Edinburgh, the general impressions from a dozen different points, are wonderful and memorable,—as pleasant and dear to look back upon or forward to as the glowing spectacle of Florence from any of her storied and sacred heights. Only, while in Florence all is color and brilliancy, with an evident and beautiful arrangement and order, Edinburgh depends for her charm on the smoke, the sea-haze, the mystery, broken by the faint and clear forms of the Castle Hill and its towery crown, by the ridge of the old city, the tall spires, and the lantern

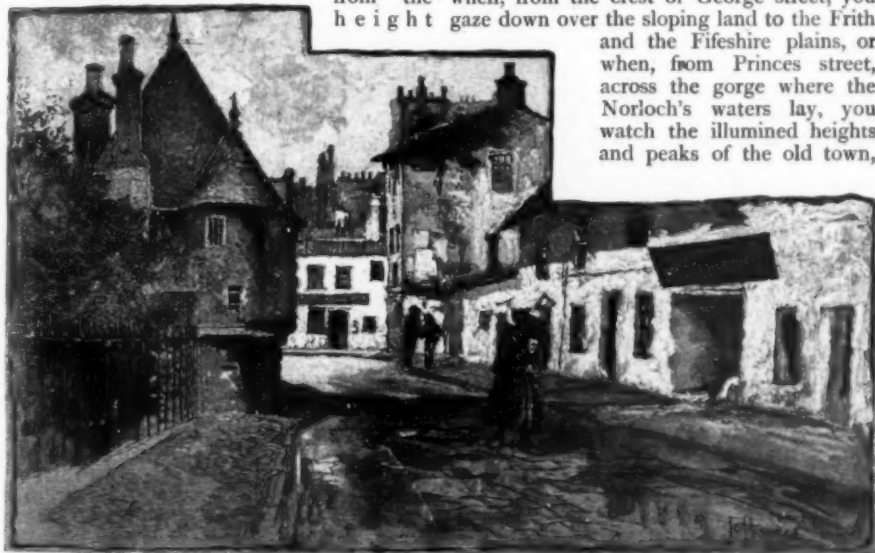
of St. Giles, etched on the gray background. Behind all, on three sides, are the everlasting hills, and to the north the gray or glittering Frith, decked with flying sails, and studded with tiny islands. Two views of Edinburgh remain impressed most deeply on my memory. One was seen on a late afternoon of January from the Calton hill. At our feet the straight line of the lamps of Princes street twinkled away into the shadow. Beneath us was swathed in long folds a soft brown mist, from which the crests of houses, the spires of churches, the Castle rock, rose solemnly, their bases in shadow and darkness, their crowns clear against the upper sky. Farther away emerged from a fainter mist the deep folds and rolling ridges of the hills,—farther away, but yet, owing to some effect of light, the hills seemed quite near at hand, brooding about the town. The other is a summer view of Edinburgh, about five o'clock on a bright August afternoon, the town beheld from Fetter College, between the new city and the sea. Now the ocean of mist, from which the spires emerged, and above which stood the long castled line of houses, was blue or silvery gray; the city and its towers were white and distinct against a sky of deep, tender blue. Behind was Arthur's Seat, with its leonine air of watching over a trust. These are two beautiful views of Edinburgh, but she is beautiful from all points and in every light, beautiful especially,

perhaps,
from the
height

whence Marmion saw her before Flodden. The outlines of all the hills have a peculiar, almost a Greek grandeur and simplicity. Everywhere they are within sight, except when, from the crest of George street, you gaze down over the sloping land to the Frith and the Fifeshire plains, or when, from Princes street, across the gorge where the Norloch's waters lay, you watch the illumined heights and peaks of the old town,



THE PLAYHOUSE CLOSE. FIRST THEATER IN SCOTLAND.



QUEEN MARY'S BATH.

clear through the rainy air, reflected, with all their lamps, in the pools of water. This view Mr. Pennell has chosen, and none is more familiar and characteristic.

About the people of Edinburgh, so far, noth-

son and is Covenanting and Presbyterian enough to dance in Lent. Probably there is no more hospitable and amusing town in the kingdom. I remember a day of this last spring, a Sunday, which was horrible with



WHITE HORSE INN, WHERE JOHNSON STOPPED.

ing has been said. People are not like places, deaf and insensible, and it is a thankless job to criticise our contemporaries. Edinburgh cannot be said to be all that she was when it was a far cry to London, when Edinburgh was a capital indeed, with a literature and a brilliant society, and a school of art of her own. Now, London is within a brief nine hours' journey, and has drawn away the "county people"—the old families—from their old haunted *châteaux* to Belgravia and Mayfair. The artists, or many of them, have gone on where purchasers have gone before; and many of the members of the Academy in London are Scotch. Yet some remain in their own beautiful town and spurn the attractions of money and of a noisier fame. The same causes operate to withdraw men of letters from the capital of the Blackwoods and Constables, from the home of "Maga" and the "Edinburgh Review." The lights of London have a magnetic attraction, and people who resist them are usually either too indolent or too wise to be very ambitious. But "Maga" remains true to the city of Lockhart and Wilson, and has still her court of wits and scholars. The University, the Bar, the Army (as represented by the regiments at the Castle and Tuck's Lodge), these, with such of the surrounding lairds as prefer the comparative quiet of Edinburgh, make up the society of the place,—a society which has a winter sea-

howling east winds and tormented with dust. We struggled for a mile beyond the town, and found ourselves in a deep dell, a windless air; the trees were breaking into leaf, the primroses starred the banks, a clear trout-stream flowed singing through the midst of this sheltered paradise. This is the charm of Edinburgh. The unspoiled country lies within sight of her gates; the fields, and the hills, and the towns, and the sea, and the links of Musselburgh, whereon to play golf and forget this troublesome world, are all hard at hand. I do not imagine that the people of the old town think much of these advantages. The place is notorious for intoxicated Caledonians and temperance hotels.

Though Edinburgh has its drawbacks (something about them, more about its incommunicable charm, may be read in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's book on his native city)—though Edinburgh has its drawbacks, the position of a professor in the University, with half the year pure, untrammelled holiday, seems to be the true paradise of men of letters. So think all scribbling or bookish Scots, and I mean to send in my testimonials as soon as any pious founder endows a chair for the study of French fiction. Till then, only one's heart, or a great share of it,—*dimidium animæ meæ*.—and one's memories, happy or sad, are in Edinburgh.

Andrew Lang.

THE BREAD-WINNERS.*

XVIII.

OFFITT PLANS A LONG JOURNEY.

THE bright sun and the morning noises of the city waked Offitt from his sleep. As he dressed himself, the weight of the packages in his pockets gave him a pleasant sensation to begin the day with. He felt as if he were entering upon a new state of existence—a life with plenty of money. He composed in his mind an elaborate breakfast as he walked down-stairs and took his way to a restaurant, which he entered with the assured step of a man of capital. He gave his order to the waiter with more decision than usual, and told him in closing "not to be all day about it, either."

While waiting for his breakfast, he opened the morning "Bale-Fire" to see if there was any account of "The Algonquin Avenue Tragedy." This was the phrase which he had arranged in his mind as the probable headline of the article. He had so convinced himself of the efficacy of his own precautions, that he anticipated the same pleasure in reading the comments upon his exploit that an author whose incognito is assured enjoys in reading the criticisms of his anonymous work. He was at first disappointed in seeing no allusion to the affair in the usual local columns, but, at last, he discovered in a corner of the paper this double-leaded postscript:

"We stop the press to state that an appalling crime was last night committed in Algonquin Avenue. The mansion of Arthur Farnham, Esq., was entered by burglars between ten and eleven o'clock, and that gentleman assaulted and probably murdered."

"Full particulars in a later edition."

"LATER.—Captain Farnham is still living, and some hopes are entertained of his recovery. The police have found the weapon with which the almost fatal blow was struck—a carpenter's hammer marked with a letter S. It is thought this clew will lead to the detection of the guilty parties."

Offitt was not entirely pleased with the tone of this notice. He had expected some reference to the address and daring of the burglar. But he smiled to himself, "Why should I care for Sam's reputation?" and ate his breakfast with a good appetite. Before he had finished, however, he greatly modified his plan, which was to have the threads of evidence lead natu-

rally, of themselves, to the conviction of Sleeney. He determined to frighten Sam, if possible, out of the city, knowing that his flight would be conclusive evidence of guilt. He swallowed his coffee hurriedly and walked down to Dean street, where by good fortune he found Sam alone in the shop. He was kicking about a pile of shavings on the floor. He turned as Offitt entered and said: "Oh, there you are. I can't find that hammer anywhere."

Offitt's face assumed a grieved expression. "Come, come, Sam, don't stand me off that way. I'm your friend, if you've got one in the world. You mustn't lose a minute more. You've got time now to catch the 8.40. Come, jump in a hack and be off."

His earnestness and rapidity confused Sleeney, and drove all thoughts of the hammer from his mind. He stared at Offitt blankly, and said, "Why, what are you givin' me now?"

"I'm a-givin' you truth and friendship, and fewest words is best. Come, light out, and write where you stop. I'll see you through."

"See here," roared Sam, "are you crazy or am I? Speak out! What's up?"

"Oh! I've got to speak it out, raw and plain, have I? Very well! Art Farnham was attacked and nearly murdered last night, and if you didn't do it, who did? Now come, for God's sake, get off before the police get here. I never thought you had the sand—but I see you've got too much. Don't lose time talking any more. I'm glad you've killed him. You done just right—but I don't want to see you hung for it."

His excitement and feigned earnestness had brought the tears to his eyes. Sam saw them and was convinced.

"Andy," he said solemnly, "I know you're my friend, and mean right. I'll swear before God it wasn't me, and I know nothing about it, and I wont run away."

"But how will we prove it?" said Offitt, wringing his hands in distress. "Where was you last night from ten to eleven?"

"You know where I was—in your room. I went there just after nine, and fell asleep waiting for you."

"Yes, of course, but who knows it? Sam, I believe you are innocent since you say so. But see the circumstances. You *have* talked about goin' for him. You *have* had a fight

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with him, and got put in jail for it, and —" he was about to mention the hammer, but was afraid—"I wish you would take my advice and go off for a week or so till the truth comes out. I'll lend you all the money you want. I'm flush this week."

"No, Andy," said Sleeney. "Nobody could be kinder than you. But I won't run away. They can't put a man where he wasn't."

"Very well," replied Offitt. "I admire your pluck, and I'll swear a blue streak for you when the time comes. And perhaps I had better get away now, so they won't know I've been with you."

Without a moment's delay he went to the chief of police and told him that he had a disagreeable duty to perform; that he knew the murderer of Captain Farnham; that the criminal was an intimate friend of his, a young man hitherto of good character named Sleeney.

"Ah-ha!" said the chief. "That was the fellow that Captain Farnham knocked down and arrested in the riot."

"The same," said Offitt. "He has since that been furious against the captain. I have reasoned with him over and over about it. Yesterday, he came to see me; showed me a hammer he had just bought at Ware & Harden's; said he was going to break Arthur Farnham's skull with it. I didn't believe he would, he had said it so often before. While we were talking, I took the hammer and cut his initial on it, a letter S." The chief nodded, with a broad smile. "He then left me, and came back to my room a little before midnight. He looked excited, and wanted me to go and get a drink with him. I declined, and he went off. This morning, when I heard about the murder, I said, 'He's the man that did the deed.'"

"You have not seen him since last night?"

"No; I suppose, of course, he has run away."

"Where did he live?"

"Dean street, at Matchin's, the carpenter."

The chief turned to his telegraphic operator and rapidly gave orders for the arrest of Sleeney by the police of the nearest station. He also sent for the clerks who were on duty the day before at Ware & Harden's.

"Mr. —, I did not get your name," he said to Offitt, who gave him his name and address. "You have acted the part of a good citizen."

"The most painful act of my life," Offitt murmured.

"Of course. But duty before everything. I will have to ask you to wait a little while in the adjoining room till we see whether this man can be found."

Offitt was shown into a small room, barely furnished, with two doors—the one through which he had just come, and one opening apparently into the main corridor of the building. Offitt, as soon as he was alone, walked stealthily to the latter door and tried to open it. It was locked, and there was no key. He glanced at the window; there was an iron grating inside the sash, which was padlocked. A cold sweat bathed him from head to foot. He sank into a chair, trembling like a leaf. He felt for his handkerchief to wipe his wet forehead. His hand touched one of the packages of money. He bounded from his chair in sudden joy. "They did not search me, so they don't suspect. It is only to make sure of my evidence that they keep me here." Nevertheless, the time went heavily. At last, an officer came in and said he was to come to the police-justice's for the preliminary examination of Sleeney.

"They have caught him, then?" he asked, with assumed eagerness and surprise. "He had not got away?"

"No," the man answered curtly.

They came to the court-room in a few steps. Sam was there between two policemen. As Offitt entered, he smiled and slightly nodded. One or two men who had been summoned as witnesses were standing near the justice. The proceedings were summary.

One of the policemen said that he had gone to Matchin's shop to arrest the prisoner; that the prisoner exhibited no surprise; his first words were, "Is Mr. Farnham dead yet?"

Offitt was then called upon, and he repeated, clearly and concisely, the story he had told the chief of police. When he had concluded, he was shown the hammer which had been picked up on the floor at Farnham's, and was asked, "Is that the hammer you refer to?"

"Yes, that is it."

These words were the signal for a terrible scene.

When Sleeney saw Offitt step forward and begin to give his evidence, he leaned over with a smile of pleased expectation upon his face. He had such confidence in his friend's voluble cleverness that he had no doubt Offitt would "talk him free" in a few minutes. He was confused a little by his opening words, not clearly seeing his drift; but as the story went on, and Offitt's atrocious falsehood became clear to his mind, he was dumb with stupefaction, and felt a strange curiosity wakening in him to see how the story would end. He did not for the moment see what object Offitt could have in lying so, until the thought occurred to him, "May be there's a reward out!" But when the blood-stained

hammer was shown and identified by Offitt, all doubt was cleared away in a flash from the dull brain of Sleeney. He saw the whole horrible plot of which he was the victim.

He rose from his seat before the officer could stop him, and roared like a lion in the toils, in a voice filled equally with agony and rage, "You murdering liar! I'll tear your heart out of you!"

There were a wide table and several chairs between them, but Sleeney was over them in an instant. Offitt tried to escape, but was so hemmed in that the infuriated man had him in his hands before the officers could interpose. If they had delayed a moment longer all would have been over, for already Sleeney's hands were at the throat of his betrayer. But two powerful policemen with their clubs soon separated the combatants, and Sleeney was dragged back and securely handcuffed.

Offitt, ghastly pale and trembling, had sunk upon a bench. The justice, looking at him narrowly, said, "The man is going to faint; loosen his collar."

"No," said Offitt, springing to his feet. "I am perfectly well."

In his struggle with Sleeney a button of his coat had been torn away. He asked a bystander for a pin, and carefully adjusted the garment. The thought in his mind was, "I don't mind being killed; but I thought he might tear off my coat, and show them my money." From this moment he kept his hand in such position that he might feel the packages in his pockets.

Sleeney was still panting and screaming execrations at Offitt. The justice turned to him with sternness, and said, "Silence there! Have you not sense enough to see how your ferocious attack on the witness damages you? If you can't restrain your devilish temper while your friend is giving his evidence, it will be all the worse for you."

"Judge," cried Sam, now fairly beside himself, "that's the murderer! I know it. I can prove it. He aint fit to live. I'll break his neck yet!"

Offitt raised his hands and eyes in deprecating sorrow.

"This is the wild talk of a desperate man," said the justice. "But you may as well tell us how you passed last evening."

"Certainly," said Offitt, consulting his memory. "Let me see. I took supper about seven at Duffer's; I went to Glauber's drug-store next and got a glass of soda water; if they don't know me, they'll remember my breaking a glass; then I made a visit at Mr. Matchin's on Dean street; then I went to the Orleans theater; I came out between the acts and got a cup of coffee at Mouchem's; then

I went back and stayed till the show was over; that was about half-past eleven. Then I went home and found Mr. Sleeney there."

"You had better go with Mr. Fangwell, and let him verify this statement," said the justice.

He then called the policeman who arrived first at Farnham's house the night before. He told his story and identified the hammer which had been shown to Offitt. A young man from Ware & Harden's swore that he had sold the hammer the day before to Sleeney, whom he knew. The justice held this evidence sufficient to justify Sleeney's detention.

"I should think so," said some of the bystanders. "If it don't hang him, there's a loud call for Judge Lynch."

"Silence!" said the justice. "The prisoner will be taken for the present to the city jail."

Sam was led out, and Offitt accompanied the chief of police back to the room he had just quitted. He remained there several hours, which seemed to him interminable. At last, however, the detective who had been sent to inquire as to the truth of the account he had given of himself, returned with a full confirmation of it, and Offitt was suffered to go, on his own engagement to give further evidence when called upon.

He left the City Hall with a great load off his mind. It was not without an effort that he had sworn away the character, the freedom, and perhaps the life of his comrade. If he could have accomplished his purpose without crushing Sleeney he would have preferred it. But the attack which his goaded victim had made upon him in the court-room was now a source of lively satisfaction to him. It created a strong prejudice against the prisoner; it caused the justice at once to believe him guilty, and gave Offitt himself an injured feeling that was extremely comforting in view of what was to happen to Sleeney.

He went along the street tapping his various pockets furtively as he walked. He was hungry. His diverse emotions had given him an appetite. He went into an eating-house and commanded a liberal supper. He had an odd fancy as he gave his order. "That's the sort of supper I would have if it was my last—if I was to be hanged to-morrow." He thought of Sleeney, and hoped they would treat him well in jail. He felt magnanimous toward him. "Who would have thought," he mused, "that Sam had such a devil of a temper? I 'most hope that Farnham wont die—it would be rough on Sam. Though perhaps that would be best all round," he added, thinking of Sam's purple face in the court-room and the eager grip of his fingers.

He came out of the eating-house into the gathering twilight. The lamps were springing into light in long straight lines down the dusky streets. The evening breeze blew in from the great lake, tempering the stale heat of the day. Boys were crying the late editions of the newspapers with "Full account! arrest o' the Farnham burglar!" He bought one, but did not stop to open it. He folded it into the smallest possible compass, and stuffed it into his pocket, "along with the other documents in the case," as he chuckled to himself. "I'll read all about it in the train to-morrow—business before pleasure," he continued, pleased with his wit.

Every moment he would put his hand into his side-pocket and feel the package containing the largest bills. He knew it was imprudent—that it might attract the attention of thieves or detectives; but to save his life he could not have kept from doing it. At last he scratched his hand on the pin which was doing duty for the button he had lost in his scuffle with Sleeney. "Ah!" he said to himself, with humorous banter, "it wond do to be married in a coat with a button off."

He went into a little basement shop where a sign announced that "Scouring and Repairing" were done. A small and bald Hamburger stepped forward, rubbing his hands. Offitt told him what he wanted, and the man got a needle and thread and selected from a large bowl of buttons on a shelf one that would suit. While he was sewing it on, he said:

"Derrible news apout Gabben Farnham."

"Yes," said Offitt. "Is he dead?"

"I don't know off he ish tet. Dey say he ish oud mid his het, und tat looksh mighty pad. But one ting ish goot; dey cotch de murterer."

"They have?" asked Offitt, with languid interest. "What sort of fellow is he?"

"Mutter Gottes!" said the little German; "de vorst kind. He would radder gill a man as drink a glass bier. He gome mighty near gillin' his pest vrient to-day in de gourt-house droben, ven he vas dellin' vat he knowed apout it alleweil."

"A regular fire-eater," said Offitt. "So you've finished, have you? How much for the job?"

The German was looking at a stain on the breast of the coat.

"Vot's dish?" he said. "Looksh like baint. Yust lemme take your coat off a minute and I gleans dot up like a nudel soup."

"Say, mind your own business, wont you?" growled Offitt. "Here's your money, and when I want any of your guff I'll let you know."

He hurried out, leaving the poor German amazed at the ill result of his effort to turn an honest penny and do a fellow-creature a service.

"Vunny beebles!" he said to himself. "But I got a kevarter off a tollar for a decent chob."

Offitt came out of the shop and walked at a rapid pace to Dean street. He was determined to make an end at once of Maud's scruples and coquetry. He said to himself, "If we are both alive to-morrow, we shall be married." He believed if he could have her to himself for half an hour, he could persuade her to come with him. He was busy all the way plotting to get her parents out of the house. It would be easy enough to get them out of the room; but he wanted them out of hearing, out of reach of a cry for help even.

He found them all together in the sitting-room. The arrest of Sleeney had fallen heavily upon them. They had no doubt of his guilt, from the reports they had heard; and their surprise and horror at his crime were not lessened, but rather increased, by their familiar affection for him.

"To think," said Saul to his wife, "that that boy has worked at the same bench and slept in the same house with me for so many years, and I never knowed the Satan that was in him!"

"It's in all of us, Saul," said Mrs. Matchin, trying to improve the occasion for the edification of her unbelieving husband.

Maud had felt mingled with her sorrow a suspicion of remorse. She could not help remembering that Sam considered Farnham his rival, with how little reason she knew better than any one. She could understand how her beauty might have driven him to violence; but when the story of the robbery transpired also, as it did in the course of the morning, she was greatly perplexed. When she joined in the lamentations of her parents and said she never could have believed that of Sam Sleeney, she was thinking of the theft, and not of the furious assault. When they had all, however, exhausted their limited store of reflections, a thing took place which increased the horror and the certainty of Mr. and Mrs. Matchin, and left Maud a prey to a keener doubt and anxiety than ever. Late in the afternoon a sharp-faced man, with a bright eye and a red mustache, came to the house and demanded in the name of the law to be shown Sam's bedroom. He made several notes and picked up some trifling articles, for which he gave Mr. Matchin receipts. Coming out of the room, he looked carefully at the door-knob. "Seems all right," he said.

Then turning to Matchin, he said, with professional severity, "What door did he generally come in by?"

"Sometimes one and sometimes another," said Saul, determined not to give any more information than he must.

"Well, I'll look at both," the detective said.

The first one stood his scrutiny without effect, but at the second his eye sparkled and his cheek flushed with pleasure, when he saw the faint, reddish-brown streaks which Offitt had left there the night before. He could not repress his exultation; turning to Saul, he said, "There's where he came in last night, any way."

"He didn't do no such a thing," replied Saul. "That door I locked myself last night before he came in."

"Oh, you did? So you're sure he came in at the other door, are you? We will see if he could get in any other way."

Walking around the corner, he saw the ladder where Offitt had left it.

"Hello! that's his window, aint it?"

Without waiting for an answer, the detective ran up the ladder, studying every inch of its surface as he ran. He came down positively radiant, and slapped Saul heartily on the shoulder.

"All right, old man. I'll trouble you to keep that ladder and that door just as they are. They are important papers. Why, don't you see?" he continued. "Bless your innocent old heart, he comes home with his hands just reg'larly dripping with murder. He fumbles at that door, finds it locked, and so gets that ladder, h'ists it up to the window, and hops into bed as easy as any Christian school-boy in town, and he thinks he's all right; but he never thinks of Tony Smart, your humble servant."

This view of the case was perfectly convincing to Saul, and also to his wife when he repeated it at the supper-table; but it struck Maud with a sudden chill. She remembered that when she had dismissed Offitt from that midnight conference at her casement, he had carefully taken the ladder away from her window, and had set it against the house some distance off. She had admired at the time his considerate chivalry, and thought how nice it was to have a lover so obedient and so careful of her reputation. But now the detective's ghastly discovery turned her thought in a direction which appalled her. Could it be possible? And all that money—where did it come from? As she sat with her parents in the gathering darkness, she kept her dreadful anxiety to herself. She had been hoping all day to see her lover; now she feared to have him come, lest her new

suspensions might be confirmed. She quickly resolved upon one thing: she would not go away with him that night—not until this horrible mystery was cleared up. If she was worth having, she was worth waiting for a little while.

They all three started as the door opened and Offitt came in. He wasted no time in salutations, but said at once, "It's a funny thing, but I have got a message for each of you. The district attorney saw me coming up this way, Mr. Matchin, and asked me to tell you to come down as quick as you can to his office—something very important, he said. And stranger than that, I met Mr. Wixham right out here by the corner, and he asked me if I was comin' here, and if I would ask you, Mrs. Matchin, to come right up to their house. Jurildy is sick and wants to see you, and he has run off for the doctor."

Both the old people bustled up at this authoritative summons, and Offitt as they went out said, "I'll stay awhile and keep Miss Maud from gettin' lonesome."

"I wish you would," said Mrs. Matchin. "The house seems eerie-like with Sam where he is."

Maud felt her heart sink at the prospect of being left alone with the man she had been longing all day to see. She said, "Mother, I think I ought to go with you!"

"No, indeed," her mother replied. "You aint wanted, and it wouldn't be polite to Mr. Offitt."

The moment they were gone, Offitt sprang to the side of Maud, and seized her hands.

"Now, my beauty, you will be mine. Put on your hat, and we will go."

She struggled to free her hands.

"Let go," she said; "you hurt me. Why are you in such a terrible hurry?"

"How can you ask? Your parents will be back in a few minutes. Of course, you know that story was only to get them out of our way. Come, my beautiful Maud! my joy, my queen! To-morrow, New York; next day, the sea; and then Europe and love and pleasure all your life!"

"I want to talk with you a minute," said Maud, in a voice which trembled in spite of her efforts. "I can't talk in the dark. Wait here till I get a lamp."

She slipped from the room before he could prevent her, and left him pacing the floor in a cold rage. It was only a moment, however, until she returned, bringing a lamp, which she placed on a table, and then asked him to be seated in a stiff, formal way, which at once irritated and enchanted him. He sat down and devoured her with his eyes. He was angry when she went for the lamp; but, as its

light fell on her rich, dark hair, her high color, and her long, graceful figure, as she leaned back in her chair, he felt that the tenderest conversation with her in the darkness would lose something of the pleasure that the eyes took in her. This he said to her, in his coarse but effective way.

She answered him with coquettish grace, willing to postpone the serious talk she dreaded so. But the conversation was in stronger hands than hers, and she found herself forced, in a few minutes, either to go with him or give a reason why.

"The fact is, then," she stammered, with a great effort, "I don't know you well enough yet. Why cannot you wait awhile?"

He laughed.

"Come with me, and you will know me better in a day than you would here in a year. Do not waste these precious moments. Our happiness depends upon it. We have everything we can desire. I cannot be myself here. I cannot disclose my rank and my wealth to these people who have only known me as an apostle of labor. I want to go where you will be a great lady. Oh, come!" he cried, with an outburst of pent-up fire, throwing himself on the floor at her feet and laying his head upon her knee. She was so moved by this sudden outbreak, which was wholly new to her experience, that she almost forgot her doubts and fears. But a remnant of practical sense asserted itself. She rose from her chair, commanded him once more to be seated, and said:

"I am afraid I am going to offend you, but I must ask you something."

"Ask me anything," he said, with a smile, "except to leave you."

She thought the phrase so pretty that she could hardly find courage to put her question. She blushed and stammered, and then, rushing at it with desperation, she said:

"That money—where did you get it?"

"I will tell you when we are married. It is a secret."

He tried still to smile, but she saw the laughter dying away from his face.

Her blood turned cold in her veins, but her heart grew stronger, and she determined to know the worst. She was not a refined or clever woman; but the depth of her trouble sharpened her wits, and she instinctively made use of her woman's wiles to extort the truth from the man who she knew was under the spell of her beauty, whatever else he was.

"Come here!" she said. Her face was pale, but her lips were smiling. "Get down there where you were!" she continued, with tender imperiousness. He obeyed her, hardly daring to trust his senses. "Now put your

hands between my hands," she said, still with that pale, singular smile, which filled him with unquiet transports, "and tell me the truth, you bad boy!"

"The truth!" with a beating of the heart which made his utterance thick; "the truth is that you are the most glorious woman in the world, and that you will be mine to-morrow."

"Perhaps," she almost whispered. "But you must tell me something else. I am afraid you are a naughty boy, and that you love me too much. I once told you I had an enemy, and that I wanted somebody to punish him. Did you go and punish him for me?—tell me that."

Her voice was soft and low and beguiling. She still smiled on him, leaving one hand in his, while she raised the forefinger of the other in coquettish admonition. The ruffian at her feet was inebriated with her beauty and her seductive playfulness. He thought she had divined his act—that she considered it a fine and heroic test of love to which she had subjected him. He did not hesitate an instant, but said:

"Yes, my beauty; and I am ready to do the same for anybody who gives you a cross look."

Now that she had gained the terrible truth, a sickening physical fear of the man came over her, and she felt herself growing faint. His voice sounded weak and distant as he said:

"Now you will go with me, wont you?"

She could make no answer. So he continued:

"Run and get your hat. Nothing else. We can buy all you want. And hurry. They may come back any moment."

She perceived a chance of escape and roused herself. She thought if she could only get out of the room she might save herself by flight or by outcry.

"Wait here," she said gently, "and be very quiet."

He kissed his fingers to her without a word. She opened the door into the next room, which was the kitchen and dining-room of the family, and there, not three feet from her, in the dim light, haggard and wan, bare-headed, his clothes in rags about him, she saw Sam Sleeney.

XIX.

A LEAP FOR SOMEBODY'S LIFE.

WHEN Sleeney was led from the room of the police-justice in the afternoon, he was plunged in a sort of stupor. He could not recover from the surprise and sense of outrage

with which he had listened to Offitt's story. What was to happen to him he accepted with a despair which did not trouble itself about the ethics of the transaction. It was a disaster, as a stroke of lightning might be. It seemed to him the work had been thoroughly and effectually done. He could see no way out of it; in fact, his respect for Offitt's intelligence was so great that he took it for granted Andy had committed no mistakes, but that he had made sure of his ruin. He must go to prison; if Farnham died, he must be hanged. He did not weary his mind in planning for his defense when his trial should come on. He took it for granted he should be convicted. But if he could get out of prison, even if it were only for a few hours, and see Andy Offitt once more—he felt the blood tingling through all his veins at the thought. This roused him from his lethargy and made him observant and alert. He began to complain of his handcuffs; they were in truth galling his wrists. It was not difficult for him to twist his hands so as to start the blood in one or two places. He showed these quietly to the policemen who sat with him in a small anteroom leading to the portion of the city jail where he was to be confined for the night. He seemed so peaceable and quiet that they took off the irons, saying good-naturedly, "I guess we can handle you." They were detained in this room for some time waiting for the warden of the jail to come and receive their prisoner. There were two windows, both giving view of a narrow street, where it was not bright at noonday, and began to grow dark at sunset with the shade of the high houses and the thick smoke of the quarter. The windows were open, as the room was in the third story, and was therefore considered absolutely safe. Sleeney got up several times and walked first to one window and then to another, casting quick but searching glances at the street and the walls. He saw that some five feet from one of the windows a tin pipe ran along the wall to the ground. The chances were ten to one that any one risking the leap would be dashed to pieces on the pavement below. But Sleeney could not get that pipe out of his head. "I might as well take my chance," said he to himself. "It would be no worse to die that way than to be hung." He grew afraid to trust himself in sight of the window and the pipe, it exercised so strong a fascination upon him. He sat down with his back to the light and leaned his head on his hands. But he could think of nothing but his leap for liberty. He felt in fancy his hands and knees clasp that slender ladder of safety; he began to think what he would do when he

struck the sidewalk, if no bones were broken. First, he would hide from pursuit, if possible. Then he would go to Dean street and get a last look at Maud, if he could; then his business would be to find Offitt. "If I find him," he thought, "I'll give them something to try me for." But finally he dismissed the matter from his mind, for this reason. He remembered seeing a friend, the year before, fall from a scaffolding and break his leg. The broken bone pierced through the leg of his trousers. This thought daunted him more than death on the gallows.

The door opened, and three or four policemen came in, each leading a man by the collar, the ordinary riffraff of the street, charged with petty offenses. One was very drunk and abusive. He attracted the attention of everybody in the room by his antics. He insisted on dancing a breakdown which he called the "essence of Jeems River"; and in the scuffle which followed, first one and then the other policeman in charge of Sleeney became involved. Sleeney was standing with his back to the window, quite alone. The temptation was too much for him. He leaped upon the sill, gave one mighty spring, caught the pipe, and slid safely to the ground. One or two passers-by saw him drop lightly to the sidewalk, but thought nothing of it. It was not the part of the jail in which prisoners were confined, and he might have been taken for a carpenter or plumber who chose that unusual way of coming from the roof. His hat blew off in his descent, but he did not waste time in looking for it. He walked slowly till he got to the corner, and then plunged through the dark and ill-smelling streets of the poor and crowded quarter, till he came by the open gate of a coal-yard. Seeing he was not pursued, he went in, concealed himself behind a pile of boards, and lay there until it was quite dark.

He then came out and walked through roundabout ways, avoiding the gas-lights and the broad thoroughfares, to Dean street. He climbed the fence and crept through the garden to the backdoor of the house. He had eaten nothing since early morning, and was beginning to be hungry. He saw there were no lights in the rear of the house, and thought if he could enter the kitchen he might get a loaf of bread without alarming the household. He tried the backdoor and found it fastened. But knowing the ways of the house, he raised the cellar-door, went down the steps, shut the door down upon himself, groped his way to the inner stairs, and so gained the kitchen. He was walking to the cupboard when the door opened and he saw Maud coming toward him.

She did not seem in the least startled to see him there. In the extremity of her terror, it may have seemed to her that he had been sent especially to her help. She walked up to him, laid her hands on his shoulders, and whispered, "Oh, Sam, I am so glad to see you. Save me! Don't let him touch me! He is in there."

Sam hardly knew if this were real or not. A wild fancy assailed him for an instant: was he killed in jumping from the window? Surely this could never happen to him on the earth; the girl who had always been so cold and proud to him was in his arms, her head on his shoulder, her warm breath on his cheek. She was asking his help against some danger.

"All right, Mattie," he whispered. "Nobody shall hurt you. Who is it?" He thought of no one but the police.

"Offitt," she said.

He brushed her aside as if she had been a cobweb on his path, and with a wild cry of joy and vengeance he burst through the half-open door. Offitt turned at the noise, and saw Sam coming, and knew that the end of his life was there. His heart was like water within him. He made a feeble effort at defense; but the carpenter, without a word, threw him on the floor, planted one knee on his chest, and with his bare hands made good the threat he had uttered in his agony in the court-room, twisting and breaking his neck.

Sleeny rose, pulled the cover from the center-table in the room, and threw it over the distorted face of the dead man.

Maud, driven out of her wits by the dreadful scene, had sunk in a rocking-chair, where, with her face in her hands, she was sobbing and moaning. Sam tried to get her to listen to him.

"Good-bye, Mattie. I shall never see you again, I suppose. I must run for my life. I want you to know I was innocent of what they charged me with——"

"Oh, I know that, Sam," she sobbed.

"God bless you, Mattie, for saying so. I don't care so much for what happens now. I am right glad I got here to save you from that——" he paused, searching for a word which would be descriptive and yet not improper in the presence of a lady; but his vocabulary was not rich and he said at last, "that snide. But I should have done that to him anyhow; so don't cry on that account. Mattie, will you tell me good-bye?" he asked, with bashful timidity.

She rose and gave him her hand; but her eyes happening to wander to the shapeless form lying in the corner, she hid her face again on his shoulder, and said with a fresh

burst of tears, "Oh, Sam, stay with me a little while. Don't leave me alone."

His mind traveled rapidly through the incidents that would result from his staying—prison, trial, and a darker contingency still rearing its horrible phantom in the distance. But she said, "You will stay till father comes, wont you?" and he answered simply:

"Yes, Mattie, if you want me to."

He led her to a seat and sat down beside her, to wait for his doom.

In a few minutes they heard a loud altercation outside the door. The voice of Saul Matchin was vehemently protesting, "I tell ye he aint here," and another voice responded:

"He was seen to climb the fence and to enter the house. We've got it surrounded, and there's no use for you to get yourself into trouble aidin' and abettin'."

Sam walked to the door and said to the policeman, with grim humor, "Come in! you'll find two murderers here, and neither one will show any fight."

The policemen blew their whistles to assemble the rest, and then came in warily, and two of them seized him at once.

"It's all very well to be meek and lowly, my friend," said one of them, "but you'll not play that on us twice—leastways," he added with sarcastic intention, "not twice the same day. See here, Tony Smart," addressing a third, who now entered, "lend a hand with these bracelets," and in a moment Sam was handcuffed and pinioned.

"Where's the other one you was talking about?" asked the policeman.

Sam pointed with his foot in the direction where Offitt lay. The policeman lifted the cloth, and dropped it again with a horror which his professional phlegm could not wholly disguise.

"Well, of all the owdacious villains ever I struck—— Who do you think it is?" he asked, turning to his associates.

"Who?"

"The witness this afternoon—Offitt. Well, my man," he said, turning to Sam, "you wanted to make a sure thing of it, I see. If you couldn't be hung for one, you would for the other."

"Sam!" said Saul Matchin, who, pale and trembling, had been a silent spectator of the scene so far, "for heaven's sake, tell us what all this means."

"Mind now," said the officer, "whatever you say will be reported."

"Very well, I've got nothing to hide," said Sam. "I'll tell you and Mother Matchin" (who had just come in and was staring about her with consternation, questioning Maud in dumb show) "the whole story. I

owe that to you, for you've always used me well. It's a mighty short one. That fellow Offitt robbed and tried to murder Captain Farnham last night, and then swore it on to me. I got away from the officers to-night, and come round here and found him 'saulting Mattie, and I twisted his neck for him. If it's a hanging matter to kill snakes, I'll have to stand it—that's all."

"Now, who do you think is going to believe that?" said the captain of the squad.

Maud rose and walked up to where Sam was standing, and said, "I know every word he has said is true. That man was the burglar at Captain Farnham's. He told me so himself to-night. He said he had the money in his pocket and wanted to make me go with him."

She spoke firmly and resolutely, but she could not bring herself to say anything of previous passages between them; and when she opened her lips to speak of the ladder, the woman was too strong within her, and she closed them again. "I'll never tell that unless they go to hang Sam, and then I won't tell anybody but the Governor," she swore to herself.

"It's easy to see about that story," said the officer, still incredulous.

They searched the clothing of Offitt, and the face of the officer, as one package of money after another was brought to light, was a singular study. The pleasure he felt in the recovery of the stolen goods was hardly equal to his professional chagrin at having caught the wrong man. He stood for a moment silent, after tying up all the packages in one.

"It's no use dodging," he said at last. "We have been barking up the wrong tree."

"I don't know about that," said the one called Tony Smart. "Who has identified this money? Who can answer for this young lady? How about them marks on the door and the ladder? Anyhow, there's enough to hold our prisoner on."

"Of course there is," said the captain. "He hadn't authority to go twisting people's necks in this county."

At this moment the wagon which had been sent for arrived. The body of Offitt was lifted in. The captain gathered up the money, notified Matchin that he and his family would be wanted as witnesses in the morning, and they all moved toward the door. Sam turned to say "Farewell." Pinioned as he was, he could not shake hands, and his voice faltered as he took leave of them. Maud's heart was not the most feeling one in the world, but her emotions had been deeply stirred by the swift succession of events; and as she saw

this young fellow going so bravely to meet an unknown fate, purely for her sake, the tears came to her eyes. She put out her hand to him; but she saw that his hands were fastened, and, seized with sudden pity, she put her arms about his neck and kissed him, whispering, "Keep up a good heart, Sam!" And he went away, in all his danger and ignominy, happier than he had been for many a day.

The probabilities of the case were much discussed that night at police head-quarters, in conferences from which the reporters were rigorously excluded; and the next morning the city newspapers reveled in the sensation. They vied with each other in inventing attractive head-lines and startling theories. The "Bale-Fire" began its leader with these impressive sentences: "Has a carnival of crime set in amongst us? Last night the drama of Algonquin Avenue was supplemented by the tragedy of Dean street, and the public, aghast, demands 'What next?' A second murder was accomplished by hands yet dripping with a previous crime. The patriotic witness who yesterday, with a bleeding heart, denounced the criminality of his friend, paid last night with his life for his fidelity." In another column it called for a "monument, by popular subscription, for Andrew Jackson Offitt, who died because he would not tell a lie." On the other hand, the "Morning Astral," representing the conservative opinion of the city, called for a suspension of judgment on the part of its candid readers; said that there were shady circumstances about the antecedents of Offitt, and intimated that documents of a compromising character had been found on his person; congratulated the city on the improved condition of Captain Farnham; and, trusting in the sagacity and diligence of the authorities, confidently awaited from them a solution of the mystery. Each of them, nevertheless, gave free space and license to their reporters, and Offitt was a saint, a miscreant, a disguised prince, and an escaped convict, according to the state of the reporter's imagination or his digestion; while the stories told of Sleeney varied from cannibalism to feats of herculean goodness. They all agreed reasonably well, however, as to the personal appearance of the two men; and from this fact it came about that, in the course of the morning, evidence was brought forward, from a totally unexpected quarter, which settled the question as to the burglary at Farnham's.

Mrs. Belding had been so busy the day before, in her constant attendance upon Farnham, that she had paid no attention to the story of the arrest. She had heard that

the man had been caught and his crime clearly established, and that he had been sent to jail for trial. Her first thought was, "I am glad I was not called upon to give evidence. It would have been very disagreeable to get up before a court-room full of men and say I looked with an opera-glass out of my daughter's window into a young man's house. I should have to mention Alice's name, too; and a young girl's name cannot be mentioned too seldom in the newspapers. In fact, twice in a life-time is often enough, and one of them should be a funeral notice."

But this morning, after calling at Farnham's and finding that he was getting on comfortably, she sat down to read the newspapers. Alice was sitting near her, with hands and lap full of some feminine handiwork. A happy smile played about her lips, for her mother had just repeated to her the surgeon's prediction that Captain Farnham would be well in a week or two. "He said the scalp wound was healing 'by the first intention,' which I thought was a funny phrase. I thought the maxim was that second thoughts were best." Alice had never mentioned Farnham's name since the first night, but he was rarely out of her mind, and the thought that his life was saved made every hour bright and festal. "He will be well," she thought. "He will have to come here to thank mamma for her care of him. I shall see him again and he shall not complain of me. If he should never speak to me again, I shall love him and be good to him always." She was yet too young and too innocent to know how impossible was the scheme of life she was proposing to herself, but she was thoroughly happy in it.

Mrs. Belding, as she read, grew perplexed and troubled. She threw down one newspaper and took up another, but evidently got no more comfort out of that. At last, she sighed and said, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall have to go down there after all. They have got the wrong man!"

Alice looked up with wondering eyes.

"These accounts all agree that the assassin is a tall, powerful young man, with yellow hair and beard. The real man was not more than medium height, very dark. Why, he was black and shiny as a cricket. I must go and tell them. I wonder who the lawyer is that does the indicting of people?"

"It must be the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Dalton," said Alice. "I heard he was elected this spring. You know him very well. You meet him everywhere."

"That elegant young fellow who leads Germans? Well, if that is not too absurd! I

never should have thought of him outside of a dress-coat. I don't mind a bit going to see him. Order the carriage, while I get my things on."

She drove down to the City Hall, and greatly astonished Mr. Dalton by walking into his office and requesting a moment's private conversation with him. Dalton was a dapper young man, exceedingly glib and well dressed, making his way in political and official, as he had already made it in social life. He greeted Mrs. Belding with effusion, and was anxious to know how he might serve her, having first cleared the room of the half-dozen politicians who did their lounging there.

"It is a most delicate matter for a lady to appear in, and I must ask you to keep my name as much in reserve as possible."

"Of course, you may count upon me," he answered, wondering where this strange exordium would lead to.

"You have got the wrong man. I am sure of it. It was not the blonde one. He was black as a cricket. I saw him as plainly as I see you. You know, we live next door to Captain Farnham —"

"Ah!" Dalton cried. "Certainly. I understand. This is very interesting. Pray go on."

With a few interruptions from him, full of tact and intelligence, she told the whole story, or as much of it as was required. She did not have to mention Alice's name, or the opera-glass; though the clever young man said to himself, "She is either growing very far-sighted, or she was scouring the heavens with a field-glass that night—perhaps looking for comets."

He rang his bell, and gave a message to an usher who appeared. "I will not ask you to wait long," he said, and turned the conversation upon the weather and social prospects for the season. In a few minutes the door opened, and Sleeney was brought into the room by an officer.

"Was this the man you saw, Mrs. Belding?" asked Dalton.

"Not the slightest resemblance. This one is much taller, and entirely different in color."

"That will do"; and Sleeney and the officer went out.

"Now, may I ask you to do a very disagreeable thing—to go with me to the Morgue and see the remains of what I am now sure is the real criminal?" Dalton asked.

"Oh, mercy! I would rather not. Is it necessary?"

"Not positively necessary, but it will enable me to dismiss the burglary case absolutely against young Sleeney."

"Very well; I'll go. I am so glad," she said to herself, "that I did not bring Alice."

They went in her carriage to the Morgue. Dalton said, "I want to make it as easy as I can for you. Please wait a moment in your carriage." He went in, and arranged that the face of Offitt, which was horrible, should be turned away as much as possible; the head and shoulders and back being left exposed, and the hat placed on the head. He then brought Mrs. Belding in.

"That is the man," she said, promptly, "or at least some one exactly like him."

"Thank you," he said, reconducting her to her carriage. "The first charge against Sleeney will be dismissed, though, of course, he must be held for this homicide."

A MONTH later Sleeney was tried for the killing of Offitt, on which occasion most of the facts of this history were given in evidence. Mrs. Belding had at last to tell what she knew in open court, and she had an evil quarter of an hour in the hands of Mr. Dalton, who seemed always on the point of asking some question which would bring her opera-glass into the newspapers; but he never proceeded to that extremity, and she came away with a better opinion of the profession than she had ever before entertained. "I suppose leading Germans humanizes even a lawyer somewhat," she observed, philosophically.

Maud Matchin was, however, the most important witness for the defense. She went upon the stand troubled with no abstract principles in regard to the administration of justice. She wanted Sam Sleeney to be set free, and she testified with an eye single to that purpose. She was perhaps a trifle too zealous; even the attorney for the defense bit his lip occasionally at her dashing introduction of wholly irrelevant matter in Sleeney's favor. But she was throughout true to herself also, and never gave the least intimation that Offitt had any right to consider himself a favored suitor. Perhaps she had attained the talent, so common in more sophisticated circles than any with which she was familiar, of forgetting all entanglements which it is not convenient to remember, and of facing a discarded lover with a visage of insolent unconcern and a heart unstirred by a memory.

The result of it all was, of course, that Sleeney was acquitted, though it came about in a way which may be worth recording. The jury found a verdict of "justifiable homicide," upon which the judge very properly sent them back to their room, as the verdict was flatly against the law and the evidence. They retired again, with stolid and unabashed pa-

tience, and soon re-appeared with a verdict of acquittal, on the ground of "emotional insanity." But this remarkable jury determined to do nothing by halves; and, fearing that the reputation of being queer might injure Sam in his business prospects, added to their verdict these thoughtful and considerate words, which yet remain on the record, to the lasting honor and glory of our system of trial by jury:

"And we hereby state that the prisoner was perfectly sane up to the moment he committed the rash act in question, and perfectly sane the moment after, and that, in our opinion, there is no probability that the malady will ever recur."

After this memorable deliverance, Sam shook hands cordially and gravely with each of the judicious jurymen, and then turned to where Maud was waiting for him, with a rosy and happy face and a sparkling eye. They walked slowly homeward together through the falling shadows.

Their lives were henceforth bound together for good or evil. We may not say how much of good or how much of evil was to be expected from wedlock between two natures so ill-regulated and untrained, where the woman brought into the partnership the wreck of ignoble ambitions and the man the memory of a crime.

XX.

"NOW, DO YOU REMEMBER?"

FARNHAM's convalescence was rapid. When the first danger of fever was over, the wound on the head healed quickly, and one morning Mrs. Belding came home with the news that he was to drive out that afternoon. Alice sat in the shade by the front porch for an hour, waiting to see him pass; and when at last his carriage appeared, she rose and waved her handkerchief by way of greeting and congratulation. He bowed as he went by, and Alice retired to her own room, where she used her handkerchief once more to dry her wet and happy eyes.

It was not long after that Farnham came to dine with them. They both looked forward to this dinner as an occasion of very considerable importance. Each felt that much depended upon the demeanor of the other. Each was conscientiously resolved to do and to say nothing which should pain or embarrass the other. Each was dying to fall into the other's arms, but each only succeeded in convincing the other of his or her entire indifference and friendship.

As Farnham came in, Mrs. Belding went up to him with simple kindness, kissed him, and made him sit down. "You dear boy,"

she said, "you do not know how glad I am to see you here once more."

Alice looked on, almost jealous of her mother's privilege. Then she advanced with shy grace and took Arthur's hand, and asked, "Do you begin to feel quite strong again?"

Farnham smiled and answered, "Quite well, and the strength will soon come. The first symptom of returning vitality, Mrs. Belding, was my hostility to gruel and other phantom dishes. I have deliberately come to dinner to-day to dine."

"I am delighted to hear of your appetite," said Mrs. Belding; "but I think you may bear a little watching at the table yet," she added, in a tone of kindly menace. She was as good as her word, and exercised rather a stricter discipline at dinner than was agreeable to the convalescent, regulating his meat and wine according to lady-like ideas, which are somewhat oppressive to carnivorous man. But she was so kindly about it, and Alice aided and abetted with such bashful prettiness, that Farnham felt he could endure starvation with such accessories. Yet he was not wholly at ease. He had hoped, in the long hours of his confinement, to find the lady of his love kinder in voice and manner than when he saw her last; and now, when she was sweeter and more tender than he had ever seen her before, the self-tormenting mind of the lover began to suggest that if she loved him she would not be so kind. He listened to the soft, caressing tones of her voice as she spoke to him, which seemed to convey a blessing in every syllable; he met the wide, clear beauty of her glance, so sweet and bright that his own eyes could hardly support it; he saw the ready smile that came to the full, delicate mouth whenever he spoke; and, instead of being made happy by all this, he asked himself if it could mean anything except that she was sorry for him, and wanted to be very polite to him, as she could be nothing more. His heart sank within him at the thought; he became silent and constrained; and Alice wondered whether she had not gone too far in her resolute kindness. "Perhaps he has changed his mind," she thought, "and wishes me not to change mine." So these two people, whose hands and hearts were aching to come together, sat in the same drawing-room talking of commonplace things, while their spirits grew heavy as lead.

Mrs. Belding was herself aware of a certain constraint, and to dispel it asked Alice to sing; and Farnham adding his entreaties, she went to the piano, and said, as all girls say, "What shall I sing?"

She looked toward Farnham, but the mother answered, "Sing 'Douglas.'"

"Oh, no, mamma, not that."

"Why not? You were singing it last night. I like it better than any other of your songs."

"I do not want to sing it to-night."

Mrs. Belding persisted, until at last Alice said, with an odd expression of recklessness, "Oh, very well; if you must have it, I will sing it. But I hate these sentimental songs, that say so much and mean nothing." Striking the chords nervously, she sang, with a voice at first tremulous, but at last full of strong and deep feeling, that wail of hopeless love and sorrow:

"Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

There had been tears of vexation in her eyes when her mother had forced her to sing this song of all songs; but after she had begun, the music took her own heart by storm, and she sang as she had never sung before—no longer fearing, but hoping that the cry of her heart might reach her lover and tell him of her love. Farnham listened in transport; he had never until now heard her sing, and her beautiful voice seemed to him to complete the circle of her loveliness. He was so entranced by the full rich volume of her voice, and by the rapt beauty of her face as she sang, that he did not at first think of the words; but the significance of them seized him at last, and the thought that she was singing these words to him ran like fire through his veins. For a moment he gave himself up to the delicious consciousness that their souls were floating together upon that tide of melody. As the song died away and closed with a few muffled chords, he was on the point of throwing himself at her feet, and getting the prize which was waiting for him. But he suddenly bethought himself that she had sung the song unwillingly, and had taken care to say that the words meant nothing. He rose and thanked her for the music, complimented her singing warmly, and, bidding both ladies good-night, went home, thrilled through and through with a deeper emotion than he had yet known, but painfully puzzled and perplexed.

He sat for a long time in his library, trying to bring some order into his thoughts. He could not help feeling that his presence was an embarrassment and a care to Alice Belding. It was evident that she had a great friendship and regard for him, which he had troubled and disturbed by his ill-timed declaration. She could no longer be easy and natural with him; he ought not to stay to be an annoyance to her. It was also clear that he could not be himself in her presence; she

exercised too powerful an influence upon him to make it possible that he could go in and out of the house as a mere friend of the family. He was thus driven to the thought which always lay so near to the surface with him, as with so many of his kind: he would exile himself for a year or two, and take himself out of her way. The thought gave him no content. He could not escape a keen pang of jealousy when he thought of leaving her in her beautiful youth to the society of men who were so clearly inferior to her.

"I am inferior to her myself," he thought with genuine humility; "but I feel sure I can appreciate her better than any one else she will ever be likely to meet."

By and by he became aware that something was perplexing him, which was floating somewhere below the surface of his consciousness. A thousand thoughts, more or less puzzling, had arisen and been disposed of during the hour that had elapsed since he left Mrs. Belding's. But still he began to be sure that there was one groping for recognition which as yet he had not recognized. The more he dwelt upon it, the more it seemed to attach itself to the song Alice had sung, but he could not give it any definiteness. After he had gone to bed, this undefined impression of something significant attaching itself to the song besieged him, and worried him with tantalizing glimpses, until he went to sleep.

But Farnham was not a dreamer, and the morning, if it brought little comfort, brought at least decision. He made up his mind while dressing that he would sail by an early steamer for Japan. He sent a telegram to San Francisco, as soon as he had breakfasted, to inquire about accommodations, and busied himself during the day with arranging odds and ends of his affairs. Coming and going was easy to him, as he rarely speculated and never touched anything involving anxious risks. But in the afternoon an irresistible longing impelled him to the house of his neighbor.

"Why should I not allow myself this indulgence?" he thought. "It will be only civil to go over there and announce my departure. As all is over, I may at least take this last delight to my eyes and heart. And I want to hear that song again."

All day the song had been haunting him, not on account of anything in itself, but because it vaguely reminded him of something else—something of infinite importance, if he could only grasp it. It hung about him so persistently, this vague glimmer of suggestion, that he became annoyed, and said at last to himself, "It is time for me to be

changing my climate, if a ballad can play like that on my nerves."

He seized his hat and walked rapidly across the lawn, with the zest of air and motion natural to a strong man in convalescence. The pretty maid-servant smiled and bowed him into the cool, dim drawing-room, where Alice was seated at the piano. She rose and said instinctively to the servant, "Tell mamma Captain Farnham is here," and immediately repented as she saw his brow darken a little. He sat down beside her, and said:

"I come on a twofold errand. I want to say good-bye to you, and I want you to sing 'Douglas' for me once more."

"Why, where are you going?" she said, with a look of surprise and alarm.

"To Japan."

"But not at once, surely?"

"The first steamer I can find."

Alice tried to smile, but the attempt was a little woful.

"It will be a delightful journey, I am sure," she faltered, "but I can't get used to the idea of it all at once. It is the end of the world."

"I want to get there before the end comes. At the present rate of progress there is not more than a year's purchase of bric-à-brac left in the empire. I must hurry over and get my share. What can I do for you?" he continued, seeing that she sat silent, twisting her white fingers together. "Shall I not bring you the loot of a temple or two? They say the priests have become very corruptible since our missionaries got there—the false religion tumbling all to pieces before the true."

Still, she made no answer, and the fixed smile on her face looked as if she hardly heard what he was saying. But he went on in the same light, bantering tone.

"Shall I bring you back a jinrickshaw?"

"What in the world is that? But, no matter what it is, tell me, are you really going so soon?"

If Farnham had not been the most modest of men, the tone in which this question was asked would have taught him that he need not exile himself. But he answered seriously:

"Yes, I am really going."

"But why?" The question came from unwilling lips, but it would have its way. The challenge was more than Farnham could endure. He spoke out with quick and passionate earnestness:

"Must I tell you, then? Do you not know? I am going because you send me."

"Oh, no," she murmured, with flaming cheeks and downcast eyes.

"I am going because I love you, and I cannot bear to see you day by day, and know

that you are not for me. You are too young and too good to understand what I feel. If I were a saint like you, perhaps I might rejoice in your beauty and your grace without any selfish wish; but I cannot. If you are not to be mine, I cannot enjoy your presence. Every charm you have is an added injury, if I am to be indifferent to you."

Her hands flew up and covered her eyes. She was so happy that she feared he would see it and claim her too soon and too swiftly.

He mistook the gesture, and went on in his error.

"There! I have made you angry or wounded you again. It would be so continually if I should stay. I should be giving you offense every hour in the day. I cannot help loving you, any more than I can help breathing. This is nothing to you, or worse than nothing, but it is all my life to me. I do not know how it will end. You have filled every thought of my mind, every vein of my body. I am more you than myself. How can I separate myself from you?"

As he poured out these words, and much more, hot as a flood of molten metal, Alice slowly recovered her composure. She was absolutely and tranquilly happy—so perfectly at rest that she hardly cared for the pain her lover was confessing. She felt she could compensate him for everything, and every word he said filled her with a delight which she could not bear to lose by replying. She sat listening to him with half-shut eyes, determined not to answer until he had made an end of speaking. But she said to herself, with a tenderness which made her heart beat more than her lover's words, "How surprised he will be when I tell him he shall not go."

The rustling of Mrs. Belding's ample approach broke in upon her trance and Farnham's litany. He rose, not without some confusion, to greet her; and Alice, with bright and even playful eyes, said, "Mamma, what do you think this errant young cavalier has come to say to us?"

Mrs. Belding looked with puzzled inquiry from one to the other.

"Simply," continued Alice, "that he is off for Japan in a day or two, and he wants to know if we have any commissions for him."

"Nonsense! Arthur, I won't listen to it. Come over to dinner this evening and tell me all about it. I've got an appointment this very minute at our Oriental Gospel rooms, and cannot wait to talk to you now. But this evening you must tell me what it all means, and I hope you will have changed your mind by that time."

The good lady did not even sit down, but rustled briskly away. Perhaps she divined

more of what was toward than appeared; but she did as she would have wished to be done by when she was young, and left the young people to their own devices.

Farnham turned to Alice, who was still standing, and said, "Alice, my own love, can you not give me one word of hope to carry with me? I cannot forget you. My mind cannot change. Perhaps yours may, when the ocean is between us, and you have time to reflect on what I have said. I spoke too soon and too rashly; but I will make amends for that by long silence. Then perhaps you will forgive me—perhaps you will recall me. I will obey your call from the end of the world."

He held out his hand to her. She gave him hers with a firm, warm grasp. He might have taken courage from this, but her composure and her inscrutable smile daunted him.

"You are not going yet," she said. "You have forgotten what you came for."

"Yes—that song. I must hear it again. You must not think I am growing daft, but that song has haunted me all day in the strangest way. There is something in the way *you* sing it—the words and your voice together—that recalls some association too faint for me to grasp. I can neither remember what it is, nor forget it. I have tried to get it out of my mind, but I have an odd impression that I would better cherish it—that it is important to me—that life or death is not more important. There! I have confessed all my weakness to you, and now you will say that I need a few weeks of salt breeze."

"I will sing you the song first. Perhaps we may pluck out its mystery."

She preluded a moment, and sang, while Farnham waited with a strained sense of expectancy, as if something unspeakably solemn was impending. She sang with far more force and feeling than the night before. Her heart was full of her happy love, as yet unspoken, and her fancy was pleased with the thought that, under the safe cover of her music, she could declare her love without restraint. She sang with the innocent rapture of a mavis in spring, in notes as rich and ardent as her own maiden dreams. Farnham listened with a pleasure so keen that it bordered upon pain. When she came to the line,

"I would be so tender, so loving, Douglas,"

he started and leaned forward in his chair, holding his hands to his temples, and cried:

"Can't you help me to think what that reminds me of?"

Alice rose from the piano, flushing a pink as sweet and delicate as that of the roses in

her belt. She came forward a few paces, then stopped, and bent slightly toward him, with folded hands. In her long, white, clinging drapery, with her gold hair making the dim room bright, with her red lips parted in a tender but solemn smile, with something like a halo about her of youth and purity and ardor, she was a sight so beautiful that Arthur Farnham, as he gazed up at her, felt his heart grow heavy with an aching consciousness of her perfection that seemed to remove her forever from his reach. But the thought that was setting her pulses to beating was as sweetly human as that of any bride since Eve. She was saying to herself in the instant she stood motionless before him, looking like a pictured angel, "I know now what he means. He

loves me. I am sure of him. I have a right to give myself to him."

She held out her hands. He sprang up and seized them.

"Come," she said, "I know what you are trying to remember, and I will make you remember it."

He was not greatly surprised, for love is a dream, and dreams have their own probabilities. She led him to a sofa and seated him beside her. She put her arms around his neck and pressed his head to her beating heart, and said in a voice as soft as a mother's to an ailing child, "My beloved, if you will live, I will be so good to you." She kissed him and said gently,

"Now, do you remember?"

THE END.

AURORA.

WHAT purple seas have kissed thy skirts but newly ?

What hyacinthine shore

Of Hellas, or what unawakened Thule,

Embalmed thee, passing o'er ?

The Orient thee no further gift can render,

Goddess mysterious, tender !

Thou need'st not borrow of the fuller splendor

Of him thou goest before.

That gushing fount, not filled for mortals sighing,

Nor earthly eyes to see—

That spring of youth, unchanging and undying,

Hath poured its life in thee,

And its cool spray about thee yet is clinging.

Over the desert winging,

Thou bendest low : gray Memnon greets thee, singing

His ancient melody.

Thou usherest in the day with sweet assurance ;

Thou pourest out the dew ;

Rich life, by night subdued and held in durance,

Pulses and springs anew.

The gates of morning open wide before thee ;

Heaven bends gently o'er thee ;

And, gazing upward, eager to adore thee,

Leaps the broad ocean blue.

Farewell ! though but a moment thou hast lingered,

Swift as the pinioned dove !

Gone is that darkest hour which thou, warm-fingered,

Dost charm from earth above.

Onward ! awaking in thy path forever

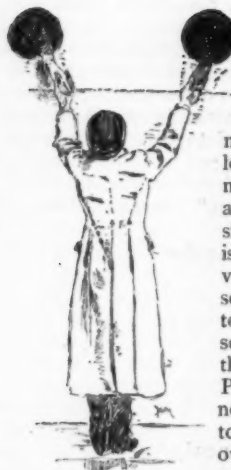
New life and strong endeavor.

May thy bright promises forsake us never—

Fresh hope and boundless love !

Henry Tyrrell.

LOG OF AN OCEAN STUDIO.



YOU are not to take our title too seriously. From a serious point of view, it was not much of a studio; nor does this "rough log," as the sailors say, make a very strong appeal for solemn consideration. Such as it is, it has to do with the vacation fancies of seven artists voyaging to Antwerp. Their serious aim in crossing the sea was to visit the Paris Salon, and, after noting its degeneracy, to seek, each in his own way, for better counsel from the Old

Masters in Holland and Spain. Their bond of union during the ocean trip was partly fellowship, and partly the idea of decorating the walls and ceiling of one of the ship's cabins as a novel means of killing time—poor Time, who is never thought well of unless he is niggardly, and who is never more generous than at sea.

Four of our party, a twelvemonth before, had originated the idea during a similar trip in a sister ship. It had been their good fortune to have the ladies' cabin for their ocean studio. In fact, their novel scheme seemed to have been built upon a new principle in æsthetics: "Art for the sake of the ladies' cabin."

We went aboard our steamer in the firm belief that no other cabin would do. It was a bitter disappointment, therefore, to learn after we were well out to sea, that—excepting the little lounging room at the head of the main companion-way—the ladies' cabin was an artificially lighted room between decks. Both were impracticable. So the enterprise had to be remodeled on the basis of "art for art's sake," which any artist will tell you is something of a humbug.

When we arrived at the Jersey City wharf, on that early morning of a sunny third of June, the usual sailing-day comedy was briskly acting. Numerous large bouquets and floral designs mingled hot-house odors with the peculiar staleness of the saloon, making us hope that before dinner-time the

recipients would cast them overboard. A rose to somebody else's name never smells as sweet; besides, wilting flowers are hardly appropriate to a steam-ship—not to mention the extreme of ostentation and theatrical effect which the fashion has reached. I once knew a young man who sought to obviate the defect of a floral gift by presenting a fair voyager with a large bouquet of dried grasses. Naturally, the gift was construed in the Pickwickian sense. Shortly afterward he removed to the land of the cactus, which would seem to offer new scope to his fatal ingenuity.

Though steam-ships are the safest means of travel yet invented, one does not see friends embark in them without a livelier sense of their temerity as travelers; besides, the wide sea lends reality to the idea of separation. There was no lack of women's tears at our departure; but we bachelors shared in them only as the party was represented by the marine artist, and somebody remarked that his pretty daughter, trying to smile through a mist of tears, was his best picture. At that time the visitors had been sent ashore, and the ship was denoting eagerness to slip her leashes and begin the tireless chase over the billowy hill to Antwerp. I noticed that those who did not feel justified in demanding a plump kiss on the hurricane deck deemed they had a perfect right to signal tokens of affection while the steamer was gliding majestically from the wharf. In the initial letter to this paper, the artist has shown the most reposeful phase of an incident which came under our observation. The young man in the ulster had taken formal leave on deck of two young voyagers. While the whistle was warning river craft to make way for the leviathan, he signaled them to descend into the saloon. In a moment he was clasping two daintily-gloved hands reached out to him from adjoining port-holes. Then he got upon a friendly beam, and with masterly tip-toeing and needed dispatch, for the lines were cast off and the engine bell was tinkling, he plucked a kiss from each round, laughing window.

Once free from the wharf strings, our steamer was nearly as independent of the ordinary world as a miniature planet peopled to order. With the grand air and assurance of a steamer outward bound, we threaded the Narrows, spun round the half-circle of the lower bay, caromed, as it were, on the Hook, and went down to breakfast as we struck out



FAREWELL TO SANDY HOOK. PANEL BY A. A. ANDERSON.

to sea. That important factor in "civilizing the ship," the seating at table, had been cleverly managed by the chief steward. There seemed to be fewer heart-burnings than usual on the part of persons who, having formally recognized their own importance, looked in vain for a seat at the captain's table. At the board of honor were, of course, the good-looking young woman and her mother, the director of the steam-ship company and his family, the reverend, and the doctor of medicine. Titles of any kind are beacon-lights to the chief steward's eyes. Our captain was always genial at meals; but if the table of honor has a disadvantage, it is that the tone of the conversation at the captain's board is inclined to rise and fall with his

barometer. No matter how genial by nature, the captain by profession is necessarily a tyrant and a dogmatist. Our party had a table by itself in the coziest corner of the saloon, and the mother of one of Gérôme's pupils matronized us with graceful dignity. There were only forty people in the first cabin, which made the social ice rather easy to break. The case is different on the large steamers carrying three or four hundred first-class passengers. It is a study then to watch the segregation of the company into small groups. As fellow-travelers, New Yorkers may claim the palm for reserve. Not long since, two substantial men of Gotham, who had met on shipboard and had proved congenial, parted at Liverpool to meet again, as tourists

frequently do, in hotels, museums, and, finally, in the same compartment of a railway "coach." In the intimacy of that ride, one of them disclosed the name of the street adorned by his brown-stone front.

"What number?" asked the other, eagerly.

"Fifty-four, east."

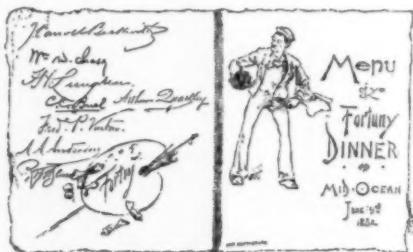
"Then you're my next-door neighbor but one, for my house is fifty, east!"

Like true citizens of Manhattan, they had lived up to its golden rule: Shun your neighbor as you would malaria.

Our first breakfast was a disorganized feast. Sea-cooks and stewards were still under the malign influence of the land. To call forth their best efforts, the ship must be in the toils of the sea, with the racks on the tables, the kettles spilling in the cook's galley, and the gymnastic stewards balancing soup-plates on their fingers and the ship on their feet. Everybody grumbles over the fare at sea, and, in general, there is too much reason for grumbling. There is always a profusion of eatables, seldom of the best quality, and less seldom served with an eye to the needs of the passengers. The waste is enormous. If the captain is an epicure, the outlook for the passengers will be better. But, practically, they cook for the ostrich-like digestions of the officers instead of for a multitude of squeamish sea-invalids. I am bound to say that on our studio-ship we were uncommonly well served. Yet we had a grievance that illustrates how natural it is at sea to grumble. On the fourth day the oranges gave out. No one knew better than the bachelor artists and their friends, the little children of the steerage, why the oranges prematurely failed; yet we grumbled, and one of the artists joined two grievances in volunteering to raise oranges from the seed in his state-room in three days. The gulf stream and south winds, and a southerly course to get below reported icebergs, and the raging fires under us, had combined to make our state-rooms tropical.

A dinner in honor of Fortuny was the memorable feast of the trip. His biographers have made the world believe he was born on the eleventh of June; but Fortuny's disciple in our party had private information that the great Spaniard was born on the ninth. With the connivance of the disciple of Velasquez, he surprised us with a Fortuny birthday dinner on the ninth, though during the morning the secret movements of the two had awakened suspicion. When we sat down as usual to six o'clock dinner we found at each plate a handsome menu on brown paper, part hektograph and part washed in with color; also, a large cake, with Fortuny's well-known signature imi-

tated in the frosting; smoking fish-balls, and delicious Boston baked beans, the product of the skill of one of the artists, an amateur *cordon bleu*, who had ingratiated himself with the chief cook; and, never to be forgotten, a moist dish of most excellent vivacity, put aboard as a surprise by a thoughtful member of the Tile Club, whom we were to meet later in Paris. Speeches and sentiments of local interest passed round the board. I remember somebody's saying, in a moment of enthusiasm, that "Fortuny was the most original painter of his age. If any one had said, ten years before he appeared, that there could be something new in art, the world would have replied, 'Not so, for art is exhausted!'" Toward the end,



COVER OF THE MENU.

a sententious person, looking out of the port-hole behind him upon the drear twilight ocean and comparing it with the merry scene inside, said, "A little sentiment makes a paradise of a sea-waste."

"You're wrong," replied the Boston cynic; "a little sentiment makes a paradise of a small waist."

On the third day the captain invited us to his cabin to judge for ourselves if its panels and oak-grained background would meet the requirements of a studio. It was an uncommonly large cabin, and the captain's personal trappings did not crowd much upon his charts and logarithms. It had a cozy look, with its sofa alcove and its red curtains, despite the overplus of chronometers and barometers. A miniature hall, with outer and inner doors, connected with the deck on the port and the starboard sides. Windows on three sides—for it was the forward cabin of the deck-house—commanded a view of the sea for half the circle of the horizon, and of the forward deck, with the busy sailors, the faithful lookout (always with his hands in his pockets), and about the foremast the group of steerage passengers, huddling like a remnant of the victims of the Deluge waiting on a hill-top for the rising flood.

Scarcely a word had been said of cabin decoration among ourselves. An overmastering *ennui* had settled upon us, a sort of mental seasickness, due, in part, to the steady rolling and teetering of the ship, and to the eternal *r-r-r-ker-chug! r-r-r-ker-chug!* of the engines which kept a tremor running through everything between keelson and topmast. Sackville suggests the feeling in a poem written in a man-of-war lying off the Flemish coast, which Locker has included in his admirable "*Lyra Elegantiarum*." He says:

"To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite;
But first, would have you understand
How hard it is to write.

* * * * *

"For, tho' the muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet, if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea."

One morning an artist tried to make a sketch of the sailors who were holy-stoning the deck, but the working mood staid with him only long enough to outline their picturesque shoes and ankles. Early on a dull evening another artist seated himself in the prow, and began sketching the ship from that teetering point of view. Five minutes later he was showered by the first billow we had shipped. The next morning a third artist remarked, in a half-hearted way: "I feel like doing a little sketching to-day; but if I were to go to work, the men who believe in mood would call me a mechanic. I think there's a good deal of humbug about mood." An hour later I saw him disposing himself to sketch in a quiet place under the lee of the engine-house. Not to disturb him, I took the windward deck for my promenade, and, on returning the second time from the bow, found the artist who believed in the humbug of mood on the quarter-deck, demurely watching a game of ring-toss.

Only one of the party made good use of his leisure. In view of his youth and rather fantastic taste, we were not surprised, when he appeared on the hurricane deck, one morning, in a shaggy Berri cap, a brown velvet jacket, dancing-pumps, and silk tie and silk stockings of the color of old gold. What a sailor to set before our one-eyed boatswain! The rest of us, who were affecting old clothes, did not approve of him. But the French governess did, and hour after hour piloted him through the French verbs. And here we may add that semi-attached to our party was an artist who

was voyaging in company with his *fiancée* and her mother—and doing it very well; also, a veteran artist, who regarded our professional



UNDER A FRENCH SKY. PANEL BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

as well as our unprofessional proceedings with amiable contempt. "Let me give you some advice," he said to an artist who was belittling the work of a fellow-painter. "You talk too much in that vein; I've had some experience in it myself, and I've learned it's a



AT WORK IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN. BY ROBERT BLUM.

pretty safe rule to let other artists make as much reputation as they can."

For good nature and solid enjoyment of the voyage, nobody held a candle to our fellow-passenger, the Yankee skipper. He was a large, plain, quiet Bostonian, as close as an oyster about himself, but giving token of belonging to the old-fashioned race of New England sea-captains. His trowsers had a sedentary sag at the knee in harmony with the tried and true, steady-going air of his general make-up. He was the kind of man you would like to have with you if you were to be cast away at sea or lost in a wilderness. If a whale spouted within our dreary, disk-like world of water, he was sure to see it. No sail could dawn on our horizon unseen by his binocular. It encouraged early rising to know that the Yankee skipper would be found on deck with his gazette of ship's transactions and sea-happenings. Tobacco was his enemy, so we were a little surprised one evening to see him enter the blue atmosphere of the smoking-room where we were holding our usual after-dinner symposium. When anecdote and story had been the round, the skipper "took the floor" by a glance round the benches. "'Way back in 1850," he began, "I was six months sailing from New York to 'Frisco. Rounding the Horn, we fell in with the deadest calm I ever experienced. In the morning we sighted an albatross a little way off, as badly becalmed as we were, except that she could paddle, while we couldn't

make much headway sculling a full-rigger. We gave chase in the yawl, and caught the bird after a hard tussle; for, you see, she couldn't rise from the water without a breeze to help her spread her wings, and those wings on shipboard measured fifteen feet from tip to tip. Besides her crop was full, and may be she'd swallowed too much ballast for sky-sailing. We took a strip of sheet-copper, and with a marline-spike punctured in it the name of the ship and the date of capture. This we fastened round the bird's neck. When we got a breeze, we first made sail and then gave the albatross a chance to spread canvas. With a scream she flew off a little way, circled once or twice round the ship, and then set her rudder for the north pole. That bird was caught again, twenty-five hundred miles from Cape Horn, and carried into Callao. And I'll tell you how I know it. At Callao the captain of that ship wrote a letter to a New York newspaper, describing the capture of the albatross and the writing on the copper collar. My wife saw the paper, and in that way got news of our ship six months before my own letter reached her."

Silence followed the recital, until somebody expressed a regret that there were only two "marines" in the company to tell it to. "Pshaw!" exclaimed the skipper, a deeper color suffusing his face; "it's true, every word of it." By way of amends, a loud call was made for the elder marine's whaling story,

which always gains a good deal from the tar and tarpaulin manner in which it is told.

"You must fancy I'm Mr. Jones," he said, "a whaler's mate, spinning yarn for mess-mates. He shifts his quid and begins: We wuz all feelin' sort o' grumpy, for thar hadn't been no kind o' luck, when the lookout cries, 'Theer she blows!'—so I goes up to Cap'n Simmons an' sez I, 'Cap'n Simmons, she's a blower; shell I lower?'"

"Sez he: 'Mr. Jones, she *may* be a blower, but I don't see fitten fur tu lower.'"

"Then I goes forrard, and the man aloft sings out agin, 'Theer she blows!'—an' she's a spermer!' So I goes agin to Cap'n Simmons an' sez I, 'Cap'n Simmons, she's a spermer an' a blower; shell I lower?'"

"Sez he: 'Mr. Jones, she *may* be a spermer an' she *may* be a blower, but I don't see fitten fur tu lower; but if so be *you* see fitten fur tu lower, w'y lower away an' be 'tar-nally dashed tu yer.'"

"So I lowered away, an' when we come to about fifty yard o' the critter sez I, 'Hold on, boys, fur I'm death with the long harpoon!' An' I struck her fair, an' we towed her alongside the ship; an' when I come aboard, Cap'n Simmons stood in the gangway, an' sez he, 'Mr. Jones, you air an officer an' a gentleman, an' there's rum and terbacker in the locker—an' that of the very best quality—at yer sarvice, sir, durin' this voyage.'"

"Then sez I, 'Cap'n Simmons, I'm a man as knows his dooty and does it, an' all I axes of you is *servility*—an' that of the commonest, dog-goned kind!'"

On the sixth morning two or three of the artists, nursing the mood lest it escape them, secretly spread their kits in the captain's cabin. By common consent, the right-hand panel of the sofa alcove was reserved for the captain's portrait. An excellent model was our commander. Every line of his figure proclaimed him master. "Captain" was in the tones of his voice, which, to the highest as well as the lowest subordinate, offered not the slightest invitation to a discussion. Every attitude, as he stood on the bridge mentally casting up the weather, nicknamed him "that harbitrary cove," as the London cabby designated John Forster. While he was being sketched, it was curious to note how the practiced eye of the

artist singled out the lines of character, as well as the subtilties of the costume which, hardly less than the curves of the face, helped to express the individuality. Ask an artist to draw from memory a caricature of a person he has seen, but whose features he has not studied. If he humors you, and appeals to your mem-



"CAPTAIN" WAS IN THE TONES OF HIS VOICE." PANEL BY FREDERIC P. VINTON.

ory to help him out with the facts, his questions will prove how superficially most of us observe. Twins never looked so much alike that an experienced portrait-painter would not individualize them at a glance.

Three could paint in the cabin at the same time, but, for the most part, if one was at work, the rest were content to sit in the captain's easy-chair and on his camp-stools, and even on his narrow bed, a cozy bunk on the port side, and keep up a ripple of chat and criticism. One day, when the captain's portrait was nearly finished, he said, by way of criticism, "I think you need a little more flesh on the starboard cheek." But little other comment fell from his lips regarding the pictures.

Three months later we discovered the captain's honest opinion. It was painted on the only panel that had been left vacant by us—the large panel of the port door. While the ship was lying in Antwerp, the captain engaged a local artist to paint a Norwegian water-fall on the door. It was a garish, painful daub. Without understanding just why the water-fall did not make the kind of a sensation he had arranged for the artists on their return to the ship for the homeward voyage, he consented to have it painted out.

Five of the six panels of the sofa alcove were sketched in and half finished in a few hours. Their growth thereafter was a matter of mood, with results of fluctuating value. In his effort to ballast the "starboard cheek" of the captain's portrait, the artist grew to hate the picture, erased it and began over again. In the next panel was painted a fanciful head to personify the comet of the previous winter. A striking effect was produced by the starlit hair streaming through a cold, dark-blue sky. There was a long discussion over the manner in which the sketch had been developed, the verdict being that it was characteristic of the artist to paint the allegorical lady's cherry lips first of all. Somebody discovered the head of a Skye terrier in the hair. For a long time the artist stood out against amendments; then three or four clever strokes eliminated the dog.

A sullen coquette was the comet's right-hand neighbor. She wore a poke-bonnet surmounted by the jauntiest of orange feathers. Her entrance into society was effected in an incredibly short space of time, and we could not but admire the perfect manner in which the colors harmonized with themselves and with the pictures on either side. But there was a general outcry against her social status; and the painter, in the dumps, dropped his brush and left the creature hovering between the world of existence and the inferno of annihilation. The picture gave rise to an animated discussion. Such epithets as

"nightmare painter"—applied to an artist skilled in painting rainy street scenes by gaslight—and "painter of beautiful nothings" were bandied. This last was the retort direct



THE COMET. PANEL BY J. CARROLL RECKWITH.

of the "nightmare painter," and it seemed to be barbed with truth, for it called forth an instructive lecture on art methods, in about these words: "Very well—some artists paint pictures that are not even beautiful! You're all down on anything that is clever. Here's an artist, say, who succeeds by hard, patient effort; another will gain equal success by sheer cleverness. The first struggles with a commonplace subject, using a model for every little detail, from the sole of a slipper to the key-hole of a door; you call it high art. But, if the other does a dashing thing full of life and feeling, you call it mere *chic*!"

First to be finished was a pensive maiden in the next panel. In rich sealskin hat and cloak she was strolling near the sea on a raw November day. A feeling of romantic sadness pervaded the picture. The gossip of the stu-

dio assumed at once that the artist had drawn on his tender recollections for a subject. This he denied, but, as an expression of lack of confidence, the picture was entitled "The Girl-he-left-behind-him-when-he-went-to-Munich." By way of confirmation, one of the artists improvised an anecdote to illustrate, as he said, how an artist may become so enamored of his art as to forget a live sweetheart. "A New York artist," he began, "with a remarkably fine studio [cries of 'Hear! hear!'], was visited one Saturday afternoon, his 'show-day,' by two ladies, who behaved with singular constraint, and who were treated with that touching politeness with which the true artist seeks to overcome the natural embarrassment of visitors when brought face to face with the mute yet speaking witnesses of his genius. [Applause.] When the ladies withdrew, the artist turned to an old friend who appeared to be greatly amused, and asked:

"Who are those people?"

"You mean to say you don't know?"

"I have a feeling that I ought, but I don't!"

"Not the pretty one?"

"Not even the—she isn't pretty!"

"You thought she was ten years ago, when you started for Munich with her promise to marry you!"

Our so-called "nightmare painter" professed to have an idea in his head for one of the end panels of the alcove. The first time he tried to express it a reasonable success was attained. He was far from satisfied, and, against the common voice of the studio, erased it thrice over. In a vexed mood, he determined to paint a picture of the pit of roaring darkness and fire which may be found in the center of every steamship,—though the passengers think little of it, seeing smoke and cinders pouring from the crater smoke-stack, without realizing that a volcano is raging beneath. He and I descended about forty feet, by means of the greasy steps and gratings of the engine-hold, the several floors and ladders of which were made of iron rods half an inch in diameter, with spaces between for ventilation. At the bottom we stood carefully one side. The rumble of the machinery was almost deafening. The mighty arms reaching down to the cranks of the great shaft turned it with the light-hearted ease of a boy's first five minutes at a grindstone. An engineer with a hand-lamp led

us into the shaft-tunnel. It might have been five feet square, but there seemed hardly room enough to walk between the spinning shaft, which was at one side, and the grimy wall. We stooped, instinctively, and gathered the skirts of our coats away from the shaft, which was revolving fifty-four times a minute, and at each revolution was forcing the ship through twenty-five feet of water. At the stern, where we were a hundred and twenty feet from the engine-room, our ears were filled with a buzzing as of ten thousand swarms of bees, so violently was the screw churning the brine in producing a speed of fifteen miles an hour. As we emerged from the tunnel, the engineers were helping a fourteen-year-old boy through a small hole in the floor. He was naked to his waist and smeared with rusty grime. He seemed to be completely exhausted. With a little oil-lamp to light the shallow cavern, he had been cleaning the bilge, a space about two feet deep over the keel and rapidly contracting on the sides. His head had been a curious position,—twelve fiery furnaces above him, and a mile or two of salt sea underneath.

A narrow opening in the bulk-head admit-



IN THE FURNACE-HOLD. BY F. H. LUNGREN.



MOONLIGHT THROUGH THE LIFTING FOG. PANEL BY ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

ted us into the furnace-room, where there were two rows of fires, placed back to back, with six fires in a row. We remained perhaps five minutes, or until we were roasted out, though we were standing under the cold-air flues connecting with the curving trumpet-mouthed pipes which rise above the deck and are made to revolve to catch the freshest, strongest breeze that blows. Between the stirring and replenishing of the fires the room was filled with a whitish glare. When the

furnaces had been fed the half-naked stokers would stand under the air-shaft and wipe the perspiration from their faces and arms with a towel hanging at the belt. In that blanching pit nine coal-passers and twelve stokers were speeding their lives double-quick for \$17 and \$18 a month and "found," as the phrase runs, the finding consisting of the common seamen's mess and a stinking nest in the fore-castle. A strong young fellow will grow old at it, they said, in three years' time. But when

one breaks down, a score are ready to take his place. When the watch changes, passengers see the firemen shuffling, in wooden shoes, along the deck between their sleeping-pens and the iron ladders. Their pale, gaunt features and stooping shoulders tell a tragic story, which, however, cannot be fully understood before one has breathed the air of the furnace-hold. When human lives are so cheap, there is probably little incentive to give the same attention to improving the sanitary arrangements of the furnace-hold that is given to increasing the speed of the ship. One of the officers told me of an educated young Englishman who ran short of money in America, and, being too proud to send home for a remittance, worked his passage as a coal-passer and ash-heaver. He paid his passage with his life, for the exposure brought on a fatal illness.

A curious medley of nationalities were our ship's officers and crew. They would have made a notable collection in a museum of ethnology. Our captain, who was German-born, spoke English and Plattdeutsch besides his native tongue. He was sailing, under Belgian colors, a British-built ship owned by an American company. Our first officer was a "stub-and-twist" Englishman, with legs that seemed to be rooted to the deck. The second officer was a blonde-bearded Scotchman, the third a Welshman, and the fourth officer, I believe, was an Irishman. In the engine-room a similar mixture of races prevailed. Nearly every country of maritime Europe had contributed to the crew. Scotland

claimed our one-eyed boatswain, a perfect *Dick Deadeye*, who "chalked our shoes" (as he called the swindle), for grog money, the first



THE GOOSE PASTURE. PANEL BY ROBERT BLUM.

time we ventured upon the forecabin. Peter, the saloon steward, had the responsibility of the bottles that adorned the swinging shelf over the tables, and sometimes this care was almost too much for his thirsty and phlegmatic nature. We remember the captain's formula for securing his presence in the studio. It was "Quartermaster!" in a thunderous voice. When that subaltern thrust his capless head into the doorway the same voice growled, "Call Peter!" Then came Peter's face, wreathed in smiles and frowns. We discovered the importance Peter attached to that rasping voice one evening when he was found peering about the hurricane deck in the dark. A call for "Peter" from an artist mimicking the captain made the poor fellow jump as if Satan's hand had been laid upon his shoulder.

Peter had his revenge the next afternoon when one of the artists, with the aid of a curly wig, painted face, and old clothes, got himself up to look like a drunken steerage passenger. Being a master of German dialect and something of an actor, the artist created a sensation on the hurricane deck, where the ladies were in a flutter of indignation. By the captain's order, Peter was put on the track of the masquerader, who slipped down the companion-way into the saloon. There Peter got him by the collar, and hustled him toward the deck with a dispatch that turned the joke on the joker.

The same afternoon two of the studio company got the boatswain's permission to climb the fore shrouds,—as if the boatswain had any permission to give. His one eye gleamed with delight when the officer on the bridge sent a quartermaster, first, to order them down, and

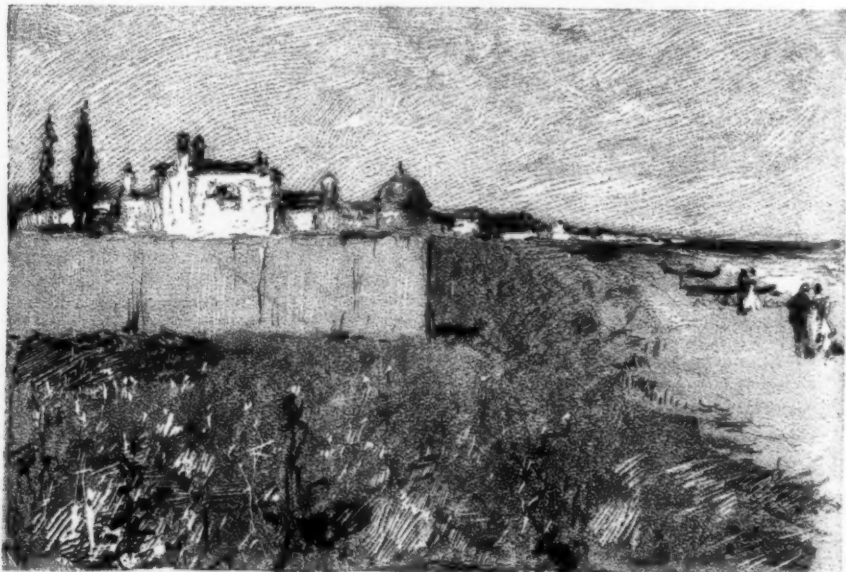
again, on their not complying, to "pull them down." They dropped to the deck and appealed to the captain, who was standing under the hurricane deck. The captain, from the companion-way, ordered the officer on duty not to interfere. "Now, climb away," he said. They sprang into the shrouds and clambered up the ratlines. The officer on the bridge, who had not understood the order, dispatched seaman after seaman to pull them down, while the captain each time called the seaman back, until, to save the officer from choking himself with passion, the captain showed himself. By that time the climbers were under the lubber-hole (which was out of their reach), and thinking of Black-eyed Susan's

"William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows to and fro."

Late on a wet, clammy evening, we were chatting with the captain about the relative merits of life ashore and on the seas. "Sea-faring's a hard life, at best," he said. "I'm a young man to wear captain's lace (he had not turned forty), and I've been on the sea since I was a boy. A steam-ship captain seldom gets more than \$2500 a year, which is small reward for the hardships and responsibilities of his life. On a crowded steamer a captain may often eke out his salary by giving up his cabin to a rich passenger, but at the cost of his own comfort." He was interrupted by a rap; the fourth officer opened the door to say, "The fo'sail's being

reefed, sir! — we're running into a fog." "Very well, blow the whistle," answered the captain, reaching at once for his heavy ulster, tarpaulin, and neck-wrap. "Here's a sample of our life," he said, as he enveloped himself. "Instead of being 'well,' it's particularly bad. I look for a long watch in the fog, with this temperature and the weather we've been having. You may not see me again this side of the Channel, for so long as this fog lasts I'm bound to be on the bridge. Good-night!" He hurried into the darkness and at regular intervals the whistle strove to fill all space with its deafening drone. In half an hour he came back smiling and covered with fog moisture. "False alarm!"

Three of us went on deck, and, by a ruse we had practiced before, reached the forecabin without being seen by the watchful officer on the bridge. It was near midnight, and we knew we should be ordered below if we were detected. The jib was hauled down but not furled, and we made a screen of the folds. Such a black, weird night was worth enjoying. The fog had risen or been blown away by a south breeze that filled the square-sails of the foremast. In the dim light of the head-lantern the bellying sails looked like gray specters. Peering back over the slowly pitching and rolling ship, all we could see was the great black, spark-spotted serpent coiling from the smoke-stack, and the wet decks and bulwarks where the thin rays of the cabin lights



A MEDITERRANEAN MEMORY. PANEL BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.



FLYING THE GREAT KITE. BY ROBERT BLUM.

were reflected. Nothing could be seen ahead except now and then a gray suggestion of a phosphorescent white-cap. If the Flying Dutchman had crossed our bows, we should not have been surprised. We counted the regular throbs of the engine and knew we were cutting the darkness at full speed. Two sea-dogs stood before us keeping lookout. "How do you like this life?" we asked of the big-bearded one. "Like it?" he muttered; "great heavens, I *have* to like it!" Ah, we thought, the sandy slopes of the sea are speckled with the bones of just such men as you!

Before we went below, the clouds broke away just enough to give us the weird effect of such a night, rifted now and then by a pale moonbeam. One of our marines painted the scene in a panel over the captain's chest of drawers, in a way that appealed to every seaman who saw it. The other marine filled the remaining end-panel of the alcove with a close-gathered group of seamen hoisting the top-sail in a rain-storm. And in it we fancied could be heard, above the wind, the boat-swain's pipe trilling like a shrill-voiced storm-bird.

Speaking of storm-birds, the ninth day out was enlivened by an incident which gave the marine artist his wished-for stormy petrel for a

model. A large flock of these sociable, untiring little birds, joined us before we were out of sight of Long Island. Two-thirds of them flew away in a body while we were off St. George's Shoals, leaving a flock of perhaps fifty, which followed us for nine days, making their graceful circlings over the boiling wake, and observing a certain order of precedence. When a mess from the scullery was thrown overboard, they would settle upon it and drift with it perhaps a mile away. But soon the leaders might be seen skimming the billows with quickened-wing and taking up their old positions. Every night at sunset they disappeared, dropping, as we supposed, upon the water to sleep; but every morning before eight o'clock they would be in their old places, sailing back and forth over the wake in figure-eight curves. The morning they failed to re-appear we were only two days from Land's End. A strong head-wind had blown up during the night. It was evident to us, therefore, that these little steam-ship chasers had followed us so many days because the winds had steadily favored their overtaking us each morning by a rapid flight begun at the first streakings of the dawn. The head-wind must have been too strong for them; in fact, it held back the ship

twenty miles in twenty-four hours. The web feet. "Let him go," was shouted in sailors declared the head-wind was due to chorus by the by-standers; but one of the the sacrilege of catching one of the petrels, artists, thinking the opportunity to get a valu-



THE EMIGRANT MODEL. PANEL BY ROBERT BLUM.

the day before they disappeared. The manner of catching was this: A man who used to wrangle a good deal at table over ward politics in Philadelphia with another coffee-house politician, tied a piece of beef to a linen thread and threw a lot of slack thread overboard with it. One of the chickens got its wings caught in the snare and was drawn aboard. It was a wild, fluttering captive, with bright, bead-like eyes and dainty

able model too good to be lost, carried the bird to the ship's doctor to be chloroformed.

As for the head-wind, while it blew ill for the sailors, it was just what we wanted for flying an enormous kite we had constructed of stout ash sticks and a linen sheet. It was five feet high. On its face was painted a red-eyed monster intended to resemble the legendary dolphin. We had wheedled a new log-cord out of the boatswain for a kite-line, and fifty

feet or more of old rope for the tail. Our first experiments in flying it were failures, resulting in disaster to the kite and a narrow escape for the man who had hold of the line, and who was made to travel rapidly across the deck in a sitting posture. If the kite had not taken a header into the sea, it is possible he would have done so. Thoroughly strengthened and patched, the kite was now brought out to be launched on that head-wind. As a precautionary measure, the line was passed through a ring in the deck near the wheel-house, and the slack was given to an artist who promised not to let go even if he were drawn through the ring. Another artist was placed in charge of the line, with two others to support him. These three wore gloves, which were ripped and cut as the kite soared a hundred feet, and, owing to the strength of the wind, stood directly over our heads shaking its angry crest—but not for long. With a grand sweep "The Flying Dolphin" dove to port, skimmed the water, and soared again, but only to snap the quarter-inch hemp cord at the deck ring. Then with a back somersault it fluttered into the water and was lost to view in the froth of the wake. Kites of moderate, school-boy sizes had preceded the "Flying Dolphin" and also followed it so long as thread and twine could be raised by begging and bribing. The most successful were the small kites flown with strong linen thread. Some of these flew twelve or fifteen hundred feet from the ship, and, when the wind was astern, seemed to have the ship in tow. It was novel sport for a sea voyage, and picturesque enough to justify artist patronage, especially the day we had a kite up when a fog came on. We knew our lookout above the vapor was at its post by the faithful tug at the string. Tied

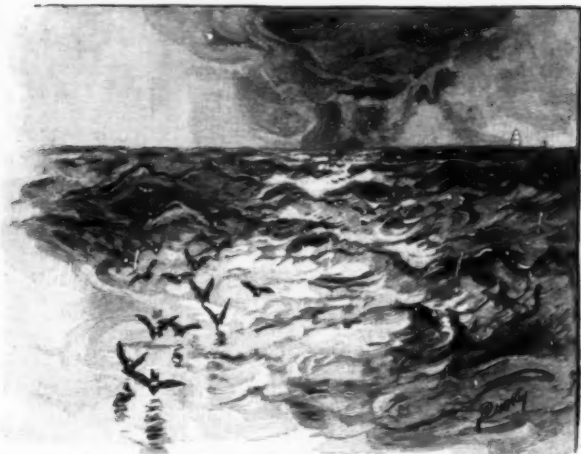


IN THE FOREST OF "CHIC." PANEL
BY FREDERIC F. VINTON.

to the deck-railing and left to itself, it followed the wind round the heavens, and fouled the cord with the fore-top-mast. A sailor ascended, and with much daring and patience carried the string round sails, spars, and shrouds. For a moment the fog opened, and revealed the kite shining in the upper sunlight. Several kites were left flying at night, tethered to the ship; but they invariably flew away before morning.

No day passed without a little serious work with brush and palette. A brawny emigrant with wooden shoes was painted in the alcove panel which had originally held the girl with the poke-bonnet and orange feather. And the "nightmare" artist, who had such trouble in realizing his idea, dashed it in one morning in an hour's time. It was an impression in pink and gray,—a gay, young, old-fashioned beauty tripping along a country road. A fine flower panel, done with decorative effect, was worked principally with the palette-knife into the large space between the chest of drawers and the starboard door. Summer and winter landscapes were sketched on the odd panels scattered about the cabin walls. Occasionally the studio was honored with a call from the ladies, one of whom sat for her portrait. A tall panel was filled with a forest scene—a pleasing *tour de chic*. Somebody paid a compliment to the naturalness of the picture by asking, seriously, "What woods are those?"

The artist chuckled. "You remind me," he answered, "of H——'s reply to the man who inquired the name of the mountains in a landscape he had evolved from his inner consciousness. 'Ah, you don't know those mountains?' he said; 'they are a part of the range that passes through the Tenth street studio building.'"



PETRELS FOLLOWING IN THE STEAMER'S WAKE. BY ARTHUR QUANTLEY.

For the sake of decorative unity, something had to be painted in the panels holding the chronometer and the barometer. The latter being in a round metallic case, it occurred to one of the artists to treat it as a cylinder revolving on the feet of a juggling clown, who, lying supinely beneath it, applied the rotary motion with two remarkably expressive black-and-yellow-striped legs. Underneath was painted the punning motto, "One 'fair' turn deserves another." The companion panel was a reminiscence of the Latin quarter, in the shape of a frivolous young man in full dress, dancing a jig with the chronometer held in his hands, over his head. The motto was "A Good Time." On the eleventh day, when the captain predicted we should see Bishop's Light, on the Scilly Islands; between seven and eight in the evening, two artists gave all their energies to decorating the ceiling with spreading branches of Japanese quince, the pink and white blossoms being deftly worked in with palette-knives.

That we were nearing land was apparent from the deep, long swell of the sea. Great billows rolled the length of the ship's sides, almost covering the bulwarks with their crests, and nearly revealing the keel in the deep trough following them. Everybody was on deck after dinner, looking into the grayish twilight off the port bow for the horizon star which should prove the captain a true sailor. A quarter of eight the captain drew the first officer's attention to a spot where he thought the light-house ought to be. They exchanged affirmative nods. Then the Yankee skipper brought his powerful binocular to bear, and gave us a peep at a yellow pin-point of light — a speck

in the eastern rim. That was a happy half hour, at the end of which Bishop's Light was nearly abreast; then the ship's course was shaped for Dover. Within the hour St. Agnes's revolving light flashed through the darkness, and after ten we were watching the red-and-white revolving light on Wolf's Island. Precisely at midnight, we passed the Lizard electric lights, blazing like twin suns on the cliffs of Merry England. We were about eight miles from the signal station. "Look out for fire-works," said the captain, going to the bridge. At the word, red fire blazed up at the prow, on the bridge, and at the stern, enveloping the ship in a spectacular glare which the clouds reflected back again. When we were in darkness once more, a blue light blazed up on the shore, assuring us that we had "spoken the Lizard," as the New York papers would say of us a few hours later.

A gale was at our back the next morning. With straining sails we scudded gloriously up the Channel, which was a greenish-drab, angry sea, dotted with every variety of craft that incited the marine artists to much rapid sketching in the short-hand of art. A Belgian pilot-boat intercepted us. It was a rough sea to maneuver in, but after an exciting twenty minutes, the chunky Dutch pilot and his leather bag were lifted safely over the bulwarks. At noon, we were off the Isle of Wight — which, to be appreciated, must be seen from the sea and bathed in such dreamy sunlight. We could have thrown a stone ashore, almost, as we passed St. Catherine's Light-house. Toward dark we scudded past Dungeness, looking bleak between angry water and tempest clouds. Behind its low

point was a forest of masts of vessels that had scampered in for shelter against the storm that was chasing us. Nearly four hours later Dover strand and the barracks half-way up the cliffs were revealed in dark outlines and straggling gas-lights. Passing the twin lights of Dover cliffs at midnight, we repeated with red lights the spectacular scene at the Lizard, and sailed out into the North Sea under a cold, blue-black sky. We remained on deck an hour watching the stars. It was a night to call up visions of old Norse jarls cruising in North Sea galleys.

At seven the next morning we were shivering in our warmest wraps in the lee of the deck-house, and wondering how soon the

muddy Scheldt would let us over the bar. Eager as we were to get ashore, the run up the river was too swift to satisfy our eyes. At the bend, not far above the Belgian line where Fort Liefkenshoek frowned upon us with iron-plated front, the steeple of Antwerp Cathedral came in view. At the same moment the bunting, which had been drawn to all the mast-heads in little bundles confined by slip-nooses, was simultaneously shaken out to the breeze. As we glided into the river harbor under the escort of a tug-boat, the cathedral chimes were tinkling the "Mandolinata" in honor of noon of the fourteenth day of our voyage. By night-fall the artists had laid their wreath on the tomb of Rubens.

C. C. Buel.



IN HONOR OF RUBENS.

EARLY MORN.

WHEN sleep's soft thrall, with dawn of day, is breaking,
 With joy I see—just lifting up my head—
 Through the broad, bounteous windows near my bed,
 The first delicious glow of life awaking.
 I watch the bright, unruffled ocean, making
 The fair young morning blush with timid red
 To see her beauty mirrored there, and spread
 Far o'er the waves. I watch the tall ships taking,
 On flag and canvas, all the colors rare
 Of her sweet beauty and her rich attire;
 The violet veil that binds her golden hair,
 The chain of crimson rubies flashing fire;
 Until the blue, calm sky, with tender air,
 Charms the beloved morn to come up higher.

Caroline May.

TORU DUTT.



TORU DUTT.

In the year 1876, there was issued from the Saptahiksambad Press, at Bhowanipore, a volume entitled "A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields, by Toru Dutt." It contained in all one hundred and sixty-six poems, original compositions in English, or almost literal translations from the foremost of modern French poets, including Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Béranger, Leconte de Lisle, Théophile Gautier, François Coppée, and Sully-Prudhomme—all notable for their brilliancy of word-painting and intricacy of form. A few copies of the book found their way to England, and were most kindly received. In 1878, a second edition appeared, containing forty-three additional poems and a prefatory memoir; whence it became known that the writer, who had been able to reproduce in one foreign tongue the best work of the most celebrated poets of still another foreign nation, was a Hindu girl, without a drop of European blood in her veins, who had died at the age of twenty-one, leaving indubitable proof of application and originality which, as one of the foremost of English reviewers recently remarked, would not have been surpassed by George Sand or George Eliot, had they been removed from us at a similar age.

Toru Dutt was the youngest of three children of the Baboo Govin Chunder Dutt, for many years an honorary magistrate and justice of the peace in Calcutta—a gentleman

of unusual culture and erudition. Of these three children, the eldest—a son, Abju—died in 1865, at the age of fourteen; the second, Aru, in 1874, at the age of twenty. Toru was born March 4, 1856. In 1869, the two sisters visited Europe in company with their father, remaining abroad for four years. With the exception of a few months in a French *pension*, the girls never attended school. Under their father's care, however, both became remarkable scholars, Toru acquiring a perfect mastery of French and English, a thorough knowledge of German, and, after her return to Calcutta, so great a familiarity with Sanskrit that she was enabled to make a number of translations in English blank verse from the "Vishnu Purana." While in England, the sisters attended the lectures for women at Cambridge University, and mingled to some extent in society.

"Not the least remarkable trait of Toru's mind," writes the Baboo, "was her wonderful memory. She could repeat by heart almost every piece she translated, and, whenever there was a hitch, it was only necessary to repeat a line or two of the translation to set her right, and draw out of her lips the original poem in its entirety. I have already said she read much. She read rapidly, too; but she never slurred over a difficulty when she was reading. Dictionaries, lexicons, and encyclopedias of all kinds were consulted until it was solved, and a note was taken afterward; the consequence was that explanations of hard words and phrases fixed themselves in her mind, and, whenever we had a dispute about the signification of any expression or sentence in Sanskrit, or French, or German, in seven or eight cases out of ten she would prove to be right. Sometimes I was so sure of my ground that I would say, 'Well, let us lay a wager.' The wager was ordinarily a rupee. But, when the authorities were consulted, she was almost always the winner. It was curious and very pleasant for me to watch her when she lost. First a bright smile, then thin fingers patting my grizzled cheek, then, perhaps, some quotation from Mrs. Barrett-Browning, her favorite poet, like this:

'Ah, my gossip, you are older, and more learned, and a man,'

or some similar pleasantry."

Toru's first venture in print was an exhaustive and learned essay on the writings

of Leconte de Lisle, which appeared in the "Bengal Magazine," in 1874, when she was only eighteen. At the same time she began the study of Sanskrit, following it with her customary energy until 1876, when her declining health would no longer permit of steady application. In the meantime, she had been composing either original or translated poetry in her native tongue in English, in French, and in German. Shortly after the publication of the "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields," Toru fell ill. The same deadly disease which had carried off her sister—consumption—now fastened upon her. Gradually all literary work was given up. In the early spring of 1877 she was upon her death-bed; occasionally rallying, she sank lower and lower until, on the 30th of August, she passed away in her twenty-second year, "a firm believer in Christianity."

From the portrait of Toru accompanying this article (the copy of a photograph taken at the age of seventeen), the reader will observe that she must have possessed much personal beauty. The delicately rounded contour of the face, pure features, liquid black eyes, and heavy tresses of raven hair, were enough to distinguish their possessor, aside from their intellectual expression. It is a pleasant picture which the Baboo gives of the home circle when the two sisters, Aru and Toru, were its life and charm. In the performance of all the household duties which were incumbent upon them, both were exemplary. Fond of music and versed in the art, instrumental and vocal, their leisure moments were passed at the piano.

The "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields" was, on the whole, the most important of the works of Toru Dutt. She left, besides, a novel in French, entitled "Le Journal de Mlle. D'Arvers," which was published in Paris early in 1879, edited, with a biographical and critical study of the author, by Mlle. Clarisse Bader, whose work upon "La Femme dans l'Inde Antique" had attracted Toru's attention and led to a brief correspondence. Toru also left eight chapters of an unfinished English romance entitled "Bianca; or, The Young Spanish Maiden," which is of interest only as being Toru's first venture in English prose. The language throughout is notable for its purity and grace, a few idiomatic errors alone marking the author as a foreigner. A number of original English poems were also found among Miss Dutt's manuscripts.

The "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields" is a remarkable book. If the reader will imagine an American or English woman, not out of her teens, selecting something like two hundred of the best German poems of the age, and reproducing them in French with absolute

fidelity to the originals, and at the same time expressing herself in a pure and idiomatic style, he will have some idea of this collection. The interest of the poems does not arise from the fact that they are faithful translations. They are not *translations* at all, as we ordinarily understand the term, but rather *transmutations*. The supreme test of a translation is in considering it as an original composition. The translations of Toru Dutt certainly endure such rigid examination, and there are several which defy the reader to detect, from any inherent quality, that they were not purely spontaneous productions. There are serious faults at times, but these faults arise from no awkwardness in reproducing the thought of the original author. The errors are in versification—a superfluous syllable, an uneven line, *ar. arbitrary* quantity, or an inverted phraseology; but a rugged grace of diction and spirited rhythm are uniformly characteristic of her work. Of the following poems, the first is the opening stanzas in a translation of an idyl by M. Arsène Houssaye, and the other a translation of one of Heinrich Heine's poems:

The rural sounds of eve were softly blending—
The fountain's murmur like a magic rhyme,
The bellow of the cattle homeward wending,
The distant steeple's melancholy chime;

The peasant's shouts that charm from distance borrow,
The greenfinch whirring in its amorous flight,
The cricket's chirp, the night-bird's song of sorrow,
The laugh of girls who beat the linen white.

The breeze scarce stirred the reeds beside the river,
The swallows saw their figures as they flew
In that clear mirror for a moment quiver,
Before they vanished in the clouds from view.

And school-boys, wilder than the winging swallows,
Far from the master with his look severe,
Bounded like fawns, to gather weeds, marsh-mallows,
And primrose blossoms to the young heart dear.

THE MESSAGE. (HEINRICH HEINE.)

To horse, my squire! To horse, and quick
Be winged like the hurricane!
Fly to the chateau on the plain,
And bring me news, for I am sick.

Glide 'mid the steeds, and ask a groom,
After some talk, this simple thing:
Of the two daughters of our king
Who is to wed, and when, and whom?

And if he tell thee 'tis the brown,
Come shortly back and let me know;
But if the blonde, ride soft and slow,—
The moonlight's pleasant on the down.

And as thou comest, faithful squire,
Get me a rope from shop or store,
And gently enter through this door,
And speak no word, but swift retire.

A number of poems in this volume are by Toru's sister Aru; none of them involves the difficult meters which make the work of the former so much more notable, but they show a remarkable facility.

In the two hundred and more poems included in the "Sheaf," Victor Hugo is represented by thirty-one, the Comte de Gramont by seventeen, Joséphin Soulayr by fourteen—and in all there are about one hundred authors. This includes nearly every form of versification, from the graceful Alexandrine of Soulayr to the Hugoesque meters of the author of "Les Châtiments"; from the sonnet of De Gramont to a sextine by the same author,—a form of verse which has been attempted in English only by two or three other writers.

In the notes which fill the concluding fifty pages of the volume, Toru has displayed a great deal of learning with rare critical ability. She has an epigrammatic way of summing up an author in a few words, as where she calls Victor de Laprade "a spiritual athlete," or remarks of Brizeux that his poems "want the Virgilian charm." Truly, the "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields" is an extraordinary book; it may be said, without overstepping the limits of honest criticism, that no work within reach of the English reader affords so complete a survey of the French poets of the modern romantic school.

"Le Journal de Mlle. D'Arvers" was written by Toru partly in fulfillment of an agreement with her sister Aru, who was to illustrate the volume, she possessing considerable skill with her pencil; unhappily, her death prevented the consummation of the contract. The manuscript of this romance, written in French, was consigned by Toru to her father's hands while she was upon her death-bed. It was, as previously stated, published in Paris a few years ago, and immediately attracted wide attention. While dealing entirely with French characters, the romance is English in sentiment and is essentially a poem in prose. It appeals to the highest and tenderest emotions of our nature; it is permeated throughout with the influence of divine love, and certainly no one whose heart is touched by such influences will lay it aside without a tribute to the memory of Toru Dutt.

After the above was written a number of original and hitherto unpublished poems by Toru Dutt, from which we select two, were received from the Baboo, who kindly forwarded them at the request of the editor of this magazine: *

FRANCE.

1870.

Not dead—oh, no—she cannot die!

Only a swoon, from loss of blood!

Levite England passes her by—

Help, Samaritan! None is nigh;

Who shall stanch me this sanguine flood?

'Range the brown hair—it blinds her eyne;

Dash cold water over her face!

Drowned in her blood, she makes no sign,

Give her a draught of generous wine!

None heed, none hear, to do this grace.

Head of the human column, thus

Ever in swoon wilt thou remain?

Thought, Freedom, Truth, quenched ominous,

Whence then shall Hope arise for us,

Plunged in the darkness all again?

No! She stirs! There's a fire in her glance—

'Ware, oh, 'ware of that broken sword!

What, dare ye for an hour's mischance

Gather around her jeering France

Attila's own exultant horde!

Lo, she stands up,—stands up e'en now,

Strong once more for the battle fray.

Gleams bright the star that from her brow

Lights the world. Bow, nations, bow—

Let her again lead on the way.

SONNET.—THE LOTUS.

Love came to Flora asking for a flower

That would of flowers be undisputed queen;

The lily and the rose long, long had been

Rivals for that high honor. Bards of power

Had sung their claims. "The rose can never tower

Like the pale lily, with her Juno mien."

"But is the lily lovelier?" 'Thus, between

Flower factions rang the strife in Psyche's bower.

"Give me a flower delicious as the rose,

And stately as the lily in her pride——"

"But of what color?" "Rose-red," Love first chose,

Then prayed: "No, lily-white, or both provide."

And Flora gave the lotus, "rose-red" dyed

And "lily-white," the queenliest flower that blows.

* Since this article was put in type, we have received a luxurious little volume of one hundred and thirty-nine pages, containing the original poems by Toru Dutt, and entitled "Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan" (London: Kegan Paul, French & Co.). It also contains an interesting introductory memoir by Mr. Edmund W. Gosse.

AN AVERAGE MAN.*

BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc.

IV.

PETER IDLEWILD had run away from home some fifty years ago without a dollar in his pocket. To-day he was one of the so-called railroad kings of the country. His native place was a small Massachusetts town, from which, at the age of fourteen, he had vanished in the wake of a traveling circus. The hard knocks incident to a tumbler's career had speedily dissipated the halo of hero-worship with which his youthful imagination had surrounded such a lot. During the next few years he became severally a bareback rider, a huckster of small confectioneries, and a lightning ticket agent. All these occupations, however, were but stepping-stones toward the realization of a wider ambition. The thrift and keen appreciation of the money-value of things peculiar to rustic New England were rife within him. By the time he was nineteen his savings permitted him to purchase a controlling interest in "The Fat Woman of Guinea," a side-show connected with the circus with which he had continued to travel. Severing the lady in question from the main company, he carried her about the country as an independent organization, with signal success. He was grown to be a strong, strapping fellow, with a sonorous voice and a happy gift of plausible statement. The village folk flocked to see his abnormal prodigy, who soon, however, became the nucleus of a considerable cabinet of curiosities. Money flowed in rapidly; but he was not a man to be satisfied with moderate profits. One fine day he sold out to a rival his entire live stock, not even exempting the foundress of his fortunes nor a peculiarly profitable "Tattooed Giant," and invested a portion of the proceeds in a well-stocked peddler's van.

Prospering here withal, he betook himself at the end of another five years to New York, to become the fountain-head from which a number of these itinerants were furnished with supplies. He was active and diligent, and his business thrived in pace with its increasing proportions. He launched out into new and various fields of enterprise. Omnibus and steam-boat lines, an express business, and even a hotel or two, were among the undertakings that were nursed into a lucra-

tive existence by his clear-sighted energy. All that he touched seemed literally to turn to gold, and men began to point to him as a capitalist. But even now his long-practiced caution stood him in good stead. As earlier in his career, he showed a willingness to allow others to reap what he was accustomed to call the "top-story profits." The eve of one of the most disastrous financial panics that had ever visited this country found him in a position of security. He had "salted down" into hard cash the gains from his outlying ventures, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, which, after the storm was blown over, he concentrated in the banking house of Peter Idlewild & Company, thereafter to be one of the money powers of the city. He had had the shrewdness to foresee the immense future of the railroad systems of the nation, and by bold yet prudent investment and speculation his large wealth doubled and trebled itself. He had become a millionaire in the actual sense of the word.

His life, as this epitome shows, had embraced a wide and varied experience. He was essentially a self-made man. His was one of those iron constitutions that defy abuse. Fatigue was almost an unknown sensation to him. He could eat anything, and at any hour, with seeming impunity, and obtain the refreshment of sleep at a moment's will. He possessed, besides, that power of adaptability which is itself one of the keys to success. Unpolished, unfamiliar with the graces of language, he had ever been able to electrify a circle by his quaint utterances, the pithiness of which was enhanced by their very dearth of grammar. His fund of stories, animated by the indescribable broad humor native to our workaday population, was inexhaustible. The smoking-car and hotel corridor, the camp-fire and village, had alike known him well and accorded him a delighted audience.

We whose efforts in life have been less prosperous are prone to entertain some hero-worship regarding one so thoroughly successful in practical fields. We like to believe that he must have been actuated by broad and elevated principles, that he must have generalized with the well-balanced rapidity of genius, and been influenced by liberal impulses. And yet, if we were to weave

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for Peter Idlewild such a vesture of idolatry, we should assuredly be doomed to disappointment. He had been completely a man of action, to whom theories were naught except in so far as they could be made use of to forward his personal interests. It may be doubted whether, after the primary romance of his boyhood had been rudely dispelled through an actual experience of the hardships of the tan-ring, he had ever allowed considerations of idealism to trouble him. Thrown upon the world and forced to win his way, he had made use of human nature and adapted himself to its many-sidedness, without becoming enslaved to what he regarded as its weakness. He appreciated the motive power and, at the same time, the limitations of theories and speculative opinions, and while humoring those of others had avoided partisanship himself. He had played upon, without sharing, the feelings and convictions of humanity.

But Dame Nature is a relentless creditor. There was one spot in the heart of Peter Idlewild that had escaped these benumbing methods. He cherished for his daughter Isabel an absorbing love. Her mother, a young woman from Western New York, whose acquaintance he had made during his peregrinations with the peddler's van, had died shortly after confinement. The baby girl, intrusted at first to the care of his own sister who still inhabited the New England homestead he had forsaken, had become, after she was able to run about freely, the constant companion of his wanderings. For a number of years she had shared with him this roving life; and when at last he was compelled by the requirements of education to send her back to his kinsfolk, she had yet ever lived in his thoughts and become a nucleus about which his possessions wound themselves with an ever-increasing tension.

As time went on he had come, as we have seen, to settle down in New York; and it had been half for Isabel's sake that he had married again,—this time a person of middle age and a certain social position, whom her friends declared to have accepted the banker on account of his money. Rugged and indifferent to the graces of life as he was himself, Peter Idlewild had perhaps secretly made up his mind that democracy avails women little, and that their only chance for prominence lies in social prestige. Content on his own part to drive fast horses in the comparative isolation of a single boon companion, he had begun to be eager, on his daughter's behalf, for the pass-word to good society. He had bought a house of astounding proportions, and had it furnished by an architect on a high scale of magnificence. He was just

about to give Isabel a "coming-out ball," to which he had invited upon the most trivial pretenses, in some cases in fact upon none at all, the greater portion of the fashion of the city. Nothing was good enough for his only child. She should have the best that money could bring; and there the old millionaire at least felt safe. He could slap his pocket with the sardonic consciousness that he held strong cards. It was his wont to tell the blooming girl, in moments of endearment, that she ought to be the wife of a duke; and who knows that in his heart, despite his plebeian tastes and instincts, he did not cherish some such future for her as an alliance with a titled foreigner?

Isabel in turn more than reciprocated the affection of her father. He was to her an idol upon which she lavished the wealth of her nature. To go to New York some day and keep house for him had been the Mecca of her girlish fancy, to which she had looked forward with an impatience but little concealed. This had come to pass when she was sixteen; but the sweetness of realization had been alloyed for her by the appearance on the scene of Peter Idlewild's second wife. The latter found the country girl sadly deficient in the usages of polite society, and for three years Isabel had been forced to submit to a series of refining processes at the dictation of her step-mother, which had resulted in an effectual removal of the young beauty's rougher edges.

Isabel's preceding years had been passed in a New England country town, under the tutelage of her father's sister, Submit Idlewild, or "Aunt Mitty," as she was commonly known. The latter was a spinster, whose native strength of character had developed in the direction of rigid views on the subject of discipline. She belonged essentially to the older generation, and had clung tenaciously to the letter and spirit of the Puritan code long after most of her neighbors had ceased to struggle against the encroachments of so-called progress. The young people of the day, in especial, incited her to ominous headshakings. Their easy-going independence and lack of reverence for age and authority were her favorite themes for homily. The linguistic and other accomplishments which were beginning to revolutionize the raw, though salutary, methods of New England education filled her with dismay. French she habitually stigmatized as a pack of nonsense, and "pianner playing" as a cloak for idleness.

But, with all this firmness of character, the sober-minded old maid had found in her niece a young person who kept her hands full. Isabel, in truth, had cost Aunt Mitty

a "peck o' trouble" to manage. As regards physique and vitality, she was preëminently her father's daughter. She possessed the same determined energy, and, as a complement thereto, a copious fund of animal spirits ready to overflow upon the slightest occasion. Naturally daring and self-reliant, the freedom of modern life had had for her a vivid attraction. Existence was to her a keen enjoyment, and she was impatient of the restrictions imposed by her relative. She had the stronger nature of the two, and, though the older woman contested every inch, victory generally remained with the splendid rebel.

A more politic or less conscientious person than Miss Submit Idlewild would have taken advantage, in these contests, of the impulsive nature of the young girl; for the latter had, beneath the harum-scarum of her irresponsible ways, a warm heart. An appeal to her feelings was a weapon which a greater strategist would have used with signal effect. But the very exuberance of Isabel's emotional side was a source of alarm, or at least a puzzle, to the sedate spinster, in whose ideas a rapid circulation of the blood was associated with innate depravity, as it were. And so, while in secret deeply attached to her niece, she had felt it necessary to repress displays of feeling on her own part as a check to the other's effusiveness.

The years had slipped away. This was the evening of Isabel's coming-out ball. She had already attended a number of entertainments at other houses, but to-night was to make her known to the gay world at large, or at least to such part of it as saw fit to conquer their prejudices to the extent of accepting Mr. and Mrs. Peter Idlewild's invitation. And most of them would succeed in doing this; for the house, as has been said, was reputedly worth while examining in person. Moreover, Mrs. Tom Fielding's answer to the surprise expressed by her husband at her willingness to accept courtesies from such mushroom members of society voiced the philosophy of many.

"Oh, my dear Tom," said the lady in question, "in three years everybody will visit the Idlewilds; and if one must take the plunge, it is best to do it with good grace, you know."

"Very well, dear," replied submissively her lord and master, whose objections were perhaps but a pretext to escape for once the rôle of tame bear in which he had begun to figure of late. It had already become his lot to be dragged about from house to house, evening after evening. His wife adored society, as she phrased it; and he, poor fellow, adored his wife. A simile of self-invention was a novel thing to be flitting through his brain, and he paused in his thought to grasp it more firmly.

A bear,—yes, that was what he was; a rough, dull-brained bear. Why hadn't he been born clever, like some fellows he knew? Perhaps if he had been less stupid, Ethel might have been ready to stay at home sometimes. It was tiresome for her, poor child. Thank Heaven! he had the means to gratify her every wish. How pretty, how delicate, how graceful she was, and how he loved her! If only he could feel sure that she loved him as he worshiped her, what a paradise life would be! But at the worst she was his,—she at least belonged to him, and no one could take her from him. Perhaps, too, some day she would grow to love him; and then——

"Why, Sleepy, what is the matter? You look positively inspired." And the subject of his reverie appeared almost amused at the rapt expression on the face of her husband, an epitome of whose wonted demeanor was contained in the pet name she had employed. She turned from the contemplation of her delicate face in the glass, to flash at her spouse that caressing smile which she had discovered to be the "open sesame" of her matrimonial status.

He looked awkward. "Nothing," he murmured; and then, simply, "I was thinking of you, Ethel."

"*Ça va sans dire*, my love, of course. You may order Holt for half-past ten." She smiled at him once more, and then as he passed out her glance strayed again to the mirror, whereon it lingered playfully and fondly, as if self-fascinated. She was in her boudoir. She was attired in a long, loose wrapper. Her hair had just been done. She leant forward to examine the effect more closely. Her lips were close to her own lips, and she seemed to be seeking the depths of her own eyes. They grew soft with the light of a sudden fancy.

"Narcisse?" she murmured.

She gazed, and now slowly the light seemed to fade from her face under the spell of her thought.

"Narcisse! Ah, yes, that is it; I love myself alone."

She leaned back in her chair and clasped her hands behind her head, still following in the glass the changing play of her expression. From gay it turned to grave, from grave to something more than that, half tired, half sad.

What was life to her but the admiration of her reflected beauty in the pool, as in the old-time myth? What other interest had she? Existence was so vapid, hollow, colorless. And yet once it was so different,—once, and that only a short two years ago. She loved then. Yes; but that was all over now. She had ceased to care; the wound had healed. She had been a romantic girl, and her father had

been right when he said she would get over it. "Ceased to care." Ah! why had she ceased to care? Why? Why was anything? Why had she become what she was, so hard, so indifferent, so cold? She was almost incapable of feeling now, and yet she was but twenty-five—a girl still. Why was she so miserable—she who ought to have been so happy. And how was it to end, what was to be the outcome of it all? She still lived, and she was but twenty-five. Her eyes dimmed with tears as she mused, and she covered her face with her thin, white hands.

There was a knock, and the maid entering held out toward her mistress a florist's box, with a blithe "*En voilà un autre, madame.*"

Ethel Fielding raised her head, and for a moment the sparkle of flattered pride danced in her eyes. There were those who said her face at times recalled the patrician qualities of her great-grandfather, Morris Linton, the caustic eloquence of whose thin lips had been the jeweled stiletto of the United States Senate in years long past. They had been an aristocratic race, these Lintons, and their motto, *Ab uno disce omnes*—"From one learn all"—was carved upon their foreheads, as it were.

Removing the cover and the dainty gauze of cotton-wool in which the bouquet was swathed, she revealed a mass of pale pink roses. A card, inclosed in a tiny envelope, lay half hidden amid their leaves. This she seized with avidity and read. Dropping the same upon her toilet-table, she lifted up the flowers and held them at arm's-length admiringly.

"Are they not lovely, Clementine?"

"Ah, oui, madame."

Ethel drank in their fragrance in a long, audible breath, pressing them against her face the while. Then, with the air of one who had exhausted a sensation, she thrust the bouquet into the hands of her maid and said briefly, "Put it with the others."

"*Bien, madame.*"

When Clementine was gone, Ethel stood for a moment pensively; then she picked up the card once more, and from her lips as she read fell a whispered "Mr. Donald Robinson." She shrugged her shoulders slightly, and stood looking into distance with a curious expression, hard, still yearning, about the mouth. The card had become a focus of nervous action, for she was bending it mechanically between her fingers.

"What is the use?" she said at length, slowly. "What can it lead to? And yet," she added through her teeth bitterly, "one must live."

Her eyes filled with tears. She picked up

a lace handkerchief and passed it across her face with anger. But the pent-up tears still flowed, and a look as of a groping for support—for something to soothe her sense of desolation—stole over her. Her glance fell upon the toilet-table, and with sudden transport she reached out for and clasped a miniature crucifix which lay thereon. Pressing it to her lips, she kissed with passionate tremor the sacred effigy, repeating the while, in whispers broken by sobs, "Thee only, blessed Saviour; thee only." She fell upon her knees and buried her face in her hands.

At this same hour Peter Idlewild was standing contemplatively on the threshold of his large ball-room, lustrous with its chandelier, mirrors, and smooth, inlaid floor, as yet untested by the foot of the dancer. He was in full dress. A brilliant solitaire blazed in his shirt-bosom in lieu of the ordinary triple studs of society. He softly slapped his snow-white kid gloves against the palm of his hand. From behind a recess skillfully concealed by large-leaved plants came the sounds of musicians tuning their instruments. None of the guests had as yet arrived. On a sofa close by in the adjacent parlor sat Mrs. Idlewild, in a claret-colored velvet and diamonds. She smoothed out the folds of her dress and leaned back against the cushions in languid complacency.

A buoyant step on the staircase announced the descent of Isabel. She entered the room beamingly. The virgin white of her *débutante* attire was relieved by a rose or two amid her masses of hair, and a superb necklace of pearls, the latest gift from her father.

Peter Idlewild turned at the sound of her step. "Well, Isabel!"

"Well, pa! Don't I look lovely?" and father and daughter gazed at one another for a moment with undisguised affection. The latter darted presently toward the ball-room.

"Oh, how perfectly fascinating the floor looks!" She clapped her hands together. "I'm just crazy to try it. Come, pa"; and seizing the old man, she tried to drag him forward. They executed a few clumsy movements together, the girl laughing merrily the while. Mrs. Idlewild stood watching them at the door.

"What geese you two are!" she murmured; "you will tumble her all to pieces."

This last sentence was called forth by the father's taking Isabel's cheeks between his hands, as they stopped almost breathless at the threshold, and kissing her smotheringly. She shook herself free from his embrace. "Oh, pa, you can't dance a bit!" she cried, as she pirouetted off gayly by herself.

"Isabel, Isabel, you will not look fit to be seen," besought Mrs. Idlewild, despairingly.

"How, ma?" and with the impetus of the waltz she sailed up to her mother's side.

"I have cautioned you so often, dear, against using that vulgar form of expression. If you say *how* when you mean *what*, people will set you down as uneducated."

"And pa's duke wont have me in consequence! That would be dreadful, ma." She laughed gleefully, and, passing her arm through that of her languid parent, led the way back into the parlor to where, upon a little table, several large bouquets lay together. "Don't they look too beautiful, ma?" She picked up one of them and buried her face amid its fragrance. "It would be rather nice to marry a duke, wouldn't it?" she said, reflectively. "Only think what fun it would be to be called 'My lady'! And one could use all sorts of expressions then without shocking anybody. People would observe, 'It is only her Grace's way'; and the way of a duchess must be correct, of course, ma."

At this moment the maid brought in another tell-tale green box.

"That makes four. What fun! *Merci, Marie.*"

The French words, as pronounced by Isabel, had the effect of *Mercy Murray*. The fair perpetrator of this solecism proceeded to remove the wrappings of the box.

"Oh, ma, aint they perfectly lovely?" She disclosed admiringly a mass of magnificent deep-red roses. A card lay among them. "Mr. Woodbury Stoughton," she read aloud, half-wonderingly, and a faint flush crossed her cheek. "How nice of him!"

Mrs. Idlewild fanned herself, with an air of gratification. "He seems to have taken quite a fancy to you, Isabel."

"Pshaw, ma, I don't think he has at all."

The old man scanned the flowers ruminantly. "That young Stoughton sent them, did he? Humph! He must have a good deal of money to spare. You can't buy roses like that for nothing. What does he do for a living?" he inquired, abruptly.

"He's a lawyer, and doing very well, I hear," answered Mrs. Idlewild.

Isabel held the bouquet in her hand, and was picking over the exquisite buds pensively. "They are just too elegant for anything," she murmured. "I suppose they *did* cost all outdoors."

"Isabel!" groaned the mother, "where did you pick up such expressions?"

"By the way," said Mr. Idlewild, "did I tell you that I'd asked young Finchley to come to-night? He's a broker down-town, who sometimes does an odd job for me, and

smart as a steel-trap. He's with J. C. Withington & Company, and bound to get on."

"What does he look like, pa?"

"Look like? He looks like a man. Humph! There's nothing of the fashionable about *him*."

It happened, some ten minutes later, that the young man in question appeared upon the scene. Galling as the consciousness of being the first arrival must have been to Finchley, he entered the room with a crook to his elbow and tight compressure by a couple of fingers of the bit of white cuff protruding below his sleeve, that argued neither diffidence nor dismay. When he shook hands he dipped his body and crooked the other elbow in a masterly fashion. His efforts at politeness were so elaborate as to be almost audible.

His host received him with cordiality. Finchley, despite his self-assurance, was so far deprived, for a short spell, of his natural glibness as to confine his remarks to rather stilted praise of the new establishment. But presently, encouraged withal by the old man's friendliness, he began to feel himself at home, and make himself agreeable, which was more or less synonymous with talking about himself. He proceeded to tell Isabel, in his forceful, persuasive way, sundry facts connected with his personality. In addressing the other sex his winning, ugly smile was accompanied by a sort of leer. He had recently bought a driving-horse, which, he informed her, was the finest driving-horse in New York. In fact, it was characteristic of Finchley that everything he possessed was the finest of its kind. He took an almost enviable satisfaction in his doings and belongings, and in expatiating thereon to his acquaintances. He had a vivid sense of his own attainments, and was never slow to let people know that he had risen to his present position by dint of his individual exertions. In this connection, the dandified but well-bred young men for whom he carried stocks were a constant source of irritation to him. He sneered at their deportment, and, behind their backs, habitually characterized them as *snoobs*.

And in this lay one of the keys to Finchley's disposition. The real cause of his aversion to these fashionable customers was to be found in his secret consciousness of their superiority. He recognized at heart that they possessed an indescribable air of gentility that, despite his cleverness, he could not attain. His efforts, however carefully studied, resulted but in a vulgarity palpable to himself, yet the cause of which he failed to fathom. With all his air of assurance and boldness he knew himself deficient, and chafed

inwardly at the discovery. It was therefore a proud moment for him to have been invited to Peter Idlewild's ball, and he had taken care to make the most of the circumstance among the patrons of his office,—mentioning it quite accidentally, and with an air as if it were a matter of course.

Finchley was the son of respectable country trades-people. He had come to the great city at the age of sixteen, with his high-school education and a local prestige for *smartness* as his only capital. He had almost at once fallen upon his feet, as a firm of brokers to whom he applied for work, happening to be struck by his apt replies, engaged him as a clerk. But it is not everybody who falls upon his feet that can stand, and here Finchley had shown himself equal to his good fortune. His qualities were precisely suited to the needs of his employers, who from time to time had raised his salary during an apprenticeship of ten years, and had finally been led, by an intimation on his part of an intention to set up for himself, to offer him a share in their business. That had been some two years ago, and the firm of J. C. Withington & Company had as yet seen no reason to regret their decision. In fact, they had prospered exceedingly, and the new partner had developed a wonderful knack of obtaining custom. His statements were so volubly confident in tone, so bewilderingly bristling with figures, that the desire for opposition on the part of the listener vanished. There was nothing half-way in his judgments. He rarely qualified his remarks. There were those who said he would persuade an inquirer that white was black to-day and the contrary to-morrow,—but never that he was ambiguous or irresolute. He had been known to be a pronounced *bull* at the opening of the board and a relentless *bear* at its close; but if a customer were doubtful as to what course to pursue, he always found Finchley ready to decide the question for him and supply him with abundant reasons for his action.

He had prospered also financially himself, and now enjoyed a comfortable income for a young bachelor—or, verily, for a married man—in any place but New York. And here, indeed, it is Finchley's views that we are expressing. He had come, if the truth must be told, into the way of spending money almost with prodigality, and what others might consider a liberal competence seemed to him pitiful enough. He lived within his income, to be sure,—he was too shrewd a business man to commit so fatal an error as the reverse would imply,—but he already required a pretty handsome amount to supply his wants. This had come about by degrees.

While in the employ of the firm he had of course not been able, to any considerable extent, to indulge in extravagances; but the quality of his tastes had kept pace with his fortunes. He considered himself comfortably well off for the present, but the horoscope of his future embraced sums beside which his present affluence seemed a mere drop in the bucket. He intended to make a fortune; and there was so little doubt in his own mind as to his chances of success, that the thought of economy, in anything more than a loose sense, rarely, if ever, occurred to him. He always *talked poor*; but that was by way of comparison, not because he was conscious of any privations.

In his personal habits, as in the item of expenditure, Finchley had kept upon the sunny side of the line. No one could call him fast in the liberal interpretation of the word, and yet his mode of life was unmistakably luscious so far as concerned his creature comforts. He conformed to that which he saw about him, and, provided he had the example of others as an authority, was content to take the world as he found it, without troubling his head much as to how things ought to be. A man is meant to enjoy existence, and in order to enjoy it he must have money; such was the epitome of his philosophy. The world was good enough for him; so he phrased it. Accordingly, he took his cocktail socially, dined luxuriously, and played his occasional *full hand* for all it was worth, without any very definite moral twinges. He owned a neat open buggy, in which he drove the previously mentioned trotter, and he was altogether content with his present condition of life.

v.

An hour later the scene was completely altered. The chain of connecting rooms was crowded with a gay, brilliant throng. A maze of dancers whirled over the ball-room floor, the entrance to which was beset by that somber body of unemployed men one sees at every large entertainment. In the main rooms—in one of which Mrs. Idlewild and Isabel were receiving—were grouped the elders and such of the youthful spirits as preferred the more tranquil joys of conversation to the attractions of Terpsichore. Despite the numbers, the large size of the house prevented the effect of a crush. Everything in the two lower stories was thrown open. There were charming corridors through which to wander, and hushed retiring-rooms—the library, the picture gallery, and a seductive little boudoir—for those in search of isolation. The hall was full of nooks and crannies, just large enough

to accommodate couples not averse to having their whispered confidences drowned by the peaceful splash of the neighboring fountain; and everywhere there were tasteful arrangements of flowers and beautiful ornaments and striking paintings to charm the gazer.

Arthur Remington and Woodbury Stoughton had come together, for they had been dining at the Sparrows' Nest,—a fraternity that had been brought into existence some two years before by a few fashionable but somewhat impecunious youths, who were barred by expense from joining one of the regular clubs. It was the fourth consecutive party at which they had been present this week, to say nothing of a dinner or two. The season was going to be a very gay one according to the authorities.

The young men were fairly in the whirl of New York life. They commonly rose in the morning at the latest possible moment consistent with reaching their offices at half-past nine. To be breathless and breakfastless on arrival down-town came to be with them no unusual occurrence. The twenty-four hours seemed excessively short, and they even begrudged the small allowance that it was necessary to devote to sleep. After a day of business they ordinarily reached home just in time to scramble into their dress-clothes. Dinner invitations, as well as those for later entertainments, were becoming very abundant. Rumor declared young men to be greatly in demand. The increasing corps of charming young ladies who composed "the blue-blood ballet," as Stoughton once phrased it, must be danced with by somebody. The older men grumbled at the lateness of the hours, and refused to stay to the german, so that partners were welcomed from among those new to the social stage.

But to-night there was a very large gathering of all ages. People were anxious to see the new house, concerning the magnificence of which there were such prodigious rumors.

Remington had become so far interested in Miss Dorothy Crosby, that her whereabouts was now what first occurred to him upon entering a ball-room. They had met a number of times. They had sat side by side at dinner only the evening before, and he was to dance the german with her to-night. There was something about the girl that appealed to him in the highest sense. She seemed to satisfy that thirsty yearning for ideality to which he was susceptible, though, if he had been asked to analyze why he liked her, his reply would probably have been that she was so refined and ladylike. Her disposition, too, seemed sweet, and her views of life were earnest and unworldly.

He was drawn to her all the more, though doubtless unconsciously, by the fact of his being rather disconsolate just now regarding his prospects. New York life was so very different from his expectation. The great ambition of everybody seemed to be to make an enormous fortune, and persons without means counted for very little. There was no repose. It was next to impossible not to be in a flurry and state of excitement most of the time. The competition was so great that one was obliged to overwork to avoid being left behind in the race. He had been warned, to be sure, that this was the case; but the reality exceeded the description. He had been taught as a child to believe that his countrymen were the superiors of other nations in the quality of their thought and the character of their ambitions, and he was loth to regard this as an illusion. Had he not always conceived this to be the land of noble aims and exalted views of living, as distinguished from the degeneracy of the older countries? And yet, looking about him, he could not clearly distinguish the superiority of his fellow-citizens in the matter of tone and aim. They were very clever; but he missed that tendency in the direction of the ideal which, during the reveries of his college days, he had felt sure he would encounter in real life. This, acting upon his mind already brought face to face with the problems of materialism, had awakened within him many a cynical thought.

But to-night he was happy at the prospect of a delightful evening. At least, he had come hither in that frame of mind; but, from his present post by the door, he could catch an occasional glimpse of Miss Crosby whirling through a ravishing waltz with a white-waist-coated exquisite, who wore a solitary stud that resembled a miniature plaque in his shirt-bosom. This was Ramsay Whiting, a young millionaire of good family, who happened as well to be very attractive and respectable. Remington was wondering who had sent her the second bouquet which she carried. He had himself committed the extravagance of sending her what would be ordinarily considered a handsome bunch of roses, but some other admirer had put his gift to the blush with a superb mass of Jacqueminots. He felt aggrieved without knowing exactly why. His sense of proprietorship, as it were, was offended.

When the waltz ceased he went up to speak to Miss Crosby. He was conscious of being a little glum, and the temper of his mood was not improved by the indifference of the young lady, who seemed to him much more partial to Mr. Whiting.

A few minutes later, Remington found

himself convoying Miss Lawton — whom his eye had chanced to fall upon after Miss Crosby went dancing off with Jack Idlewild, who had engaged her for the next waltz — through the various rooms. She was in her usual talkative mood, and began to entertain her escort in her demure way with a light, running prattle, interspersed by comments on the mutual acquaintances they encountered. He fancied himself quite happy and amused; but who does not know the heart-sickness of such peregrinations with the wrong girl?

"Oh, do look at Miss Nourse! I don't see why such large girls persist in wearing white! If I were her size, I should limit myself to black silks. I sometimes think I may grow to be just as large. I am positively afraid to be weighed, I have gained so much this winter. Dissipation seems to agree with me. . . I adore fountains, don't you, Mr. Remington?" she continued, as they strolled in the cue of couples through the spacious hall. "The splash is soothing to the nerves. But perhaps men don't have nerves. Yes, though, they must; for I was told yesterday that Mr. Harry Holmes is very ill with nervous prostration. But you seem preoccupied this evening, Mr. Remington, as if something were on your mind. I'm afraid I bore you dreadfully. Do take me straight to my chamber, Mrs. Hollis Beckford. Mamma couldn't come, so she promised to keep an eye on me. Don't I really bore you?" she went on to say, in response to the young man's iteration of never being more content in his life. "Still, I'm sure there's something on your mind. I do wish people could see into others' minds. It would be so convenient, wouldn't it? Oh, there's Mrs. Fielding, with Mr. Don. Robinson. How lovely she looks, doesn't she? I wonder who sent her all those flowers? Do you believe in a future life, Mr. Remington? They say, you know, Mr. Don. Robinson is an atheist. Isn't it a pity? — for he is rather fascinating to look at. I hear his wife feels dreadfully about it. That reminds me, talking of feeling badly, do you ever cry at the theater? Do you know, I went night before last to see 'The Two Orphans,' and positively I — Oh, is this our dance, Mr. Brumley? Well, I'll tell you the rest another time, Mr. Remington"; and Miss Lawton, turning back her head over her dumpy little shoulder, in mute pantomime of despair, was borne away by a somber youth in kid gloves much too large for him.

Miss Idlewild naturally was fettered to her mother's side during all the early portion of the evening, receiving the guests. Remington had said a few words to her upon entering,

and besought her to steal away for a waltz. "Oh, I can't, Mr. Remington. It wouldn't do at all. Wait until by and by, and then I'll give you one," she said effusively. She was looking her best. The increased flush of excitement was becoming to her. It had passed through Remington's mind, as he lingered for a moment watching her undergo the ordeal of reception, that he wished he could fall in love with her. She was certainly very beautiful, — twofold more beautiful, for instance, than Miss Crosby, — in the common sense of the word. Yet, much as he admired her, Isabel failed to inspire him as a whole. He was conscious of feeling himself in many ways her superior; or rather, perhaps, that she lacked those delicate qualities intimately associated with his vague ideal of what a woman ought to be. Perhaps it was his imagination, because he knew her origin; but was she not distinctly of the earth in her characteristics and tastes? And yet she was so frank, so guileless, so fresh and warm in all her ways! Whomsoever she did love she would love with her whole heart; there would be no lukewarmness in her passion. Calm analysis in such matters would be for her an impossibility.

The german came at last, and a magnificent affair it was, with its flowers and elaborate favors, which were each of an appreciable value. Isabel, who danced with Ramsay Whiting, was in a state of enthusiastic rapture over the *fun* of being *out*. She received an amount of attention well calculated to turn the head of any girl, for her free and naive ways made her speedily a favorite. The older heads among the beaux were attracted to try their fascinations upon so charming a subject. She seemed to be perpetually waltzing, and whenever she resumed her seat there was always a semicircle of men about her chair. Prominent among these was Finchley, who — knowing but few people, and for once a little daunted by the consciousness of his own want of suppleness in social ways — stood his ground grimly among the worshipers of the young beauty. He seemed quite contemptuous of the conversation of the others, and the muscles of his face refused homage to the flow of badinage, save such as fell from Isabel's lips. He was anxious to get her things, to oblige her in some way. Why did he not dance? she asked. He never danced. Would he not like to know some one? Her father, she was sure, would be delighted to introduce him to any one he desired. No; he preferred to stay where he was, if she didn't object. He was quite happy there, he said; and he sought by dint of his leer to convey an idea of his content. She

was afraid he must find it terribly dull without dancing. The german was perfectly delightful, but unsatisfactory for conversation. One would just get settled, and somebody was sure to come up and take you out.

Remington, whose own partner was almost as great a favorite, found himself frequently in Miss Idlewild's neighborhood. He made her the recipient of his bouquet in the flower figure, and was presented by her in turn with a silver match-box. "Don't you like the favors?" she asked. "I thought it was nice to have them all different. Oh, I do think it's such fun, Mr. Remington. I had no idea I should enjoy society so much. Oh, thank you, Mr. Stoughton"; and Isabel rose to receive a bangle which the young man in question held out toward her. Again, as at Delmonico's, Remington noticed a curious expression in her face, and the flush on her cheek deepened as she sailed away in the waltz. He had watched her earlier in the evening with Stoughton, and been struck by a kind of embarrassed reticence in her manner. She was never like that to him. She always ran on in the most confidential strain. What was the trouble? he wondered. Could she be in love with Stoughton? Come to think of it, her bearing toward himself was somewhat as if he were a brother. If she cared very much for any one, she would probably be less frank. Well, even if she was in love with Stoughton, why should he care? He could not very well have told, if he had tried; but it is safe to say that no young man likes to have it made plain to him that he is regarded solely from a sisterly standpoint.

Remington had noticed, too, that Stoughton seemed to be quite devoted to Miss Crosby. Stoughton's own partner was Miss Tremaine, the giraffe-like young lady whom they had met at Mrs. Fielding's. She had, however, after the german was well under way, commenced a flirtation with Muchfeedi Pasha, a diplomat whom she had met the preceding winter in Washington. Miss Tremaine was no gosling. She had been out six winters, and understood perfectly how to arrange matters so as to obviate social suffering. She appreciated that Woodbury Stoughton had asked her to dance the german out of politeness, for he had staid at her mother's house in Newport the preceding summer. He had done his part in recognizing the obligation, and it was for her to make things as comfortable for him as possible. She was too sensible to imagine that he would care to talk to her all the evening, and she was certain she was not going to bore herself by a *l'ête-à-l'ête* with a boy like him. They could perfectly well each have a good time apart, and yet

preserve the form of union, after the manner of an ill-assorted couple that have agreed to keep the peace. She would have all the credit of having had a partner, and all the freedom that one sacrifices for such a trophy. There was a little boudoir adjoining the ball-room to which she accordingly removed herself with the aforesaid foreigner. "Be sure and tell me, Woodbury,"—she had called him by his Christian name since they were babies together,—“when our turn comes. Remember, for I dote on waltzing with you, you know.” At the other extremity of the same antechamber, Mrs. Fielding was ensconced with Mr. Don. Robinson.

The hours flew by, and it was now far into the night,—or, rather, early in the morning. The german was still being danced with vigor by a bevy of enthusiastic spirits, but there were gaps here and there in the circle that composed it. People had begun to go home, and a disposition to seek the seclusion of retired spots—where there was less liability to disturbance—had begun to show itself. It was pleasant to wander at will through the now thinned-out rooms and comment sympathetically on the taste of one's host, or sip an ice in the shadow of the library while your partner told you confidences about himself. The splash of the fountain was an attractive neighbor, especially where an arrangement of hot-house plants afforded two recesses within just the right ear-shot of its music.

"Let's sit down here, where it is cool, Mr. Stoughton," said Isabel. She was warm with the exercise of dancing, and a detached lobe of her hair, which had broken loose, gave her a somewhat disheveled appearance. This but increased, however, the effect of her beauty. She reached down to pick up a strip of tulle, trailing from her skirt. "Oh, mamma will be madder than a March hare," she exclaimed, as she gazed, half ruefully, half gleefully, at the havoc.

She tore the strip off short. "Please put it in your pocket, Mr. Stoughton. I haven't got any pocket. That's one of the disadvantages of being a girl. I should think you'd be awfully glad that you weren't born a girl."

"I should like to have been born anything half so lovely."

Isabel gave a flattered little laugh, accompanied by her artless "Really?" There was a pause. She sat with her eyes on her lap, and fingered thoughtfully the roses in her bouquet. She carried but one now; the others had been long since consigned to the table as too burdensome. Stoughton had recognized that it was to his that she had given the preference.

He sat watching her with all the rapt de-

votion of a lover in his manner. He was an adept at that sort of thing. It came to him as naturally as possible to give the impression to a woman that he was an admirer and perhaps a suppliant. His ordinary air suggested something of the kind, and when he saw fit to intensify it a little the guise was unmistakable. And yet, despite this ardent exterior, a curious train of thought was passing through his mind,—one that, as it were, irritated him. Did he really love this girl? Why was he paying her attention? She was very beautiful, very splendid, very attractive; but, did he love her? He had been more or less devoted to her ever since they had met at Newport the previous summer, and he had sent her flowers on several other occasions. She was full of enthusiasm and charm; but would she make him the wife pictured to himself in those ideal dreams for the future that he had cherished in secret? Her tastes, her ways, her thoughts, were wholly unlike his own. Compared with him she was illiterate, and her little lapses in grammar and grace stirred his sense of irony. Was she fit to be his helpmate in the struggle of life, to aid him with intelligent counsel and sympathy? She would love him with all her heart,—love him to distraction,—he did not doubt that; but, would it not be a fervid, unreasoning passion, an infatuation that saw in him no faults, that was—in short—as blind as it was dotting? He had always believed he should marry a woman who would be able to understand and appreciate his ideas and interests, who would be a companion as well as a lover.

Why, then, was he hanging about this girl? Was it not largely because she was to be very rich, because her father was worth millions? If she had been penniless, would he ever have thought of her in the way of matrimony? He might have enjoyed amusing himself with her for a time on account of her originality or beauty, but the idea of marriage would never have occurred to him. He was going to offer himself to her because of her money. He was going to sacrifice his ideal to a consideration of worldliness. He would weary of Isabel. She would be sure to bore him after his passion began to cool.

He shook himself mentally. Bah! Bother such suggestions. She was a magnificent, lovely creature, and his scruples were but the sentimentality of a super-æsthetic fancy. The rest of the world consulted their material interests in the choice of a wife; and was he to fetter himself with moonshine,—with the shadow of a dream? The world was a practical place, and one must have money to live and get on. He was ambitious to succeed.

He wanted to make a name for himself. A rich wife would be worth to him ten years of struggle. Besides, she was beautiful, ornamental,—everything, in fact, to make him an object of envy.

Why was he sitting here so coldly, so impassively? Why was he reasoning so deliberately? Many men in his place would be thrilling with passion. Why did he not feel the desire to seize this lovely girl in his arms, to clasp her to his breast? It would be cruel, it would be wrong, but it would be human; and he—he with his fine-spun notions and Puritan blood—was void of humanity. One's vital current congealed in this northern latitude, and split hairs with one's intellect. His ancestors had bequeathed to him, forsooth, a goodly heritage.

From behind the shrubs on the other side of the fountain, a gentle laugh, which caused him a sensation of annoyance, fell on his ear.

It was that of Dorothy Crosby, *tête-à-tête* with Remington. Ah! there was a girl indeed! Was she not the kind of woman he had dreamed of. Was she not charming enough to satisfy his ideal? If she were rich as Miss Idlewild, would he not to-day be at her feet?

These thoughts sped through his brain in the few seconds of silence.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Stoughton, for these lovely roses. It was awfully kind of you to send them."

The words permeated his reverie, and—with a gesture as of a clearing away of mental cobwebs, a desire as it were to prove to himself that he really loved this girl—he bent forward eagerly. "I could not help sending them. I wanted to send them."

"Well, they are very pretty," she said, seemingly ignoring, save for a tell-tale blush, the vehemence of his tone. She leaned backward on the lounge and raised her eyes toward him experimentally, as the fascinated bird gazes at its magnetizer. But there was coquetry as well as curiosity, half-suspicion as well as a tribute to sorcery, in their blue depths. "Do you know, Mr. Stoughton, I sometimes think that you are laughing at me."

"Yes? Well, what can I do, Miss Idlewild, to assure you that such is not the case?—and that, on the contrary, I——"

"Do? I don't know that you can do anything. But really I often feel that you must be saying to yourself, 'How foolish that girl is!' Don't you, really? Just own up that you do occasionally; I think I should feel better"; and she laughed gleefully.

Stoughton shook his head and looked at her admiringly. How charming her *naïveté* was, to be sure. She was so bold with others, so coy and gentle with him.

"I come from the country, you know," she went on to say,—as if, the ice of her reserve once broken and possible doubts as to lurking irony dissipated, she rather enjoyed a free tongue,—“and am frightfully ignorant,—provincial, as ma calls it. Oh, the dear old country! I sometimes miss it so. I used to have splendid times there. I was a dreadful tomboy, I guess. Aunt Mitty always said so. That's pa's sister, who took care of me after I was too old to travel with the circus. Did you know that I once traveled with a circus, Mr. Stoughton?”

"No," said the young man.

"Well, I did. Does it shock you dreadfully? It was when I was quite little. I was on intimate terms with the Fat Woman, and the Three-legged Boy used to buy me candy. Pa said he had a *mask* on me."

She paused a moment, as they both laughed. "Oh, but those were delightful days. I wonder if I shall ever have such a good time again. Do you think, Mr. Stoughton, people have such a good time when they are grown up as they did when they were children?" she asked earnestly. Her face, when serious, had much of her father's firmness about the mouth, but the eyes were soft and far-away in their expression.

"Oh, yes, I think so. I enjoy myself more than I used to when I was younger," replied Stoughton.

"Do you?" she said, dreamily. "Well, you're a man. I think somehow it's harder for girls." She stopped for a second, reflectively. "You aint very well acquainted with pa, are you, Mr. Stoughton?"

"Not very well."

"I was thinking," she said, "what I should do if anything ever happened to pa. I care for pa, you know, more than for everything else in the whole world. He's been awfully good to me. My mother died when I was born,—that is, my real mother. Here's her picture." And Isabel, unclasping a bracelet from her arm, revealed a small tintype set in its back. It was the face of a pale, delicate woman, quite unlike that of the daughter, excepting for the eyes. Their shade was not discernible; but the same soft, yearning expression that one noticed at times in those of Isabel was plainly apparent.

Stoughton had taken the bracelet into his hand. "You do not look much like your mother," he said. "She must have been sligher than you."

"No," she answered, almost joyfully; "they tell me I am pa's daughter. I am thought to be very like pa."

The young man still gazed from the one to the other. Ancestral portraits always inter-

ested him. He delighted to trace the signs of inheritance, and theorize therefrom. There must be a certain portion of the frail, sensitive mother in this blooming girl. It was easy to distinguish the father, but it was not from him that she had derived her gentleness of spirit.

"I wish ma had lived," she went on, as if in echo of his speculative mood; "I miss her dreadfully sometimes. Things puzzle me. Are men ever puzzled, Mr. Stoughton? I have been wondering lately why we are made, and what it all means. I never used to bother my head much about such matters. I simply lived on and was happy." She was silent a moment, and leaning forward clasped her hands over one of her knees in her absorption. "Do you go to church, Mr. Stoughton?" she asked presently.

Her simplicity touched the young man; but the feeling produced upon him was rather one of pity, in which he detected, so to speak, the germ of future boredom. For him, with his agnostic views, or at any rate his searching, rigid tests, this girl would be no fit helpmate. She was leagues behind him in the region of thought. She would be unable to understand, to follow him. But nevertheless he unconsciously shrank, in his response, from asserting his position.

"Not very often, I am afraid," he said.

"Neither does pa. Ma goes, though. She takes me to the Episcopal church." She paused again. "Do you believe all they say there is true?"

Stoughton hesitated. He leaned forward and spoke in a whispered tone, half impressive, half endearing: "Who can say in this world what is true and what is false, my dear Miss Idlewild?"

Meanwhile, upon the other side of the fountain, Remington was conversing with Miss Crosby, whom finally he had persuaded to desert the ball-room. She had been enjoying herself extremely, and her admirer would probably not have felt wholly flattered had he divined that her consent to exchange waltzing for a *l'le-à-l'le* proceeded mainly from the reflection that, by the latter course, she would be more likely to evade the scrutiny of her mother, whom she suspected of a design to carry her home prematurely. To have been taken out almost every turn in the german was an attention which had filled her cup of happiness quite to the overflowing point, and her vivacity rendered her more charming than ever in the eyes of her partner, who now was telling her some of his college experiences with a devoted air. Once established in a retired nook, she was quite reconciled to the situation. She liked Mr. Remington

very much. He had been very kind, and his bouquet was a beauty. It was so nice of him to send it. She had had a "perfectly splendid" time.

Remington finished a tale of hair-breadth escape from a proctor with some self-congratulation, for his companion's eyes were sparkling with keen interest. Animation was becoming to her, and made her thoughtful face very expressive.

"Men have such good times," she murmured, in a tone of arch despondency. "They have so much more freedom than we poor girls. I often wish I were a man. They have such opportunities."

She clasped her hands reflectively. "If I were a man, I'm certain I should be very ambitious," she went on to say.

"What would you do?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. I think I should be a lawyer—and—and then go to Congress. My father was a lawyer, you know. But, of course, you wouldn't know. You are a lawyer, too, aren't you, Mr. Remington?"

"I believe so."

"You don't seem very enthusiastic on the subject. I used to think," she exclaimed, laughingly, with a sudden recurrence to her previous thought, "that I should like to be an author. I would give anything to be able to write poems or novels. But I never could, I'm sure. Do you write at all, Mr. Remington?"

"I wrote verses occasionally when I was in college."

"Oh, how interesting! Haven't you some with you that you can read to me?"

Remington laughed. "I don't, as a rule, carry verses concealed about my person, Miss Crosby. Besides, I have given up all that sort of thing now. I'm a worker, and have no time for the poetry of life."

His tone made her look serious again. "Do you have to work very hard?" she asked. "I think all the men in this country work too hard, don't you? Why should it be so?"

Remington answered that it was because they all wanted to make money. Everybody was afraid that some one else would get his business if he wasn't always on hand to look after it. He explained to her how difficult it was for a young fellow without influence to back him to get ahead. One might take great risks, of course, but then you were liable to lose everything. "You see," he added a little more gayly, "there are disadvantages in being a man after all. Girls remain at home and escape all these worries."

"Yes; but they have their own, Mr. Remington. A girl's life is so monotonous and

empty. Her occupations are all so petty. She has such a narrow field of usefulness, and there seems no way of doing anything great and noble. If one ever attempts what is out of the common run, people are sure to call you peculiar." She spoke with her head on one side, almost as though soliloquizing. "There is so much to do, Mr. Remington, when one considers the misery that exists in the world."

"I know," said Remington. He was silent for a moment. "It's a puzzling age to have been born in. I used to think in college that it would be all plain sailing, and if a man only lived up to his principles and was true to himself he would get on easily enough. But it's pretty hard work, holding on to one's ideals in this place. It sometimes seems as if the happiest men are the ones who try to get all the amusement they can out of life. Those who have been hewing at the granite wall of destiny for so many centuries, in the hope of solving the riddle of existence, do not seem to have made a great deal of progress."

"Oh, but don't you think the world is a great deal better than it used to be?" asked the girl, with a deep interest written on her thin, intellectual face.

"I don't know exactly what you mean by better. The world runs smoother, I think. People are more comfortable, and are willing to do more to make others comfortable. I dare say it is better."

She sat looking before her, lost in the pure reverie of budding womanhood, smelling now and again, with unconscious movement, of the roses sent by him over whose words she was grieving. "Life is a very strange thing, isn't it? But I don't believe men have been trying, all these thousands of years, to find out what it means, for nothing; do you? I can't help feeling that I am somebody, and that what I do in this world will make a difference somehow—somewhere. The trouble is, one can do so little. One is so powerless to make others happy."

"I should not think you would find much difficulty in doing that," he said significantly, in a quiet tone.

The girl roused herself from her abstraction, and, blushing, replied that he knew her very little. "Here is mamma come to capture me," she continued, and she rose to greet Mrs. Crosby, who stood at the entrance to their hiding-place.

"Dorothy, where have you been? I've been looking for you everywhere."

"Here, mamma, all the time since I stopped dancing. It is deliciously cool so near the fountain."

"Well, it's time to be going now; I do hope you haven't caught cold."

Ten minutes later Remington and Stoughton encountered each other in the supper-room, whither the need of a little refreshment after the labors of the evening had driven them.

"That Miss Crosby you were dancing with seems a nice girl," said Stoughton, as he impaled a raw oyster.

"She's very pleasant."

"She looks like a lady. It's a comfort to see a thorough-bred after so much of the imitation article. She's intelligent, too, isn't she?"

"I have found her so."

"Well," said Stoughton, presently, "I've had enough of this. Let's skip."

They both seemed thoughtful as they passed through the nearly empty rooms.

"It's a pity she's poor as a church mouse."

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Remington.

"Miss Crosby, of course."

"Oh."

Further conversation on the point was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Tom Fielding, who came gliding down-stairs enveloped in swan's-down. The two young men hurried forward with offers to look after her carriage.

"Thank you; Mr. Fielding has ordered it, I believe."

Remington stood talking with her while she waited.

She took him playfully to task for having deserted her all the evening. "You must come and see me again soon, Mr. Remington. I was reading yesterday a new poet to whom I want to introduce you."

Remington bowed a smiling acquiescence. She was very charming, to be sure, he reflected, and quite too sylph-like to belong to the heavy-faced, big-bearded man who now stood vailing his impatience under a forced smile.

"You had better look after your friend; I fear he is a sad flirt. I thought the young lady was your peculiar province," whispered Mrs. Fielding, as she said good-night.

Remington's eyes, following the direction indicated, caught sight, through a vista of parlor reflected in a mirror, of Woodbury Stoughton leaning against a mantel-piece and looking down at Miss Idlewild. The girl was fastening in her bosom a brilliant rose, which he evidently had just given her.

Afterward, Remington remembered that Mrs. Fielding's face wore an expression that betokened annoyance almost, and he heard her tell her husband in the door-way that she felt tired.

(To be continued.)

MORE LIFE.

THIS listless pulsing of our life
Is not enough. The daily strife,
The dull, monotonous round
Palls on our spirits, and we waste
With eager passion to make haste—
We wither above ground.

We watch the opening of the flower
That drinks the sunlight for an hour,
Then hangs its head and dies;
And Hope, in some half-shaped refrain,
Goes sobbing through the restless brain
Her dim analogies.

Like a fair soul, yon splendid star
Glows in the darkening sky afar,
Its garments flashing light;
But when at morning the Divine
Holds to its lips the sacred wine,
Ghost-like, it fades from sight.

As the unloosened worlds go by,
They hear, unheeding, many a cry,
And swerve not from their way.
Is there no answer in the air
Unto the oft-repeated prayer
For the more perfect day?

A longing after better things—
A spreading of the folded wings—
The breathing holier breath:
More life—more life! 'Tis this we crave.
More life—more life! When this we have—
'Tis this that we call death.

Henry Gillman.

"THE FORTY IMMORTALS."



PALAIS MAZARIN.

TO

BELONG some day to the Academy is the hidden ambition of every young Frenchman who adopts literature as a profession. He may rail at that body; may blame it for not giving an arm-chair to Molière, Balzac, and Michelet; may sneer at its weakness for dukes and high ecclesiastics, and may call it an accretion of old-fashioned ways and motives; nevertheless, he often dreams that he is being raised to "immortality," and often in hard times cheers himself by teasing, in an imaginary academical speech, some rival author who has had better luck. In the outset of his career he is obliged to court the public. Should there be a demand for ignoble literature, he may try, like Zola, to meet it. But Zola having made his fortune, shows, as they all do at last, a wish to conciliate the Academy, which he certainly had in his eye when he wrote his last novel, the heroine of which is virtuous enough to merit the white-rose

crown awarded annually at Nanterre to the most deserving maiden in the commune.

Low comedy has never been in favor at the Academy, where the humorous dialogues of Molière were deemed too broad for polite ears. The Grand Monarch and his red-heeled courtiers enjoyed them; but they offended the nicer taste of the Forty who, when *M. Jourdain* and *Tartuffe* were new creations, had not yet emancipated themselves from the literary canons of the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet, and a dainty writer named Valentin Conrart were the progenitors of the Academy. Survivals of both are perceptible at the private meetings and the public sittings. Richelieu was merely godfather. It was of almost spontaneous growth, and issued from the circles of Madame de Rambouillet and Conrart. The iron-willed Cardinal, whose ideal in the moral as in the political order of things, was uniformity, lent himself to a plan for creating a fixed standard of grammar and rhetoric. He had leveled feudal strongholds, broken down the Protestant federation at Rochelle, and turned the king's mother, who got in his way, out of the realm, to die a beggar at the gates. All power was concentrated in the sovereign's hands. Equality in servitude to the crown was established. It was expedient to clear away dialects which were an impediment to the unification of France, and would tend to transform what survived of the feudal into a federal system. Richelieu's policy was in spirit the same as Napoleon's. Though a man of violent will, he was politic enough to see that it was better to coax than to force the nation into verbal uniformity. He found the instrument for doing this ready to hand at the Hôtel de Rambouillet and in the literary circle of Conrart. They formed the mold. The iron-willed Cardinal granted the investiture.

Conrart was named perpetual Secretary of the Academy. He had permission to centralize literary activity and to direct it. The function which he and his thirty-nine colleagues were chiefly to discharge was "to purify and fix the national tongue, to throw light on its obscurities, to maintain its character and principles; and at its private meetings to keep this object in view. Their discussions were to turn on grammar, rhetoric, and poetry; their critical observations on the beauties and defects of classical French authors, in order to prepare editions of their works and to compose a new dictionary of the language. The director of the Academy was to take the advice of the other members of the company on the order in which tasks were to be executed." In virtue of another article, vacancies were to be supplied by election and members were to be the electors. Richelieu was a churchman. His idea was to establish a literary conclave. Circumstances and the sociable French genius gave his foundation the character of a salon. It was furthermore ordained that once



ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MULNIER.)

a year the Forty were, in their corporate capacity, to hear mass in the church of St. Louis, at the Sorbonne. This rule is obsolete.

Conrart was scholarly but not pedantic. He was subtle-minded, and had the ready dexterity of a man of the world. Being of agreeable countenance and a man of good fortune, he was received in those salons in which dames of high degree held literary conversazioni. His table was well served, he knew how to choose his guests, and he often gave hospitality to poets and aristocratic votaries of the muses at his country house. Voiture, Gombault, St. Amant, Mlle. de Scudéry, Colletet, and Pélisson belonged to his circle. They cultivated politeness and looked to Italy for their models. Conceits were then regarded as a stamp of elegance. Conrart lived at an angle of the Rue St. Martin and the Rue Vieille du Temple. The Academy met at his house before it was installed at the Louvre. Christina, the eccentric Queen of Sweden, was sometimes present at the meetings. She also dabbled in poetry and indited madrigals. The mania for versification and

conceits led to the formation of the neat, pointed style which is a characteristic of French literature. The fair literary friends of Conrart were brought on the stage by Molière, to be laughed at in "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*."

The "immortality" of members of the Academy is a survival of the high-flown style of language which was in vogue in Paris when Mlle. de Scudéry was writing her interminable novel. In ordinary speech and literary composition this mode soon died out. It took refuge in fine art. Louis Quatorze became the "Sun-King." Madame de Montespan, in becoming the favorite of "le grand monarque," brought in the sprightly, alert, piquant, natural, and yet elegant verbiage of which there are so many charming examples in Madame de Sévigné's letters.

The claim of the present Academy to an unbroken descent from the one that first met at Conrart's house is disputed, and with reason. The original Academy was swept away in 1793, along with the ancient nobility and monarchy. It was revived as a part of the Institute in 1795; and in 1803, Napoleon,



ERNEST RENAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOPEZ.)

who was then First Consul, re-organized the Institute. He had been advised in the opening year of the century by Fontanes, his Minister of Public Instruction, to restore the literary corporation founded by Richelieu. But the Emperor (in all but name) shrunk from an act which might determine an outburst of hostile opinion. A popular charge brought against the Academy was that it had never offered an arm-chair to Rousseau. Voltaire, it is true, was given one; but while he only spoke to the intellect, Rousseau appealed to sensibilities and sentiments as well as to mind, and was better understood by women of all classes and by the laborious bourgeoisie. Napoleon, much as he wished to set up a disguised monarchy, and to keep within the general lines of Richelieu's policy, did not dare to revive the Academy under its former style and title. All he could venture upon doing was to add a class of Literature and Eloquence to the Institute which he had lodged in the Palais Mazarin. But he placed this class under the direction of a perpetual secretary, who was instructed to act as if the original Academy had not been abrogated. Napoleon liked the graces and amenities of the defunct monarchy, although he never tried to practice them himself. He enjoyed the taste for luxury of his soft and brainless creole wife, and was sensible to the intellectual refinement and lady-like address of Madame de Rémusat. The savants

whom the Revolution had brought up were of hard grain and angular and conceited; self-made men in Europe generally are. It was Bonaparte's wish to draw together a company of well-bred writers who would advance literature and cultivate the *art de bien vivre*. Conrart, he remembered, did not think the less justly for being a white-handed nobleman. Buffon made an elaborate toilet before sitting down to his daily task of authorship, and was careful not to let sputtering quill pens stain his point-lace wrist-frills with ink. Who ever turned a compliment with more grace than Voltaire?

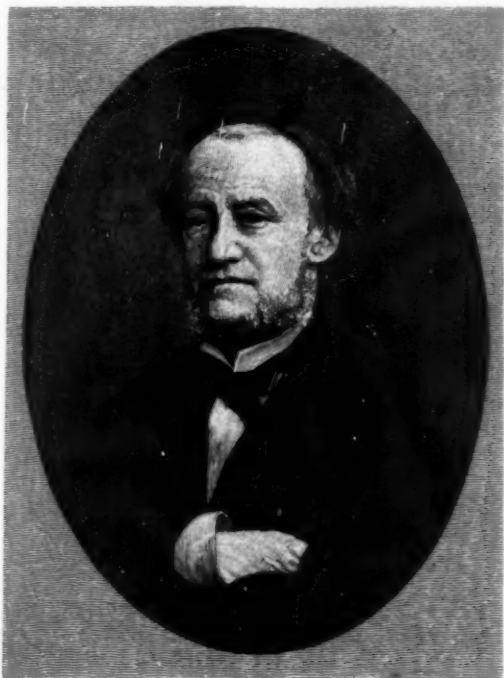
Suard, the perpetual secretary of the class of Literature and Eloquence at the Institute, was at heart a royalist. But as he had not gone to Coblenz and endured the miseries of emigration, his sympathy with the ideas of progress that he had imbibed before the Revolution was not chilled. He remained an encyclopedist. Napoleon's protection did not lessen Suard's affection for the old state of things. Suard and Talleyrand agreed in thinking that those who had not lived in France previous to the downfall of the monarchy, when freedom of thought was secured by verbal dexterity and polite manners, could have no conception of the charm and suavity which can be thrown into human life. The perpetual secretary found occasion to injure the Emperor in 1812. Chateaubriand was elected to fill a vacant arm-chair. This was the first political election that ever took place in the Academy. It was a protest against the despotism of the empire in things intellectual. The *récipiendaire* was to eulogize Marie-Joseph Chénier. But he so violently attacked the Emperor that the Bureau of the Academy (or class of Literature) decided not to give him a public reception. Three years later, the desire of Suard was accomplished. Louis XVIII. was brought back by the allies. The perpetual secretary enjoyed his favor up to the time of his death in 1817. Suard died that year at the age of eighty-two. Since 1815, he had worked steadily to eliminate those democratic elements which Napoleon could not help admitting.

All the other sections or classes of the Institute have remained what the Convention, on the last day but one of its existence, and Napoleon made them. They are assemblies of learned scientists and antiquaries. Louis XVIII. restored the old name and statutes and the Academy proper.

The perpetual secretary of the Academy has a salary of 12,000 francs a year and a spacious lodging at the Institute. His influence in the literary world is like still water that runs deep. The "Philistine" world

knows little of him. Directors of the Academy are elected every year. The perpetual secretary is the managing director for life. He attends every public and private sitting, and is first to enter and last to leave. It is

Montyon's will disposing of this annuity. But for Villemain the 20,000 francs a year might have been spent in encouraging imitations of Miss Edgeworth's novels and Miss Hannah More's strictures. He caused the literary



JOHN LEMOINNE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TRUCHELUT & VALKMAN.)

he who gives sequence to the general business and turns down work for a director, who leaves all initiative to him. The questions set down for consideration are studied by him and presented by him. As he gives most attention to them, he can, by the exercise of a little tact and art, suggest their solutions and bring the majority round to them. In the prize awards, which exceed yearly the sum of 85,000 francs, his suggestions nearly always tell; 20,000 francs, the interest of part of the fortune left by a miserly philanthropist, M. Montyon, to the Academy, is spent annually in recompenses to poor people for acts of disinterested benevolence and humanity. An equal sum is given to the Frenchman whom the Academy thinks has written and published the book most useful to the advancement of manners (*mœurs*) and morals. When M. de Villemain was perpetual secretary, he suggested an elastic and elevated interpretation of the clause in Mon-

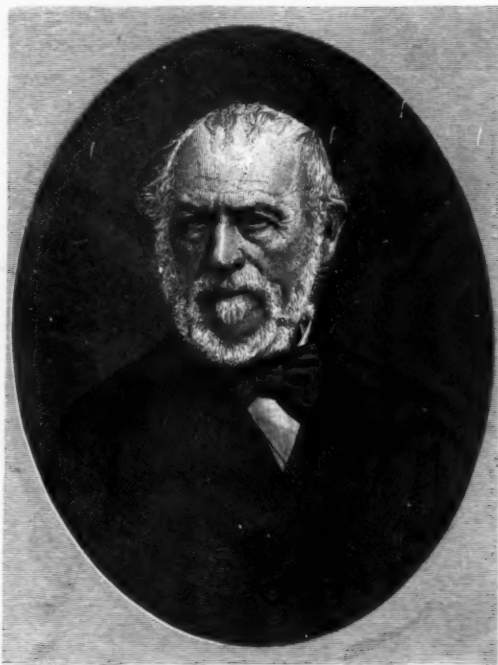
tyon prize to be awarded to Tocqueville for his work on Democracy in America, and to authors of lexicons of Corneille's, Racine's, and Molière's tragedies and comedies, and Madame de Sévigné's letters. The prize founded by Baron Gobert is an annual one of 10,000 francs for the most eloquent page or chapter of French history. The names of Augustin Thierry and Henri Martin are on the list of those who have been rewarded in pursuance of Gobert's will. The prize for eloquence brings a pecuniary reward of only 4000 francs, but it is held the most honorable. "Eloquence" in this instance does not mean oratory, but written eulogium. The subject is confined to the life or writings of some great man. Government allows the Academy, for the payment of its officers and the conservation of its library, 85,000 francs a year and free lodgings at the Palais Mazarin.

The history of the Academy is to be found

in the reigns of its perpetual secretaries. Suard, as I have shown, mended the link in the chain of tradition which was broken on the tenth of August. Those who have reigned since 1817 are Raynouard, Auger, Andri-

prize award was the salient event of Raynouard's secretaryship.

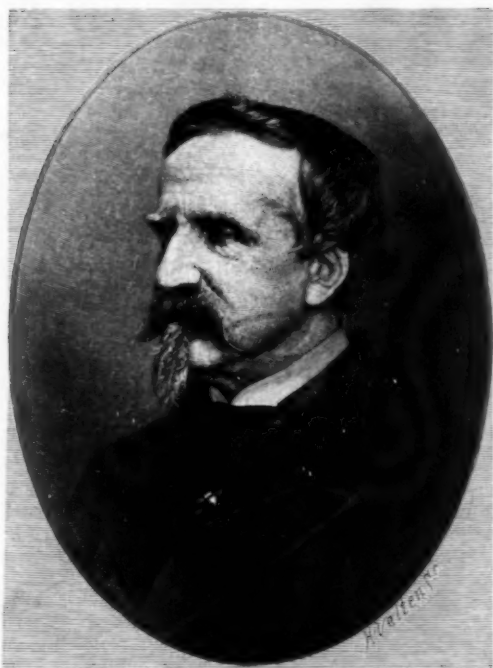
The baggage-wagons of the allies brought something more than the Bourbons into France in 1815. Waterloo rendered English



HENRI MARTIN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOPEZ.)

eux (an all but forgotten poet), Villemain, and Camille Doucet. Raynouard was not the man for the place. He was a mere methodical clerk and a pedagogue. When he should have insinuated, he was dictatorial. In subjects chosen for prizes of eloquence in his time, we find that seventeenth century literature was in highest esteem. The choice of the life and writings of Vauvenargues, who was a moralist and indeed an epic character, it should be acknowledged, was due to Raynouard, and was fated to bring up in Thiers a mind created to make France deflect from the lines into which the battle of Waterloo had thrown her. Vauvenargues belonged to a noble family near Aix, in Provence, where, in 1821, Thiers, who was miserably poor, was studying law. The student was prompted by a visit to their castle to compete for the prize of 4000 francs. In winning it, he obtained money enough to come to Paris to seek his fortune along with his friend Mignet, now the senior member of the Academy. This

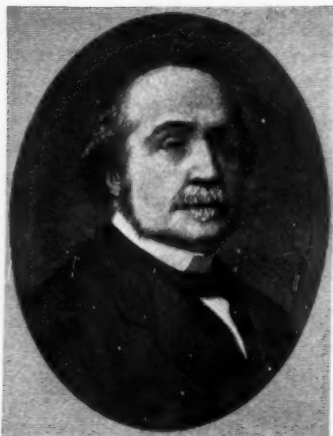
(which many of the *émigrés* had picked up) a fashionable language. In polite society there were Anglomaniacs, as there were in military circles, and in most of the middle-class families Anglophobes. Scott's novels and Shakspeare's plays were read at court. Miss Burney, the author of "Evelina," had married General d'Arbly, and occupied a good position in courtly circles. Those *émigrés* who had been to Germany imbibed a taste for the drama of Schiller and Goethe. The rising generation of authors who had seen history in violent action, and in no classic garb either, were bitten with the taste for an English, that is to say, a non-conventional treatment of heroes and heroines of romance and tragedy. Free thought was asserted in the time of Voltaire. Free form and literary expression was not demanded until after the battle of Waterloo. Although in close quarters with the court, which unknown to itself was for innovation, the Academy was hostile to live



duc d'auMALE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCK.)

books and plays—to what was stirring, striking, and colored in vivid tints. The new school of writers who were governed by inner light and direct impressions were called *Les Romantiques*. At an annual meeting of all the classes or academies of the Institute, Auger, the perpetual secretary who succeeded Raynouard, tilted at the romantic writers. They were "poetic barbarians and violated every principle of literary orthodoxy." It was for the Academy, which had been founded to improve and keep undefiled taste and diction, to stand out against the heretics. Olympian Victor Hugo was chief of the new school and had been already given the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Lamartine, who had been a child of nature in the hills of Upper Burgundy until he became a dandified member of the diplomatic service, wrote according to his own impressions. He was received in the Academy in 1829. In the same year, Victor Hugo brought out his short and poignant work, "*Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné à Mort*." It set the impressionable heart of Paris throbbing. This was too much for Auger. He threw himself into the Seine from the bridge which connects the Palais Mazarin and the Louvre, and was drowned.

Between 1829 and 1835, the Academy through its perpetual secretaries, Andrieux and Arnault, remained hostile to free form. In the latter years, the election of M. de Villemain marked a new departure. His maxim was, that in keeping tradition alive, the present should be closely observed and its teachings accepted. Thiers, Guizot, Mignet, and Flourens were elected before Victor Hugo was admitted in 1841. Under Villemain, who died in 1871, the illustrious company reached a far higher altitude than it ever previously attained. He was singularly ugly. The figure was thick-set and vulgar; the face was lumpy and pock-pitted, but was lighted up by a bright mind. His intellect was bold and his wit subtle and delicate. Literary criticism was his forte. His charm lay in his conversational abilities. As Minister of Public Instruction of Louis Philippe, he defended free thought and free form at the College of France. He exerted his influence to get the novel, in the person of Jules Sandeau, represented among the Forty, and the newspaper in the person of M. Prévost-Paradol. The Academy's indirect action upon literature and politics reached its apogee in Villemain's time. A militant spirit was



DUC DE BROGLIE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCK.)

aroused in it by the *Coup d'État*. Berryer was elected by way of protest against the Empire in 1852, and the late Duc de Broglie in 1855. This forensic orator submitted a written speech or harangue to the Bureau. On the day of his reception he unfolded his manuscript to read it. But he was accustomed to improvise, and needed liberty to gesticulate with his left hand. The right hand he usually thrust into the breast of his waistcoat. To be at ease, he flung away his set discourse, and, trusting to the inspiration of the moment, delivered a speech of inimitable grandeur. It was a philippic against the Empire. No journal dared to report it. The bold line he thus took resulted in a union of all the monarchists and liberals against imperialism.

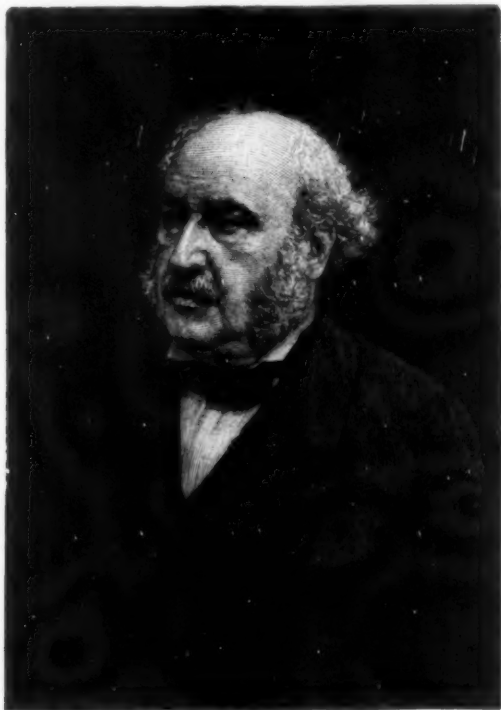
When the French press was silenced by Napoleon III., the educated classes watched the receptions at the Academy with keen interest. Orleanist liberalism had a strong foot-hold there. Villemain, as perpetual secretary, was able to foster opposition. He lived at the Palais Mazarin, and entertained at his soirées most of the eminent writers, orators, and *beaux esprits* who stood aloof from the court. Not to drive the Emperor to bay and tempt him to deal harshly with the Academy, Villemain occasionally advised his friends to vote for non-political adherents to the Empire. Their entrance was used as an occasion for protesting against the régime under which they were obliged to live. The public looked on with outstretched head, as if expecting that every pin-prick given by an Academician would inflict a mortal wound on the spurious Cæsar. There were then many doors to the Academy. One was from the office of the

"Débats," and a second from the office of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." Two others were from the salons of Madame d'Haussenville, granddaughter of Madame de Staël and daughter of the late Duc de Broglie, and of Madame Jules Mohl. This lady was Irish. Her maiden name was Clarke, and her husband was Professor of Persian Literature at the College of France. For perhaps more than a quarter of a century she never missed a public sitting of the Academy. If a foreigner wanted to see in a few hours the greatest men and women of the time of Louis Philippe, the best means for succeeding was to get himself invited to Madame Mohl's. She was thin, lively, and had a vulgar face, which in her youth looked like a wrinkled skull animated by fine eyes. Her personal appearance gave her small trouble. She usually wore a coal-scuttle bonnet at the Academy, a dingy Paisley shawl, and, when crinoline was fashionable, a limp and skimp dress of some neutral color. She was nicknamed "Our Lady of the Academy." The late Queen of Holland, when visiting Paris, used to go to her dinners and soirées and give her court news. Is it because the Madonna of the Palais Mazarin used to go there in the plainest garb that showy dress at a reception is counted vulgar? The salons of Mesdames Buloz, Pailleron, Jules Simon, and the Ducs de Broglie and Chantilly are now side-ways into the Academy.

There is no reality in the "arm-chairs" in which the Forty are supposed to sit. Academicians, with the exception of the officers (*i. e.*, the director, chancellor, and perpetual secretary, forming the Bureau) and the new member, occupy ordinary chairs. Originally the officers alone had chairs; the others were ranged on benches. But the equality in the republic of letters founded by Conrart and Richelieu did not suit the cardinals who had been admitted. They were princes of the Church and electors of the Sacred College, to say nothing of their aristocratic birth. In 1713 a change was brought about. Cardinal d'Estrées, who was of the Academy, wanted to vote for a friend, and went to talk about the impediment which the sedentary rule threw in his way to Cardinals de Rohan and de Polignac, who also were of the company of the Forty. De Polignac had a Gascon's forwardness. He offered to wait on the King and submit the matter, and ask him to release their eminences from the obligation of sitting on benches. Louis Quatorze had social tact pushed to the extent of genius, and nice judgment in small things. He solved the difficulty by a general leveling up. All were to continue equal, but on a higher plane.

Forty arm-chairs were sent by the King's order to the hall in the Louvre where the Academy met, and orders were given for the removal of the benches. This settlement of the difficulty so won the hearts of those who were

other the new-comer. It rarely happened that all the two-score attended. Twenty-six was the average maximum. But members of the Academies of Soissons and of Marseilles received vacant arm-chairs. When all the Aca-



JULES SIMON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. LADREY.)

not princes of the Church or noble, that when Louis XIV. shortly after died it was proposed by one of them that henceforth each *récipiendaire* was to add in his harangue a eulogium on that monarch, to the customary eulogies on Richelieu, the Chancellor Séguier (who was one of the founders of the Academy and a friend of Conrart), on the reigning king, and on the defunct immortal whose chair he had been elected to fill. In 1803 Napoleon did not restore the chairs. The old sedentary rule which Louis Quatorze abrogated is now in force. At private and informal meetings, which are held in a room attached to the library of the Institute, members sit as they can, on chairs armless or armed.

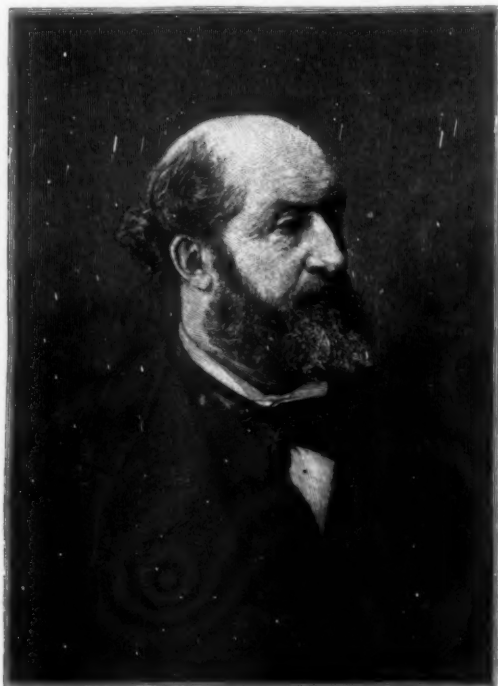
Old court formalities were observed at the Academy's receptions in the Louvre, which appear to us quaint and picturesque. Members were placed round a long table, at one end of which sat the director and at the

demicians were seated, the director and the neophyte, who alone had entered with their heads covered, placed themselves at the ends of the table. After he had delivered his speech, the director took off his hat and made a sweeping bow to the gentleman facing him. It was the sign that his turn had come. Whenever the *récipiendaire* spoke of the King he uncovered his head and bowed. The subjects to which he was limited have been mentioned. As for the director, he was to speak only of the new member and his writings and of the reigning monarch.

Public meetings of the Academy are held in what used to be, under the old monarchy, the Chapel of the Palais Mazarin, an edifice taking the form of a Greek cross, with a central rotunda under a cupola. While the muses are not sumptuously lodged there, they have plenty of light and air. No trace of the Latin cult remains in the

public hall; every religious painting and symbol was removed when the Church was secularized. The mural paintings in *grisaille* are browned with the dust of eighty years. The Pierian Nine, arranged in the

desk on a pillar-stand, which he may or may not use. His entrance is a curious sight, intensely French in its accompanying circumstances. Escorted by soldiers, he comes in by the portal, which opens and shuts with a



ÉMILE AUGIER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.)

pseudo-classic mode of the First Empire, decorate the cupola above the amphitheater, from which tiers of narrow benches rise in rapid gradation, and after filling the rotunda are continued up into three ends of the Greek cross. There should be a tenth muse to personify that essentially modern flower of the human brain—the novel.

The different "classes" or academies forming the Institute are seated on a platform or stage, filling a segment of the round part and the northern end of the cross. Benches reserved for them are to right and left. A wide central space between the lateral forms is covered with a dingy carpet. In the middle, near a bronze portal, which used to be the grand entrance from the quai to the church, is placed a table draped with a green cloth of baize. Behind it are three chairs for the officers. At right angles to the table, but a short distance from it, the *recipiendaire* is seated before a tall reading-

desk. The sponsors walk on each side. They and the members of the Bureau wear the uniform of the Academy. This dress is composed of trowsers and a swallow-tailed coat buttoned up to the throat, with a high standing collar, which, as well as the chest, is covered with palm leaves embroidered in a crude shade of green silk. This verdure is very trying to the masculine complexion of all ages, but especially to the one to which senility gives the tone of old ivory. Littré's picturesque ugliness was rendered hideous by the embroidery of his uniform.

Candidates for vacant seats are expected to pay canvassing visits to immortals. It is a popular error to suppose they are obliged to do so. Littré never paid any. This usage is contrary to a statute which, on the ground that electors should judge in strict accordance with literary worth, forbids personal solicitation of votes. But the Academy is a drawing-room without ladies, an athenæum club of

the most refined character, at which weekly and monthly as well as annual meetings are held. The statute in question has therefore become obsolete. Before the Revolution, when, as a matter of course, an Academician took off his hat and made a sweeping bow in mentioning the King, politics did not exist. Paris was not a city of great distances. Eminence was not acquired in an ugly rushing, shoving, and racing, as games of foot-ball are won in England. It was obtained by the spontaneously uttered approval of a small number of supercivilized, delicate-nerved, and very clever writers, and men and women of quality. Every one who counted in arts and letters knew everybody else. It is now possible for an author of great talent to be only known to his book-seller and a small set of disciples and journalists.

When Thiers, the Warwick of the bourgeois monarchy, paid the customary round of visits in 1833, he wore a camlet mantle, fastened at the neck with a large buckle. In every house at which he called he left the cloak in the ante-room, and in again donning it slipped a golden coin into the hand of the servant who helped him to put it on. This profusion arose from his native shrewdness. Parisian servants talk freely to their employers. The widow of an Academician whom M. Thiers visited to obtain his support has related to me her first impressions of him. M. Laya was the author of "L'Ami de la Loi," a drama written to defend Louis XVI. and played in the Reign of Terror. He was out when the candidate for immortality called. But Madame Laya asked the visitor to stay until her husband returned. She thought him odd. They fell into conversation. He had something original to say in a falsetto voice on every topic that she broached. It did not occur to her that he was the king-maker of the days of July, until M. Laya came in and recognized in him the statesman and historian. When the visitor had gone, Madame Laya said to her husband:

"Of course you will vote for him?"

"I don't know."

"Why?"

"He is not a man of the world; he is petulant and ill brooks contradiction."

"But what of that?"

"Why, because at the Academy he would be *comme un diable dans un bénitier* (like Satan in the holy-water font)."

"What matter, since he is charming. In voting for him you will do me a pleasure."

"If monsieur will allow me to risk an observation," broke in the maid, who was sewing in the drawing-room, "I shall take the liberty of saying that generous men, like good wine, soften down with age."

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OCTAVE FEUILLET. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.)

"How do you know he's generous?"

"Why, he handed me a twenty-franc piece when I buckled his cloak. Monsieur has two sons. The friendship of a man in M. Thiers's position is not to be thrown away." This argument was conclusive. M. Laya voted for the little great man, who was ever ready afterward to oblige any member of his family.

Victor Hugo, who feels that he should not attend private meetings unless to vote, only receives candidates at dinner. I was at his table in the society of three rival competitors. They were MM. Paul St. Victor, Renan, and Eugène Manuel the poet. St. Victor and Manuel talked, as well as listened to their illustrious host. Paul St. Victor was an old and much cherished friend of the poet, but angular, and held to his own opinions on socialism, religion, and philosophy. He was a Catholic and Bonapartist. Renan for three hours only listened, except to ejaculate every two or three minutes, when Victor Hugo was speaking, "*Maitre, vous avez raison.*" He kept his head hung on one side, and continued to smile as if in a state of beatitude. Need I say that on the day of the election "the Master" voted for him? Hugo excused himself to the older friend, St. Victor, on the ground that he was bound to protest against the fanaticism of the Bishop of Orleans.

The Academy is a place where literary men rub shoulders with polished men of the



EUGÈNE LABICHE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TRUCHELUT & VALKMAN.)

world and forensic and parliamentary orators of the highest eminence. This mingling of classes in a little republic of letters is good for all the Forty. Owing to it, controversy among them loses its sting. Geniuses who are unable to master their irritable nerves are not held desirable associates. To mental power combined with social amenity, the Academy is of easy access. Chateaubriand, whose vanity took a rudely self-assertive form, would not probably have been elected if the immortals had not felt obliged to him for standing out against Napoleon's tyranny. Victor Hugo, who won an arm-chair in his fortieth year, was then a lady-killer as well as a great poet. The virile strength of his body, soul, and mind, were toned down by chivalrous respect for women and an almost feminine tenderness for little children. He was a lion in whose presence a lamb might play fearlessly. Lamartine got into the Academy on the basis of dandyism and poetry. Palpably, he had blood, and he had acquired the shibboleth of fashionable society in diplomacy.

Voltaire thus defined the Academy: "A learned body in which men of rank, men in

office, prelates, doctors, mathematicians, and even literary persons are received." It now contains four dukes, one of whom is royal and a soldier, two counts, one bishop, two scientists (Pasteur and J. B. Dumas), two political lawyers (Émile Ollivier and Rousse), and a great many literary men, some of whom enjoy world-wide celebrity. Journalism is represented in the latter group by Cuvillier, Fleury, and John Lemoine. The first was secretary to the late ex-King of Holland, Louis Bonaparte, and then tutor to the Duc d'Aumale. He defended warmly the interests of the Orleans family under the son of his first patron, and, notwithstanding his friendship with the Ducs d'Aumale and de Montpensier, advocated in the "*Débats*" a republican form of government when MacMahon was at the Elysée. He is an accomplished polemist and essayist. The longest of his essays fits into the third page of the "*Débats*." When Queen Mercedes died, he wrote on her a necrological article, the spirit of which was grandfatherly and very touching. John Lemoine is also a "*Débats*" leader-writer, and has never been anything else. He externally resembles those photographic images

of celebrated men in which the head is vastly magnified at the expense of body and limbs. He is gifted with that brilliant cleverness bordering upon wit which the French call *esprit*; plumes himself upon having no fixed political principles and being able to laugh at all; and is ready to break a lance one day for the Orleanists, another for the fusionists, and then for the Republic. Dwarfs have more self-confidence than giants. Under all circumstances, John Lemoine can make-believe in his own cock-certainty that he is right. He was born in the island of Jersey, and speaks and writes English. M. de Sacy was the first journalist writing only for the daily press who was admitted to the honors of immortality. His election was in 1854. Mignet and Henri Martin are, as Thiers was, historians and journalists, but have not for years written articles. Jules Simon was for a year editor of the "*Siècle*" and for three months of the "*Gaulois*." He is an unready journalist. Ollivier's attempts to find with his pen a lever in journalism have been utter failures. He can never take a ball on the bound, and his self-consciousness gets between him and the subject that he should treat rapidly and with which alone he should be occupied while treating it.

The historical group used to be the most brilliant one at the Academy, when Mignet, Thiers, and Guizot were in their prime. Mignet is now eighty-seven. He walks or, when the weather is wet or snowy, rides in an omnibus to the Academy from his lodging in the Rue d'Aumale. The distance is about a mile and a half. To attend to his duties as a literary executor of Thiers, he resigned this year the office of secretary to the Academy of Moral Sciences and History. The emoluments were 6000 francs. Mignet fell in with Thiers at the law school of Aix in 1818. They were called to the bar simultaneously, won academical money prizes which enabled them to journey together to Paris to seek their fortune, shared the same garret, studied in the same public libraries, chose the same subjects for histories they meditated writing and wrote, worked in the same journals, promoted the candidature of Louis Philippe to the throne when he was Duke of Orleans, and lived until 1877 in the closest intimacy. Mignet remained a bachelor. He has been from 1833 a tenant in the same house, first with Madame Dosne, afterward Madame Thiers, and now with her sister, Mlle. Dosne. It is in proximity to the historical mansion in which Thiers lived in the Place St. George. The gardens of both dwellings are connected by a private alley. Mignet dined, as often as he did not accept invitations to other houses,

with his illustrious friend. He preserves his erect carriage and the ardent southern brightness of his eyes, which gleam out from beneath bushy eyebrows.

Henri Martin stands next to Mignet. This good man has rehabilitated the Druids, erected an altar to Joan of Arc, and shown the Revolution to be the triumph of the equality-loving Celt over the Frank and his feudal system. Henri Martin is in his seventy-third year. He has a tall, strong-boned, loose-made, stooping figure, and a serious face which easily lights up into smiles and expresses pleasure—mental or moral—in blushing cheeks. His inner man lives in the most transparent of glass houses. Though a well of erudition, he keeps the freshness of childhood. It delights him to oblige. His conversation, when he is set talking on a subject in which he is at home, is an instructive and delightful essay. He lives in a pretty little house of his own at Passy, far from the center of the town. He, therefore, goes often to the Senate and the Institute in clumsily made evening dress. Nothing fits him. The gloves—of cotton—are a world too big for hands that are in proportion to his stature. Though tolerant of every belief, or unbelief, he groans when he sees materialist articles in the scientific columns of the Republican papers. His grandchildren are nourished with works of Unitarian piety. One of his two children—a daughter—was the delight of his eyes and pride of his heart. She grew up in beauty, and cultivated, under Ary Scheffer, a genius for painting. On the day on which she had achieved an artistic triumph and was engaged to be married she died. Henri Martin clings to the old belief in the soul's immortality.

Taine has written a history of the Revolution, the aim of which is to show that France might have progressed more steadily but for that movement. It is the book of an industrious searcher into records, which is devoid of philosophical scope and inferior to his works of criticism.

The small fry of historians in the Academy are the Duc de Noailles, who wrote about St. Louis; the Duc de Broglie, who undertook, in his history of Constantine the Great, to refute Gibbon; Camille Rousset, whose great achievement is having classed the archives at the War Office; the Duc d'Aumale, who will probably never have the courage to finish his history of the house of Condé, the first chapter of which he brought out in England; and M. Viel-Castel, whose literary "baggage" is a history of the Restoration.

Jules Simon is also the author of a historical work. It deals with the period of four



VICTORIEN SARDOU. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MELANDRI.)

years which ended on the 24th of May, 1873. His other works are on moral philosophy and sociology, which he treats more as a man of feeling than as a reformer. His writings are inferior to his lectures; these to his speeches; and his orations to his drawing-room talk, which is the perfection of conversational genius and art. Jules Simon's private life is honest, honorable, and morally healthy. His wife is good, unaffected, intelligent, and broad-minded, and they both are wrapped up in their infant granddaughter, whose pretty childish ways console them for the ingratitude of old political associates.

The poets of the Academy are Victor Hugo, Lecomte de Lisle, and Sully-Prudhomme. With the first the whole civilized

world is acquainted. Lecomte de Lisle is "immortal" because he is Hugo's friend. As for Sully-Prudhomme, he is a modernized and middle-class Hamlet, from whom the tragic element has been eliminated, but whose heart and soul are tormented and whose intellect is perplexed by questions which science and the conditions of modern life now force upon thinking minds. He lives in a small and plainly furnished third floor opposite the Élysée. He made the acquaintance of his neighbor, President Grévy, the day on which, soon after his reception at the Academy, he paid him the regulation visit.

The dramatic group includes Victor Hugo, Legouvé, Émile Augier, Camille Doucet, Victorien Sardou, Dumas *fils*, Labiche, and

Pailleron. Victor Hugo may be said to be the chief poet, novelist, and dramatist in the Academy. He is vast, astounding, sublime, beautiful, defective, and faulty in all three branches. His genius has its scoria. Legouvé is a delightful essayist and lecturer. He is the author of "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and launched Ristori in Paris; he was in love with Malibran; is a poet, and venerates woman, as well as loves her by hereditary impulse. Old age—M. Legouvé is seventy-three—has only mellowed the experience of earlier years. He is charitable and stimulates charity in others, but avoids those trading in philanthropy. As a lecture-room or salon elocutionist he has no parallel. Sardou is better as a reader of plays because his face lends itself to delicate mimicry. Legouvé is of Breton origin and Paris breeding.

Octave Feuillet's plays are aftermaths of his novels. He studied fashionable life at the Tuileries and Compiègne, and won not only the favor but the friendship of the Empress. She went to the Academy to witness his reception, and she was to have appeared on the boards of the palace theater of Compiègne, in a character expressly written to fit her. The "Débats" first, and the war with Germany finally, prevented her from acting this part, which was a somewhat indecorous one. Octave Feuillet excels in diagnosis of the moral ailments of idle, frivolous, delicately-nurtured, and rich women. His feminine characters might be noble, were a healthy sphere of action open to them. As it is, they are flowers of evil and restless dwellers in the Land of Nod. The novelist, being unable to follow them into old age, and to show the ultimate penalties which in the natural order of things overtake all such, makes suicide the wind-up of their vain, futile, and unhappy lives. He is a painter of decadence. His morbidity is *sui generis* and has a penetrating and intoxicating charm. St. Lô, in Normandy, is his birthplace, and pictures of Norman localities abound in his novels.

Camille Doucet is the dwarf of the dramatic group. He has written only one play—a comedy, in five acts, which is almost forgotten. It is entitled "Considération," or "Respectability." Two lines of it are still remembered. They are:

"Considération! Considération!
C'est ma seule passion! ma seule passion."

He is the incarnation of amiable kindness and social tact. His election was owing to his relations, as director of theaters under the Empire, with dramatic authors belonging to

the Academy. He was the link connecting them with the imperial court. No great dramatic author save Victor Hugo resented the *Coup d'Etat*.

Dumas *fils* tried novel-writing at the outset of his career, but with small success. Description is not his forte. He is an analyst and a polemist, a superficial prober of sores and wounds, but knows nothing of those tempests between good and evil which sometimes rage in the human heart and conscience. We get very soon to the bottom of a worthless person. Dumas's bad people are natural. His good folks are conventional, and simply mouth-pieces whereby the author expresses his own views in short, strong, clear, ringing, and ear-catching sentences upon current vices or desirable virtues.

Dumas *père* was never an Academician. In his time the Academy would have fainted at the idea of letting in a man so spontaneous, irrepressible, imaginative, exuberant, and original, to say nothing of the Bohemianism of his life and the Africanism of his head. Guizot was then king of the Academy, and he was a prig.

Dumas *fils* inherits nothing from Africa, unless the texture of his hair and the savage frankness of speech. He takes from his father capacity for rapid literary production, light blue eyes, which protrude and stare, and the vein of kindness which runs through his man-of-business flintiness. He has a heart, and a good one, but it is not on his sleeve. In the example of his father he saw how undisguised good nature is preyed upon, and how thankless people are for spontaneous kindness. Dumas *fils* buys pictures as an investment. He is married to a Russian lady of rank and fortune, and has two daughters to whom he is devotedly attached. Desclée was to him the beau idéal of a modern actress. Sarah Bernhardt's affectations irritate him. As he cannot take her by the back of the neck and shake her, he says to her and of her the rudest things imaginable. He was the author of that *mot*, *Un os jeté à un chien* (A bone thrown to a dog), which described a picture of her with a big dog at her side. Dumas *fils* is a neighbor at the sea-side near Dieppe, of Lord Salisbury. He lives in Paris, in a detached house of his own, beautifully furnished with salable bric-à-brac and furniture, in the Avenue de Villiers. Since he entered the Academy he has cut the *demi-monde*. He is now engaged in a campaign against those sumptuous stage toilets which oblige actresses to lead vicious lives.

Pailleron writes flimsy and sparkling plays in verse. They are like those diaphanous Eastern stuffs into which gold and silver threads are interwoven; if well acted, they are

very effective. Their author is young and already very wealthy. He is married to a sister of Buloz, the actual editor of the "Revue" door. Sardou is the sole author whom a buf-



LOUIS PASTEUR. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TRUCHELUT & VALEMAN.)

des Deux Mondes," and inhabits a stately flat in what used to be the residence of the de Chimay family on the Quai Voltaire.

Labiche's muse is purely farcical. His plays are as droll to read as to see acted. Labiche is a prodigiously hard worker. He constantly rewrites whole scenes of his comedies. His father was an opulent grocer. Labiche has a passion for agriculture and has reclaimed a large tract in Sologne. He is there "Farmer Labiche" and mayor of a commune which he created. As such, he often unites in marriage the hands of rustic couples. Until Labiche as a candidate for the Academy visited the Duc de Noailles, this nobleman had never seen him. The duke is a gentleman of the old school, formal, and apt to stand on his dignity. In showing out an author who visits him to canvass, he never advances beyond a certain number of steps. But Labiche told with a quietness that did not ruffle the octogenarian's nerves mirth-exciting stories, and made comical remarks which so tickled and pleased the duke that, instead of ringing for

fool piece served at the Academy. He got in there for two reasons. One was having caricatured Gambetta in "Rabagas," and the other was in having for his competitor the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, whom M. Thiers after the 24th of May detested. Sardou is very much dependent upon stage accessories and bewildering toilets for the success of his pieces. What would "Fédora" be without Sarah Bernhardt's wondrous dresses, or the "Famille Benoiton" have been were it not for the mantua-maker, hair-dresser, and milliner? Perhaps this may account for the heat with which the author of "La Dame aux Camélias" (Dumas fils) represents the intrusion of Worth upon the stage. Sardou regards dramatic literature from a purely business point of view. Foreigners who come to Paris to spend their money, and who keep the theaters well filled, would not understand his best literary efforts. "Les Pattes des Mouches," a *chef d'œuvre* of wit, fancy, and invention, is not appreciated by them. It was the first play that he brought out, but not by

any means the first that he wrote. Déjazet produced it at her theater, Sardou, who had called upon her at her country cottage, having inspired that aged actress with a half maternal half sentimental interest. He had vainly knocked at many other doors. A tragedy in five acts and in verse was his initial play. He wrote it in the hope that Rachel would patronize it; but as the heroine was not a Greek or Roman, but a Queen of Sweden, she refused. For some years Sardou lived by teaching Latin to the son of an Egyptian pasha at a salary of five francs a day. He is now a millionaire and the possessor of a historical château, standing in a fine park at Marly, and of a villa at Nice. He spends the summer in one place and winter in the other.

Émile Augier, taken all round, is the greatest modern French dramatist. *Le style c'est l'homme*, and he is one of nature's noblemen. Strength and good proportion are two leading features of his drama. He does not attach much importance to scenic accessories. When the passions of human beings are in manifest play, we only think of the action in which they show themselves. It does not occur to us to look whether there are fine curtains to a window from which we see a man or woman jump with suicidal intent. We do not think of the window at all. Unlike Dumas, Augier sounds the conscience and brings it into play with a dramatic effect which bears away the spectator. He comes of a fine race, probably of Latin origin. Valence, his native town, was the center of a Gallo-Roman colony. Pigault-Lebrun was his grandfather, and he has inherited his fun and cleverness. These qualities are allied with others of a higher order. Augier has the sculptural instinct and philosophical elevation. His comedies in prose are stirring and excitants to "mental gayety"; his dramas in verse, though modern in their subjects, are written with classical simplicity and *verve*. The characters are clean-built. Augier writes French as Dryden wrote English. This dramatist is an old bachelor. He has remained one because his only sister, as he rose to eminence, was left a widow with five young children. She and they live with "Uncle Émile." The greater part of the year they reside in a plain, roomy house on the edge of the Seine at Croissy. Augier is almost a Chinese in ancestral cult. He venerates and cherishes the memory of father and mother and of the hearty and humorous Pigault-Lebrun.

Taine is like a stiff cold soil which is hard to break, and when broken, produces excellent wheat, but rarely brings forth sweet, delicate herbage. He is an encyclopedia, and has a methodic brain, which he beats very hard

when he wants to entertain and interest. Nor does he beat in vain. But the force acquired in the beating process carries him on too far in the same direction. He rides to death the system borrowed from Condillac, by which he explains the peculiarities of English and French literature, and of the Dutch, Flemish, and Italian schools of art. Variety in Taine's books and lectures is a result of will, not of spontaneous cerebration. Ardennes is his native country. He has a strong frame, and his complexion and physiognomy are Flemish. One of the eyes is slightly turned inward. Both are near-sighted. Glasses hide and remedy these defects.

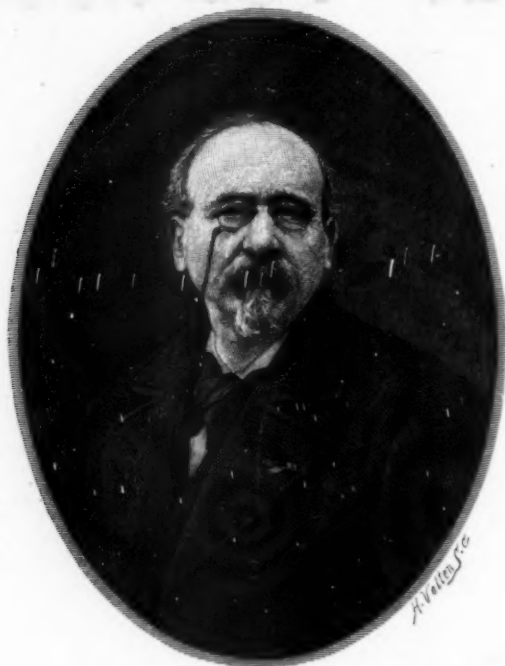
Taine and his fellow-Academicians, Caro, Mézières, M. de Mazade, and Gaston Boissier, are all distinguished lecturers in great public seats of fine art and learning. Caro descants on moral philosophy at the Sorbonne. He is a handsome man, and has a bland, persuasive style. Ladies of quality form perhaps three-fourths of his auditory. He has made mince-meat of the works of German philosophers to suit their taste and mental digestions, and has explained to them, in combating it, Schopenhauer's pessimism. Schopenhauer advises human beings not to marry, because the best thing in his opinion that could happen to the world would be the extinction of humanity. He hated women because they stood in the way of this desideratum. Caro became the darling of the drawing-rooms. At the examination for the bachelor's degree last session, a candidate who feared not said to him in passing:

"I am so anxious to get through in order to do myself the pleasure of attending your lectures."

"May I ask," inquired the professor, with a smile, "whether you have a rendezvous in my lecture-room?"

M. de Mazade lectures at the Sorbonne on Latin literature, and writes articles on contemporaneous French history for the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." They are in a severe and somewhat pompous style. In private life, their author is an exuberant Southern, speaking with a Languedoc accent.

Renan also occupies a chair at the College of France. He is the most complex of all the immortals. He is a strange compound of Gascon keenness and expansiveness, Breton superstition, and of Celtic sensibility, of *verve*, of scholastic erudition, theological lore, and Virgilian grace. An æolian harp is not more impressionable. There is a good deal of æolian harpism in the female population of little seaports in Brittany. Every scudding cloud, every moaning breeze, every storm sign affects them. They rejoice in every precursor of fine weather.



VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TRUCHELUT & VALKMAN.)

Renan's mother was a Breton woman, who was reared, as all her people had been time out of mind, at Tréguier, a small port of Brittany, with an old church and monastery. Renan's father was a Bordelais skipper. He was found dead at the foot of a cliff when his son was five years old. Had he been accidentally drowned, thrown overboard by the crew, or had he committed suicide? Nobody can tell. The son found more than a mother in his only sister, who was grown when they were orphaned. She had the æolian-harp impressionability, but great heart-power behind it, and the adventurous courage of a hero. Though their mother was alive, the sister attended to the education of Ernest. He and she were intellectual, and letters were represented at Tréguier only by the Church. Ecclesiasticism became the nursing mother of his literary faculties. Feminine converse and sympathy and wild sea-side nature did the rest. How well Renan understands the fishers who followed Jesus! He went from Tréguier to St. Sulpice to study theology. Rosalie, who had gone as a teacher to Russia, helped him with her purse. When she came back to France, and learned that he did not believe in the Catholic dogmas, she said: "Follow the inner light. Have faith in it only." She was the

first to discard dogmas. She accompanied her brother to Syria when he went there to study Biblical localities, and there she died. Madame Cornu, foster-sister of the late Emperor, encouraged Renan to transmute into a prose poem the work of Strauss, which ordinary minds could not digest. Renan has always been taken care of by women. His wife, a daughter of Henri Scheffer, Ary Scheffer's brother, is a cheerful Martha,—very intelligent, well instructed, and competent to chat with him about his literary plans and projects. She is an agnostic brought up in Protestantism, and he a materialist reared in the Catholic faith and still loving it.

Monsignor Perraud, the Bishop of Autun, was a class-fellow of Taine at the École Normale. He is a man of refined mind, vibrating heart, and elevated aims. He wrote twenty years ago an account of "A Tour in Ireland," which was read with delight by Madame d'Haussonville, and he has never missed an opportunity to lift up his voice in behalf of Poland. He is of an emaciated countenance; but his eyes beam with hope and faith. He believes that God's grace is inexhaustible and that it will operate a wide-world miracle.

There are usually two scientists at the Academy. Dumas, the chemist, and Pasteur are

now occupants of chairs. It is a remarkable fact that both stood out against materialism in the harangues they delivered on being received. Dumas is a Spiritualist of a deistical shade. Pasteur is a Catholic and a reactionist. Outside of his special studies Pasteur is narrow. It is erroneously supposed that he did not rise to eminence through the school of any faculty. What he did was to work his own way into the great seats of learning. He began as an usher in the lyceum of Besançon, and set before himself the task of qualifying at the Normal School for the brevet of a university professor. His mind was led toward the lilliputian side of creation by an accident. The usher had a good-natured pupil, to whom a kind godfather sent a microscope for a birthday present. The boy had not time to amuse himself with the scientific plaything, and lent it to Pasteur, who studied with it so far as he was able the insect world and the organizations of plants. He was then not quite twenty. The idea that animalcules were the origin of contagious diseases was suggested to him by an apothecary at Dôle, who got it from Raspail, a quack of genius. This idea was often thought over, and dismissed, and then taken up again. As Raspail was nearly all his life in prison for his political opinions, he had not opportunities to demonstrate experimentally the truth of his notion. Pasteur won his university gown. But he yielded to his vocation, and, instead of teaching in high schools, became a scientist and obtained a chair in the faculty of Strasbourg. There he came in contact with German thinkers, and had almost a European reputation as a geologist and chemist, when he was appointed scientific director of the Ecole Normale by the Emperor Napoleon III. He owed his nomination to the head master, Nisard, under whom he studied in that school, and who, being a devout Catholic, liked him for his attachment to his religious principles. Pasteur entered the Institute when a controversy was going on there about spontaneous generation and the unity and origin of species. He fell back upon his microscope, which he had been neglecting, to elucidate these problems. He was thus brought round again to his starting-point—that of the effect of animalcules in giving rise to contagious diseases. Swift's penetration into many things his generation did not understand was justified by Pasteur. The scientist proved that the Lilliputians could, and often did, get the better of Gulliver. In binding him down they took the names of small-pox, scarlatina, yellow fever, cholera morbus, tuberculosis, glanders, murrain, hydrophobia, and other fell plagues. Lilliput transformed grape-juice into wine

and dough into leavened bread. Pasteur then studied the laws of existence of the infinitesimal creatures and the conditions most favorable for the irreproduction or destruction. Could he modify their virulence, and turn those bred in specially arranged liquids into protecting agencies against the maladies which, in their natural state, they would cause? To use a Scriptural expression, he aimed at casting out Beelzebub by Beelzebub. It is certain that his "vaccines" are efficacious; but it is also to be feared that they break down health and weaken defenses against other morbid agencies. M. de Lesseps has deliberately averred that he never knew a fearless man to die of cholera. He was himself in the midst of it in Egypt in 1831, and turned his house, in which he continued to live, into a hospital. Yet the plague never touched him. The discoveries that fresh air, rich in oxygen, will consume microbes, and that animalcules cannot live in boiling water, are precious ones for the world. Pasteur may be known at the Academy by his absent air, and eyes in which there is, to judge by their look, no visual power. They are too habituated to the microscope to have any ordinary human focus, and they see as through a fog. Pasteur is free from conceit and loves what he thinks is true. He has been freed from the cares of life by his country. The present Chamber of Deputies has doubled the yearly pension of 12,000 francs which the Versailles Assembly granted to him. He has a rugged temper and a crabbed style as a writer. Perseverance is his dominant quality. He is undemonstrative. The face is not an expressive one; but the forehead and head are powerfully shaped.

Cherbuliez is a Swiss by birth and French by descent and by option. There is a brightness in his eyes that makes me think of mild moonbeams in which there is no heat. And so it is with the novels of Cherbuliez. They are sweet as the moonbeams that slept upon the bank in Portia's garden, and they are honest and of good report; but they do not take a grip of the reader, or stir him up to thought, emotion, or action. What the moon is to an ardent summer's sun, they are to the novels of George Sand, of whom Cherbuliez confesses himself an imitator.

Maître Rousse is the law Academician. He cannot be said to "replace" the Doric Dufaure, who had the genius of common sense, and whose plain, unvarnished style was more effective than brilliant flights of rhetorical eloquence. Rousse was brought into the Academy by the dukes, with the consent of Jules Simon and the aid of Taine, and some other reactionists. He was thus

rewarded for placing his talent, which is not of a high order, at the service of the religious orders when the famous decrees were executed against them.

Notwithstanding the laurels M. Émile Ollivier won at the bar, he would resent being called "Maître," as advocates are styled in France. He hung up forever his cap and gown when he entered the Corps Législatif. He is in his own eyes a statesman, and he dreams of being again the prime minister of an emperor. Prince Napoleon is the quenched sun round which he revolves. Ollivier is a man who is set drunk by his own eloquence and who has lived for eighteen years in a fool's paradise. His talent—which as a rhetorician is remarkable—is entirely subjective. He is a man of friendly disposition and boundless vanity. His infatuation led him to desert his Republican friends and become an Imperialist. It dragged him into a war with Germany, because he imagined the Empress was dazzled by his genius. In return for her supposed admiration, he lent himself to her desire "to give Prussia a lesson." If he had kept his head, he would have brought the whole Orleanist party and moderate liberals of every kind round to the Empire. They were tired of being governed and wanted to reënter the governing class. In sign thereof, M. Émile Ollivier was elected an Academician shortly after he formed a cabinet. Thiers did not believe that the Empire could avoid a collision with Germany, and he foresaw that United Italy would not be with France. But not to seem factious, he advised his friends at the Academy to vote for the Emperor's "liberal" prime minister.

Maxime Descamps is able to sign himself "Academician," because he "slew the slain" in writing a virulent book against the Commune after its defeat. He has the St. Simonian talent for extracting all the good out of the world that it is capable of yielding him. As a writer he is not first-rate. What he excels in is giving a readable form to statistics in review articles.

M. de Falloux, the most clerical of the Forty, is a wealthy land-holder in Anjou; cultivates a large estate there, and corre-

sponds actively with a few distinguished old gentlemen who share his ideas.

The chair of Sandeau is now competed for by Alphonse Daudet and Edmond About. The former is an exquisite novelist, but only that. His rival has many strings to his bow, and can use them all with a master's hand. He is a journalist and polemist of the highest order, every inch a man, healthy in body and in mind, warm-hearted, and sharp-tongued when vexed, writes and speaks French as might a grandson of Voltaire and Diderot, is frank as a man who has risen direct from the popular class, thinks the best of those he likes, and says the worst of those who anger him. He is one of the best family men in Paris. With his wife and ten children he occupies a handsome and most comfortable town house and a château in the country, in both of which the virtue of hospitality is largely exercised. Daudet, through his brother Ernest, may count on a good number of Orleanist votes. But many of the Forty do not like the idea of having him at their Thursday meetings. What they object to in him is his habit of observing those whom he is with as if they were insects stuck on the glass plate of a microscope.

The Academy has no action now on politics. Its action on literature, as I have shown, is becoming remote. Life is too busy under the Republic for Academicians to attend faithfully to the task, enjoined in the statutes, of compiling a dictionary. Littré, it may be said, left the illustrious company nothing to do. There are social advantages in being one of the Forty. An Academician's wife finds it easy to obtain good matches for her daughters, although their portions are small. The book-seller, also, is more ready to enter into terms with a novelist, dramatist, or historian who is of the Academy, provided he is not fossilized or that his works have currency. But if an author is in the way to become a fossil, the right to don the palm-embroidered coat hastens the change. The literary man does not keep so fresh in as out of the Academy. Legouvé and Mignet have been exceptions. Renan has visibly gone down since he obtained a chair.

GARFIELD IN LONDON.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO EUROPE IN 1867.

The following portions of the journal kept by Gen. Garfield during a trip to Europe with Mrs. Garfield in 1867, while he was yet a member of Congress, have been transcribed with absolute fidelity, saving the correction of such verbal and other errors as are inseparable from writing under such circumstances:

NEW YORK, July 13, 1867.

DURING the last few years of my life, I have learned to distrust any resolution I may make which involves keeping a diary for any considerable length of time. My life has been recently so full of action that I have but little time or taste for recording its events. But now that I am about starting for Europe with my wife, leaving our little ones behind, I am constrained, for two reasons, to attempt a record of the leading points that impress me while abroad: first, as my friend Dr. Lieber writes, if I do not take notes, I shall leave much of the trip a chaos behind me; second, a somewhat particular statement of occurrences and impressions will probably some day be pleasant and profitable for our children. These two points being kept in mind will account for the notices of little things which are likely to be found in these pages, and also for the speculations on national and individual life and character.

When I entered Williams College, in 1854, I probably knew less of Shakspeare than any student of my age and attainments in the country. Though this was a shame to me, yet I had the pleasure of bringing to those great poems a mind of some culture and imagination, and my first impressions were very strong and vivid. Something like this may occur in reference to this trip; and, however much ignorance I may exhibit, I shall here speak of what impresses me, whether it be that which has been adjudged remarkable or not.

PREPARATIONS.

1. Material. We have reduced our luggage to two large leather satchels, and we take no books except "Harper's Book of Travel," Fasquelle, a French dictionary, and a book of French conversation.

2. Funds. I take a letter of credit from Brown Brothers, a small bill of exchange on Brown, Shipley & Company, of London, and the balance in sovereigns and napoleons. The sight of coin is a reminder of the days before greenbacks and scrip had been born of rebellion. In running over my coin with a childish curiosity, I find the stamp of the elder Napoleon, of Louis XVI., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III. I notice that the earlier stamps of Napoleon III. have no

laurel wreath on the brow, but the later ones have. Did he assume that because of the Austrian war or the Crimean?

3. The Start. At 12 o'clock and twenty-five minutes, New York time (12.08 by Washington time), our lines were cast off, and the steamer *City of London* left her wharf, Pier Number 45, North River. As I looked upon the crowd of people on the shore waving their good-byes, some with streaming eyes and the shadow of loneliness and sorrow coming over them, I felt that, though there was not one face among them I knew, and probably none who knew me, yet they were my countrymen, sharers with me of the honor and glory of the great Republic which I was leaving, and then sprang up in my heart a kind of feeling of bereavement at leaving them. Our steamer is one of the largest on the ocean. She is 395 feet long, draws $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water, as now loaded; is registered for 1880 tons burden, and allowed to carry 780 passengers. She was built on the Clyde, and is commanded and manned by Englishmen. The master, Captain Brooks, is a fine type of the solid, capable Englishman. We have about 50 cabin passengers, and 270 in the steerage. The freight is mainly cheese, destined ultimately for the ports of the Mediterranean. We had hardly passed the "Hook" when we sailed due east. At eight in the evening we saw the last glimpse of land: it was the eastern point of Long Island. A splendid cloud-rack in the north gave us a picture, which, by looking at, became Niagara in the sky. A fine breeze gives a delightful coolness to the atmosphere, and now, at 9 P. M., we go below to sleep, after saying to our native land good-night.

SUNDAY, July 14, 1867.

AFTER a tolerably fair night's rest, awoke at half-past five. The sea was only a little rougher than last evening, and in consequence of not having the windows of our state-room closely fastened, the salt water had dashed in and pretty thoroughly saturated our carpet and lounge. At six, went on deck and found the try-sails set and the wind from the north-east helping us a little.

At half-past 10, Dr. H. read service in the cabin, and preached a short discourse. We

were so intent in watching the sailors, as they loosed and unfurled the top-sails to catch the breeze, which had veered a little to the north, that we did not know that there was any religious service till it was nearly ended. We went in long enough to hear the conclusion of the sermon and the last prayers. There was a muscular denunciation of sin, which struck me as not usual to modern thoughts. Why not better to let sin alone, and preach mercy and righteousness? After all, may it not be found in the final analysis that sin is negative, and duty, truth, and love are the only positive classes of realities? If we attend to these, we may let sin take care of itself.

When the Doctor's service ended, he came to me and talked of his visit to America. He said there was more liberality between denominations in the United States than in Europe; thought it was partly the result of the late war for the Union. I think there is *quoddam commune vinculum* among virtues and great reforms, as Cicero says, in his Oration for the poet Archias, there is among the liberal arts. Hence, political union is inducing religious union and the abolition of sects. Among all the evils of sectarianism, there is this one good thing to a philosophical mind: it enables us to see the solidarity of religious truth, as we do objects in the stereoscope. Wonder if "Ecce Homo" and "Ecce Deus"* might not be the two eyes of the same observer, and thus enable him to see the God-man on both sides at once?

There is a most pure and refreshing breeze on deck, and the day is as beautiful as we could wish. A steamer has just come in sight behind us, faster than we are, and we must be humiliated, I suppose, by having her pass us. They say it is the steamer *Manhattan* which is to conquer us. Well, it is some consolation that it is New York *versus* London.

Took a good dinner at 4 p. m., after which I was invited by the captain to his room to take a cup of coffee with him and his friend Mr. G., agent for English claims in the United States. Had a pleasant conversation on the late war, and the relations of the two countries. Walked the deck with C. for an hour and a half; saw the sun sink and the stars come out. The full moon is on our starboard, and paves a broad highway from us to the horizon with silver. On the larboard, we watch the faint moon-shadow of the ship on the waves, and wonder if shadows are not entities which shall never perish, but, in the infinite permutations of the water, may, a thousand years hence, reconstruct the image of this ship and crew somewhere on the ocean.

* These two remarkable books had recently appeared anonymously, and there was much curiosity and speculation regarding their authorship.

MONDAY, July 15, 1867.

AROSE at 6 A. M. Day more beautiful, if possible, than yesterday. Warmer than then, and it was suggested by some of the passengers that we had reached the influence of the Gulf Stream. Temperature of the air, 62°; of the sea, 66°; wind same as last evening—nearly ahead. Sailors in the fore-castle think it is because we have a clergyman aboard. Had some fun with Dr. H. in reference to it. Told him the opinion was evidently descended from the example of Jonah. Talked with him and the captain in reference to the superstitions of sailors. The captain says not one sailor in a thousand would throw a cat overboard. Should it be done, they would expect disaster. Dr. H. spoke of the habit in England of throwing a slipper after a friend as he was leaving. He told of an Irish gentleman who was going away, and, being anxious that his wife should throw her slipper, looked back and caught the heel of it in his eye, which gave him a severe wound. While he was gone, his ticket drew a large prize in the lottery, and all his neighbors said it was because of the vigorous throw of the slipper. The Doctor thought this custom is derived from the Bible, wherein a shoe is considered the symbol of a good wife. I do not remember the passage to which he referred; but I ventured to quote, *per contra*, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," which I had always regarded as a malediction. The Doctor escapes the force of this by declaring the passage improperly translated. The virtue of horse-shoes fastened up over doors and on the bows of ships was also discussed. It is common to England and the United States. This the Doctor was disposed to trace to a Bible origin. Iron, he said, was the symbol of the Roman Empire, or of power; hence it is considered a good omen to find iron, especially a horseshoe. I don't think that is the origin of it. I suggested it might be from the horseshoe magnet and its marvelous properties. This theory seemed to take with the company better than the Doctor's; but I suspect it would be necessary to find out, before making much noise about my theory, whether the horseshoe magnet is older or younger than the superstition.

A few minutes before 12 our engines stopped, in consequence of some derangements of the brass bearings, and now, at 1.40, we are still lying—

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

The sea is very calm, and a fishing smack from Nova Scotia is within a few miles of us, her sail flapping uselessly, though she seems to creep a little to the westward. I am not

so much annoyed as most of the passengers seem to be at the delay, for I came to rest, and this is almost the first time for six years I could say I had nothing to do, and I am trying to let my body and mind lie fallow awhile.

I take this opportunity to set it down that I have no plan of travel determined upon, it being my main purpose to rest, and do as I may please when the time comes. I have not even determined whether I will stop at Queenstown or go on to Liverpool.

After nearly four hours' delay we started again, and the day passed off most delightfully.

TUESDAY, July 16, 1867.

AROSE to a bright morning and a good breakfast. The sea is, if possible, more quiet than yesterday. It realizes the "*aquora vitrea*" of which Horace speaks.

Found a young man who is on his way to Germany to study. He is beginning German, and I have agreed to hear him recite while he is on board. In the afternoon, several hours were consumed on the main deck in games of skill, viz.: quoits, shuffle-board, marking with a piece of chalk with the feet suspended in a noose, and backing up on the hands as far as possible. Only the captain went beyond me. The clergy looked on and smiled a condescending smile; but I have no doubt they wanted to be at it themselves, and would have been but for the laws of ministerial propriety. The barometer is dropping a little.

WEDNESDAY, July 17, 1867.

AWOKE with a rough sea, and a strong wind with driving rain.

After dinner, took coffee and a cigar with the captain, and played cribbage in the evening. To-night I won a game of chess from him. He says if this day does not make me seasick, none will. Heard from him the story of his life. Very interesting. I could almost feel the old passion for the sea arise in my heart again. Were I not what I am, I should have been a sailor.

THURSDAY, July 18, 1867.

SEA calmer this morning. C. well. We went on deck about half-past seven, and soon saw Newfoundland low-lying to the north and east. This is the last glimpse we shall have of North America.

I am feeling better than for three weeks.

Strange I am not sick with this rocking motion.

SUNDAY, July 21, 1867.

A LOVELY day, with bright, warm sunshine. At 10, the captain read the church-service, and at its conclusion Doctor H— delivered a very vigorous and impressive discourse

from Acts iv. 12. It is rarely that I listen to a broader or more liberal sermon. The leading thought was that salvation would be the result of attraction to Christ, and not the fear of hell; that religion did not make cowards, but heroes, of men. His illustrations, borrowed from the ship and our voyage, were very fine; e. g., the ship's lamps compared with reason or conscience as a guide; the ship stranded and broken up—not by storm, but by the usual motion of the waves—likened to the common effects of sin on the soul to destroy it.

I hear that the Doctor is called the Spurgeon of Ireland, and I can well believe it.

A young Episcopalian clergyman from Connecticut preached at 6 P. M. a very sensible and earnest discourse. We have had a delightful day.

WEDNESDAY, July 24, 1867.

THE belief that we are to reach Ireland before to-morrow morning has made a great change in the appearance of all on board. The ship is being washed and the upper works repainted, that she may reach home with a bright face. Passengers we are to leave at Queenstown are packing up their luggage and making ready. Many who have become pleasant acquaintances are now asking each other's names for the first time. This arises from the peculiarity of life on shipboard; all formality is abandoned, and, being involved in a common destiny for the time being, they feel that right to each other which isolation confers and assume to be acquainted. The name and antecedents are of little consequence, the chief test being what each brings on board of intellect and good-fellowship for the benefit of all. The people I have become acquainted with on this ship will remain in my memory as a little world apart from all the rest of mankind. I am quite sure I have no adequate or even correct knowledge of their characters, and am equally sure that, from what they have seen of me, they have no knowledge of mine.

The life on board ship is not altogether an artificial one, but it is another from the usual life we lead. Each human being has a number of possible characters in him which changed circumstances may develop. Certainly life on the sea brings out one quite unique. Mine is as much a surprise to me as it could be to any one else. I have purposely become absorbed in the parenthetic life, and have enjoyed it so much that a fellow-passenger remarked to C. that it must be that I would be sorry when we landed.

The record I have kept of the bearings and distances of our passage has been kept chiefly for the purpose of testing the practical accuracy of the science of navigation. The test was brought to trial to-day. At noon the

captain, after telling where we were, and computing the distance to Queenstown (one hundred and sixty-nine miles), and taking into account the speed of the ship and the condition of sea and sky, said we would see an Irish island, called the "Little Skelligs," about 6 o'clock in the evening of to-day. He said it would not be thirty minutes either way from that time. At 5 o'clock there came a bright, brief shower, which cleared up the atmosphere, and at ten minutes before 6 the little speck of an island was seen; and the joyful "Land ho!" and the bells brought everybody on deck. C. suggested that it was fitting we should first see Ireland in sunshine and tears. In half an hour we were within three miles of the main-land, our signals were answered from the shore, and it was known probably in an hour afterward to the two worlds that our ship had safely crossed the Atlantic.

The first impression that Ireland makes upon me is the peculiar light which surrounds distant objects. Instead of the deep indigo-blue of our American landscape, there is a delicate, hazy purple, which I am told is peculiar to the whole of north-western Europe. It must arise from the difference in climatic and atmospheric conditions; it will be a pleasant question to discuss with some artist or scientific man. We came near enough to land to see the verdure, and this also had a peculiar coloring; not the dark, rich green of the United States, but a light *terre verte* tint, which our lichens have. I asked Dr. H. if they were not lichen-cliffs which we saw; but he said it was probably heather, or the usual verdure. I was told by the Doctor and his party that our verdure is a much darker, richer green than that of Europe.

THURSDAY, July 25, 1867.

At 3 o'clock, just as the dawn was making the east gray, a little side-wheel steamer came alongside as we lay still at the mouth of Cork Harbor, ten miles from Queenstown, and after a terrible tumbling of luggage, without regard either to trunks or contents, more than three-quarters of all our company went on board. The bell of the little tender rang, and with three cheers for the ship, answered by our debarking friends with three more, away they went. Our stately ship turned her head toward the dawn, and steamed along the Irish coast, while I went back to sleep and dream of the brave old world that has just greeted us with such a happy welcome. Arose at half-past 8, and found we were still steaming along the southern coast of Ireland. Passed the Tuskar Rock light-house about 10 A. M., and a little before noon lost sight of Ireland, and, cross-

ing the mouth of St. George's Channel, came in sight of Wales, and coasted up the channel all day. The rough promontories and jagged hills were quite in keeping with the character of that hardy race of Cambrians from whom I am glad to draw my origin. We passed the Menai Strait, which separates Anglesea from the main-land, but which was bridged by the genius and enterprise of Stephenson. Passed Amlwch, near where the *Royal Charter* steam-ship was wrecked a few years since. The water has here a peculiar pea-green color, quite different from our American seas. The channel appears to be a very fickle water, easily provoked by the wind. In a few moments the breeze converted its calm waters into a troubled sea. After passing around the island of Holyhead, from which we saw the Dublin mail steamer making her way to Ireland, we turned into the Irish Sea, and at 10.30 P. M. lay at the mouth of the Mersey, waiting for the tide to enable us to cross the bar and go on to Liverpool, nine miles above. We could not cross till 3, and so slept one night more on board ship.

FRIDAY, July 26, 1867.

BETWEEN 3 and 5 o'clock A. M., the ship made her way up the Mersey, and waited for higher tide to get into her dock. In looking out upon the muddy water of the river, I was reminded of the use made of Shakspeare by Harriet Beecher Stowe in her "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands":

"The quality of *Mersey* is not strained!"

When the pier-mark showed twenty-one feet, we were enabled to be worked into our dock. Our ship drew twenty-two and a half feet when we left New York, but we have consumed about seven hundred tons of coal, which has lifted us out of water about two feet. The Liverpool docks are a most remarkable exhibition of skill and energy. A long sea-wall, extending for miles on the Mersey, and parallel to the shore, is opened every few hundred feet by entrances and gates, where ships may enter, and manifold docks branch off in the interior from these entrances. The masonry is peculiar in having large masses of stone set in obliquely to bind the walls. There are fifteen miles of docks, and the city derives its wealth almost wholly from its commerce. The name of the city is said to be derived from "liver," the name of a fabulous bird, and a pool which originally occupied most of the space of the present city. At 7.30 A. M. we lay in dock, with thousands of masts on all sides of us, and before 8 stood on English soil. Just as we were landing, a drove of cabs came in sight;

a clumsy, heavy-wheeled vehicle, drawn by one horse. After the inspection of our luggage, we took a cab, and in fifteen minutes were set down at the "Angel," and took a quiet, quaintly furnished room on the third floor. I was struck with the fact that the bricks were from half an inch to an inch thicker than ours.

We drove through the market and the cemetery, visited Nelson's statue and Huskisson's. This place was the home of both Huskisson and Canning. The former was killed in 1830, on the occasion of opening the first important steam railway in the world—that between Liverpool and Manchester, I think. I am particularly interested in him in consequence of the prominent part he took in the great financial discussions of 1810.

MONDAY, July 29, 1867.

At half-past 9 A. M. we took the N. W. Ry for London. We took a second-class coach, at £2 2s. for both. The road was very smooth, and after stopping at Crewe—there was but one stop (Rugby) in one hundred and eighty miles—we reached London in less than six hours, sometimes going at the rate of fifty miles per hour. Stayed at the Langham Hotel in Regent street. Found Henry J. Raymond and Benj. Moran, U. S. Secretary of Legation, and went with them to Parliament. The separation of specimens of natural history from works of art in the British Museum was the subject under discussion. The Liberals held that the Museum is so managed that the common people can get but little benefit from it, since it is not open at night or on Sundays. Layard spoke on the side of the Opposition. Heard Disraeli and two others from the Treasury bench. The speaking is much more conversational and business-like than in Congress; but there is a curious and painful hesitating in almost every speaker. At half-past 8, Mr. Moran called for me, and obtained my admission into the House of Lords, where I sat on the steps of the throne, and heard the debates for about two hours, so far as such speaking could be heard at all. Bulwer and the Prince of Wales had been in, but were out when I arrived. Heard Lord Russell, Lord Malmesbury, and several others, and saw a division on the Reform Bill. I am strongly impressed with the democratic influences which are very manifest in both Houses. There seems to be as much of the demagogical spirit here as in our Congress. Underneath the wigs of the Speaker and Chancellor there is still a constant reference to the demands of the people. The halls are very elaborately furnished, and have the brilliancy which the florid Gothic

always gives to a building; but they are not so well fitted to stand the assaults of time as is our more Grecian Capitol.

Went to Covent Garden Music Hall,—an old place of resort for theatrical people for a hundred years, filled with pictures of actors,—and heard fine singing of ballads, by men and boys only. Home at midnight.

TUESDAY, July 30, 1867.

VISITED St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, where we spent most of the day. In the evening went to the House of Lords with Senator Morrill of Vermont and Mr. Gibbs of Paris. Heard Lord Cairns's speech on his two-vote system for three-cornered constituencies.*

Also, short speech from Lord Cardigan, once the leader of the "noble six hundred" at Balaklava. Also had a drive late in the evening through the streets. Home a little before midnight. Can't undertake to give the details of the day's work.

THURSDAY, Aug. 1, 1867.

SPENT the afternoon in Westminster Hall and Abbey. The statuary and paintings in Westminster Hall are worthy of the nation, and shame me when I think of the art in our noble Capitol at Washington. Note the "Last Sleep of Argyle," both from its subject and its execution. In all the monuments I have observed a manifest determination to ignore Cromwell and his associates in the work they accomplished for England. One picture, "The Burial of Charles I.," is an evident attempt to canonize him and vilify the Puritans, and yet there is the picture of "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims" for New England from Delft Haven, which seems to indicate some love for them.

The sad evidences of decay which meet one everywhere in the Abbey make the pomp of kings a mockery. The Poets' Corner is far more to me than the Chapel of Henry VII. and all the costly shrines and tombs with which the head of the cross is filled. Went through the cloisters where old monks secluded themselves in Catholic times.

In the evening, visited both Houses of Parliament, but spent most of the evening in the House of Lords. Lord Derby's gout is sufficiently allayed to allow him to be in his seat, and I had the privilege of hearing speeches from him, Lord Russell, and Earl Grey—the

* "After clause 8, Lord Cairns moved to insert the following clause: 'At a contested Election for any County or Borough represented by Three Members, no Person shall vote for more than Two Candidates.'"

(Parliamentary Reform—Representation of the People Bill—No. 227, Lords.)

latter two in the Opposition. On a division on raising the disfranchising clause from ten thousand to twelve thousand, the vote was: Ministry, 98; Opposition, 86,—a close pull for Derby. Derby is the best speaker I have heard. Saw Wm. E. Gladstone,—fine face.

FRIDAY, August 2, 1867.

SPENT the whole day in the lower story of the British Museum. The Elgin marbles disappoint me. They are more decayed and fragmentary than I had expected to see them; still, I observe that decay is, in some instances, in the inverse order of age. Westminster Abbey is more decayed than the Elgin marbles, and they much more than the statues and tablets from Nineveh. A question was raised in my mind, whether the age of statuary has not passed, and whether better and higher methods of conserving the past cannot be found. This suggestion applies only to outdoor statuary. With such as I saw in St. Stephen's Hall I am delighted. Their value cannot be overestimated. The autographs of kings and authors are very full and valuable; but, everywhere, I find an old writer takes a stronger hold on my heart than most of the old kings. There was John Milton's contract for the sale of the copyright of "Paradise Lost," and the autographs of nearly every literary man England has produced. The famous library which George III. bequeathed to the Museum makes me like the old hater of the United States. The Anglo-Roman antiquities were of the most interesting character, exhibiting Roman art and industry as established in Britain; immense pigs of lead, with Roman emperors' names stamped upon them. I should have mentioned that, in the morning, I called on our Minister, Charles Francis Adams, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation on American politics.

SATURDAY, August 3, 1867.

WE took the train on the South-Western Railway, at Waterloo Station, for Teddington, about sixteen miles from London. From there we walked about two miles to Hampton Court, passing, on the way through Bushy Park, a noble grove, with an avenue of horse-chestnut trees in the center more than a mile long. The trees are from two to three feet in diameter, and are in exact rows. The avenue is about one hundred feet wide, and the trees on either side three rods apart. Back of each row of horse-chestnuts are four rows of elms and oaks, making in all more than one thousand five hundred noble trees, on a sward of most soft and beautiful texture. The upper end of the avenue expands into a broad circle,

inclosing a fine pond, in the center of which is a statue of Diana and her attendants. Three hundred yards beyond the basin we enter the grounds of Hampton Court, through a gate on the posts of which are two huge lions in stone. This noble old palace and grounds were for a long time the seat of a Chapter of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1515, when Cardinal Wolsey was at the height of his power, he sent physicians to find the most healthful locality within twenty miles of London. They selected this spot, and Wolsey purchased it, erecting a palace more regal than any King of England had yet built. When Henry VIII. became jealous of its magnificence, Wolsey presented it to him. Here Henry lived, and here much of the splendor and shame of his social life was exhibited. Here Elizabeth lived many years. The good William and Mary engaged Wren to enlarge and beautify the palace and grounds, and resided here. Anne, also, and James, and the two Charleses, and succeeding sovereigns down to, and including, George II. Since then the sovereigns have made Windsor their country place, and Hampton Court has passed into a kind of hospital. The only royal rule imposed upon visitors is that they must not enter the precincts with any such plebeian vehicle as a hansom or cab; nothing less than a "fly" will do. The building covers about eight acres, and the grounds are almost as beautiful as I can conceive level ground to be made. I never weary of looking at English turf; we have nothing like it in the United States. When London can put over a square mile of land in a single park, and have a dozen of them, great and small, it is a shame that in a country where we have both room and noble trees we have not one outside of New York and Baltimore worthy of the name.* The grounds of Hampton Court are laid out a little too regularly, evidently on the artificial French model; but they are, nevertheless, very beautiful. We visited the state apartments of William and Mary, which seemed to have been constructed to symbolize and perpetuate the true and noble love of those two most worthy people. There are few sovereigns for whom I have so high a regard and admiration as these. Much of the state furniture remains in the building, and there are about one thousand two hundred pictures,—many poor, but some very good. A large number of quaint old pictures by Hans Holbein, which made me laugh at their grotesqueness, and yet I greatly admire their power and perfection. A portrait of bluff King Hal, seated under a canopy with one of his wives, and the Princess Elizabeth near him,

* Written in 1867.

was a most singular specimen of a Dutch interior. The embarkation of Henry VIII. from Dover, in 1520, and the meeting of Henry with Francis, were remarkable specimens of the Dutch notions of perspective three hundred years ago.

One room was wholly devoted to the paintings of our Philadelphian, Benj. West, who did much service for George III. The work was good, but I wondered how it affected the Republican loyalty of West. Several pictures by Titian and Rubens, and two heads by Rembrandt, the latter specially noticeable, attracted me. One room exhibited the beauties of the court of Charles II., among whom the apple-girl, Nell Gwynne, was prominent. Fine old vases of Delft ware, which William and Mary brought over from Holland, were in one room. We visited the Grand Hall, hung with tapestry, where the great assemblies were held, and where a sport was had, cruel as history or literature could devise. Shakspeare's "Henry VIII." (The Fall of Wolsey) was acted on the very stage over which were the portraits of Wolsey and Henry, wrought into the very structure of the building. Beyond the Hall was the withdrawing-room, tapestried also, where James I., better fitted to be a professor of Latin or theology than a king, presided over a convocation of, and discussion between, the doctors of the Established Church and the old Kirk, which produced great results for Great Britain.

We visited the old Black Hamburg vine in the vinery, which is 101 years old, and has now 1500 clusters. The England for which its first clusters ripened was not fit to drink of the wine of its last vintage. No country has made nobler progress against greater obstacles than this heroic England in the last hundred years. After going through "The Maze," we partook of a good dinner at the hotel near the gates, and taking the S. W. Railway, were in London in a few minutes, and in our rooms before 9 P. M.

SUNDAY, Aug. 4, 1867.

WENT at an early hour down Regent street, across Westminster Bridge, into that part of London, called Newington, to the Metropolitan Tabernacle of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. By good fortune we were invited by a pewholder to take seats in his pew in the second gallery, and finding our shipmate, Rev. Mr. Goodrich, of New Haven, on the steps, took him with us. I did not intend to listen to Spurgeon as to some *lusus nature*, but to try to discover what manner of man he was, and what was the secret of his power. In the first place, the house is a fine building, and we had a good opportunity to examine it while

the people were assembling. It will seat comfortably at least seven thousand people. The popular estimate is ten thousand, but seven thousand is nearer the fact. The building was two-thirds filled before the main doors were opened to the public. When they were opened, a great throng poured in and filled every seat, step, and aisle to the utmost. At half-past 11 Spurgeon came in, and at once offered a short, simple, earnest prayer, and read and helped the whole congregation to sing Dr. Watts's stirring hymn:

"There is a land of pure delight."

For the first time in my life I felt some sympathy with the doctrine that would reject instrumental music from church worship. There must have been five thousand voices joining in the hymn. The whole building was filled and overflowed with the strong volume of song. The music made itself felt as a living, throbbing presence that entered your nerves, brain, heart, and filled and swept you away in its resistless current.

After the singing, Spurgeon read a chapter of the lamentations of Job, and then a contrasted passage from Paul, both relating to life and death. He accompanied his reading with familiar and sensible, sometimes striking, expository comments; and then followed another hymn, a longer prayer, a short hymn and then the sermon, from a text from the chapter he had read in Job: "All my appointed days will I wait till my change come." He evidently proceeded upon the assumption that the Bible, all the Bible, in its very words, phrases, and sentences, is the word of God; and that a microscopic examination of it will reveal ever-opening beauties and blessings. All the while he impresses you with that, and also with the living fullness and abundance of his faith in the presence of God, and the personal accountability of all to Him. An unusual fullness of belief in these respects seems to me to lie at the foundation of his power. Intellectually he is marked by his ability to hold with great tenacity, and pursue with great persistency any line of thought he chooses. He makes the most careful and painstaking study of the subject in hand. There can be no doubt that fully as much of his success depends upon his labor as upon his force of intellect. He has chosen the doctrines and the literature of the Bible as his field, and does not allow himself to be drawn aside. He rarely wanders into the fields of poesy, except to find the stirring hymns which may serve to illustrate his theme. He uses Bible texts and incidents with great readiness and appropriateness, and directs all his power, not toward his sermon,

but toward his hearers. His arrangement is clear, logical, and perfectly comprehensible, and at the end of each main division of the sermon he makes a personal application of the truth developed to his hearers, and asks God to bless it. His manner is exceedingly simple and unaffected. He does not appear to be aware that he is doing a great thing, and I could see no indication that his success has turned his head. He has the word-painting power quite at his command, but uses it sparingly. I could see those nervous motions of the hands and feet which all forcible speakers make when preparing to speak; and also in his speaking, the sympathy between his body and his thoughts, which controlled his gestures, and produced those little touches of theatrical power, so effective in a speaker. His pronunciation is exceedingly good. In the whole service I noticed but one mispronunciation. He said "transient." There appears to be almost no idiom in his language. An American audience would hardly know he was not an American.

Every good man ought to be thankful for the work Spurgeon is doing. I could not but contrast this worship with that I saw a few days ago at Westminster Abbey. In that proud old mausoleum of kings, venerable with years and royal pride, the great organ rolled out its deep tones, and sobbed and thundered its grand music, mingled with the intoning of the hired singers. Before the assembly of rich and titled worshippers sat a choir of twenty persons. The choir boys, in their white robes, had been fighting among the tombs and monuments of the nave just before the service began. However devout and effective their worship may be, it is very costly, and must be confined to a great extent to the higher classes. I felt that Spurgeon had opened an asylum where the great untitled, the poor and destitute of this great city, could come and find their sorrows met with sympathy; their lowliness and longings for a better life touched by a large heart and an undoubted faith. God bless Spurgeon! He is helping to work out the problem of religious and civil freedom for England in a way that he knows not of.

In the afternoon we walked in the Botanical Gardens, in Regent's Park, and spent nearly three hours in these delightful grounds. I never tire of the sweet and subduing beauties of this park. While sitting in the great greenhouses, under the tropical plants, we read an article from the "Westminster Review," for August, 1867, entitled "The Social Era of George III." The writer says the three greatest indications of a people's civilization are: 1. The state of the roads; 2. The state

of agriculture; 3. The mode of transportation; and proceeds to apply these texts to the state of England at the beginning (1760) of George the Third's reign and at its close (1820). I am surprised at the facts he developed. I had supposed that such great contrasts could only be shown between periods of centuries,—like that exhibited by Macaulay in the third chapter of the first volume of his History. But this article shows that the greater part of all the change that Macaulay shows in that chapter has taken place within the memory of men now living.

I make this note in order to keep in mind the article, that I may call it up hereafter.

I notice the old Vauxhall Gardens, so admirably described in Frances Burney's "Evelina," have disappeared. The S. W. Railway runs through them, and a thousand tenements fill the space where only people in full dress could be admitted fifty years ago.

London is still growing rapidly, and is destined to do all that cities in this age can accomplish. It is a phenomenon—a wonder which grows upon me every day.

MONDAY, August 5, 1867.

WENT again to the British Museum, and spent three hours in the upper story. Went through the zoölogical collection, which is very full. C. thought our American birds had a touch of the impudence and freedom in their bearing which characterizes the people! African, Australian, and South American vie with each other in gorgeousness of plumage. The Geological Department is exceedingly fine. I should know the place from Hugh Miller's description of it. The Pompeian remains were full of interest, and another room of Anglo-Roman antiquities confirms me in the opinion that we do not make sufficient account of the influence of the Romans upon our English civilization. From the Museum, we passed down Oxford street, among the second-hand book-stores, and took an omnibus to the Bank of England, near which, at Brown, Shipley & Co's, we find a letter from H—.

Visited the Tower of London, so full of sad, strange history. It was built by William the Conqueror, soon after the conquest, in 1066, as a defense for himself and his court against the turbulent Britons, and has been added to by many succeeding sovereigns until it is now a curious compound of all the fusions of architecture, and an embodiment of the ideas and purposes of seven or eight centuries. The White Tower in the center, built by William, has many of the old Norman features in its architecture; and, though much of its exterior has been renovated, yet

there is here and there a double-arched window of the Norman style, and, in the interior, a wonderfully well-preserved chapel of quaint Norman pillars. Its walls are thirteen feet thick, and its dungeons admitted no light nor air, except through the main entrance. The cell in which Raleigh slept, and the room where he wrote his "History of the World," were touching memorials of the heroism and intellect of a cruel age. The dungeons and inscriptions on the walls, carved by prisoners; the instruments of torture, the block and axe, and mark of the stroke; the quaint suits of armor, from the earliest days of the Norman kings till gunpowder stripped soldiers of all defense; the cavalry cuirasses, torn by shot and shell on the field of Waterloo, being the last attempt at armor on the field; the conquered banners of civilized and uncivilized nations; the weapons of all sizes and forms for the destruction of human life, from the battle-axe, pike, matchlock, stone-shot, to the one hundred thousand breech-loading Enfield rifles with which England has just armed herself; the crown jewels; the crowns worn by so many English sovereigns; the scepters, from the heavy rod of solid gold of one of the Edwards, and the splendid ivory and gold wand of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, to the costly scepter which Victoria bore at her coronation; the baptismal font of solid gold, used at the baptism of her children; the massive golden maces, with which she opens Parliament; the inclosed spot of green in the yard, where the gallows stood, where so many criminal and innocent were put to death; the Traitor's Gate, through which all prisoners charged with high treason were brought from the Thames; the stairway, under which the fierce King John secreted the bones of his royal nephews, whom he here murdered; the room where an English duke was drowned in a butt of Malmsey,—all these have been associated in my mind with the Dinotherium, the Mastodon, the Megatherium, and the Ichthyosaurus which I saw this morning in the Museum. This Tower seemed a monster, tearing down men and families, and crunching them in its merciless jaws, as the Dinotherium crushed and devoured the fern-trees, dateless ages ago. Both are passed away. The fern-trees burn in the grates and glow in the chandeliers of thousands of happy homes, and the broken hearts and crushed hopes of a thousand martyrs, who sleep under the shadows of this terrible Tower, have given civil and religious liberty; and their memories and brave words live and glow in the hearts of many millions of Englishmen, and will bless coming generations. May the Tower stand there many centuries,

as a mark to show how high the red deluge rose, and how happy is this England of Victoria compared with that of her ancestors!

On our way home, we walked through Billingsgate, which has given a word to our language. I saw in the stalls a curious little animal, which seemed a cross between a lobster and a beetle. I asked the fishwoman who presided what they were.

"Four-pence a pint," said she.

"But," said I, "*what are they?*"

"Four-pence the pint, I tell ye."

"But," I persisted, "what is the name of the animals you have for sale?"

"Humph! *shrimps*," and, with a look of contemptuous indignation: "That's all *you* wanted!"

After dinner we went to Madame Tussaud's, in Baker street, and spent two or three hours among her wax figures and historical relics. Here were all the sovereigns of Europe, from William the Conqueror down, and many distinguished men of other nations and other ages. The verisimilitude of life in these figures produced a singular effect upon my mind, not altogether pleasing. I think it shocks us when we see Art so nearly a copy of Nature as almost to deceive us. When I see Napoleon in marble, without the accidents of boots, hat, or coat, I think of those permanent characteristics of head and face which belong to history; but when I see him so like life as to feel like begging his pardon for crowding him, I am balanced between a live and a dead man, and the effect is not pleasing. Yet I get a more vivid and, I presume, a more correct impression of how men looked than in any other way. The effigy of Washington gave me a better idea of how he looked when President than any statue or picture I have seen. Many of the dresses are the identical ones worn on State occasions. The effigies of many of the kings of England will long remain in my memory, such as William the Norman, Richard Cœur de Lion, the murderer John, from whom Magna Charta was forced, old Hal and his six wives, red-haired Elizabeth, handsome, thoughtful William of Orange. I also mention the fine head, face, and eye of Walter Scott.

TUESDAY, Aug. 6, 1867.

OUR first rainy day in London. Though we have had remarkably cool weather, a thin overcoat being almost every day comfortable, we have had but little London fog, and no shower until to-day. But all day, London has been like Mantilini's supposed condition: "a demmed, damp, moist, unpleasant body." The fog was visible, palpable, tangible; a wet, cold sheet, which, like that in Mrs. Barbauld's "Washing Day," "flaps in the face abrupt."

Called on Mr. Adams and his wife. Mrs. Adams is a woman of fine sense and vigor, * * * and showed a keen appreciation of the diplomatic struggle through which we have passed with England. Had a pleasant talk of an hour with Mr. Adams at his office; also with Morgan, Secretary of Legation. Mr. Adams spoke of the character of his father and grandfather. He thinks the chief difference was in culture, his father having much more training. He is preparing his father's works for publication. I spoke of his grandmother's letters, which he edited many years ago, and he said there were many more that should have been published.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 7, 1867.

CAME this morning by way of St. James's Park, and entered again the old Abbey and, with my inkstand resting on the tablet of Chaucer's tomb, I make this note. We have just read Irving's chapter on Westminster Abbey, and find it wonderfully suggestive to look upon the objects that met his eye when he wrote. I notice that he praises an inscription which declares that "all the sons" of the deceased "were brave, and all his daughters virtuous," and the same thing is mentioned contemptuously by Hawthorne in his late book, "Our Old Home." I found myself leaning rather toward Hawthorne in this matter. I am struck with the different estimate which a man's contemporaries place upon him from that in which later generations hold him. Of course, I know how mendacious epitaphs are; yet they may be supposed to be about equally false, and may enable us to judge of the relative estimation in which the different dead were held. Here by my side lies Abraham Cowley, under a fine marble monument surmounted by a lofty, flower-wreathed urn. A few steps away is the bust of Milton, surmounting a decorated tablet on which William Benson, Esquire, attempts to make the world know who he was, by telling us that in the year 1737 he caused this bust to be made and placed here; he, who had the "distinguished honor of being one of the two Auditors of the Imprests of George II."* He does not see fit to tell us that Milton was Latin Secretary of State to the stout old Commonwealth, which did so much in its rough way for English liberty. That reign is quite ignored. It is only in Madame Tussaud's wax-work that I have seen "Old Noll" recognized.

* "Auditors of the Prest, or Imprests, are officers in the Exchequer who formerly had the charge of auditing the great accounts of the king's customs, naval and military expences, and of all monies impressed to any man for the king's service; but they are now superseded by the commissioners for auditing the public accounts." Rees's Cyclopaedia: London, 1819.

Another thing that strikes me with force,—that many of the bewigged and highly bepraised busts are mere intruders, who ought to, if they could, feel ashamed to be thrust into such august company. For instance: why should Gulielmus Outram fill so large a space with his long, Latin eulogium, which no one cares to read, that Macaulay's bust must be pushed almost out of sight between him and the full length of Addison? By the way, this prim Addison would be ashamed, if he knew his nearest neighbors—Macaulay and Thackeray—to stand so plumply before them, who are so much his superiors in everything except style. It is appropriate that Garrick should be buried where he is, at the feet of Shakspeare; but his ridiculous, life-size statue, on the wall nearly opposite, is in a theatrical attitude, which I am sure he would not approve; and the epitaph is fustian, which he would not have spoken. I am glad to see that Lamb thought of it as it impresses me. His statue reminds me of Sam Weller, as Cruikshank shows him to us in the frontispiece of "The Pickwick Papers."

It is raining now (1.15 P. M.), and "the dim, religious light" is too feeble to read by; much too feeble to write by. I very much want B—— here, that I might watch his face and see the conflict between the historical and literary pleasure he would feel and his chronic disgust at all humbug and pretension.

In the main nave of the Abbey is the tomb of Newton, with his statue reclining on a block sarcophagus, with sculptured designs, showing his astronomical and mathematical discoveries, and also his work in the Mint on the recoinage.

THURSDAY, August 8, 1867.

VISITED Kensington Museum and Hyde Park. Met Mr. and Mrs. H——, of Cleveland, who were jaded and weary of sixteen months of sight-seeing. The museum is of much more consequence than I supposed. It contains a large collection of manufactures, ancient and modern; of articles of furniture and house-building, as well as casts of the most celebrated pieces of sculpture. Also, the cartoons of Raphael, or part of them; many paintings by Edwin and Charles Landseer, West, Reynolds, Turner, and the original of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." We spent nearly three hours here, and came away regretfully. At 4, we went to Westminster Hall. I sent Mr. Chase's letter to John Bright, who came out and got me in back of the Peers' seat, under the Speaker's gallery, where I had a fine view, and where I staid—except when divisions were being taken—till near midnight.

When I went in at half-past 4, petitions

were being presented in open house; each member reading his petition, and carrying it to the Speaker's table. There are no pages, and, besides the doorkeepers, there appear to be no officers in the House, except the Speaker, who wears a full-bottomed wig, and three clerks, who sit directly before him, in half, or short wigs.

When a member read a petition of four thousand citizens of Birmingham in favor of Lord Cairns's amendment for a third vote in tripartite constituencies, Bright followed with a monster petition on the other side. Then followed a volley of questions fired at the Administration from all sides, and their responses. Disraeli sat passionless and motionless, except a trotting of the foot, indicative of a high pitch of intellectual activity and expectancy. His face reveals nothing. The most pointed allusions, either of logic, fact, or wit, fail to move a muscle or change a line of the expression.

At 5, the Reform Bill is announced, and all sounds subside in the crowded hall—so full that several members sit in the gallery.* Disraeli, in a very calm, somewhat halting way, goes over the chief points of the Lords' amendments, puts them very adroitly, and in a very conciliatory tone speaks about twenty minutes. Meanwhile, Bright has been sitting on the second row, and next the gangway, taking a note now and then, manifesting a little nervousness in the hands and fingers, and occasionally passing his hand over his ample forehead. Mill is settled down in his seat, with his chin resting in the palm of his hand, and giving close attention, as he does to everything that passes. By the way, his face greatly disappoints me in one respect: there is nothing of the Jovine breadth and fullness of brow I expected; but there is great depth from brow to cerebellum, and strong, well-defined features. There is a nervous twitching of the muscles of his head and face, which probably results from hard work. Gladstone rises and opens the debate on the Opposition side, in an adroit speech of eight minutes, evidently reserving himself for a fuller assault later in the evening. He is the most un-English speaker I have yet heard, and the best. Disraeli shows great tact in determining how far to persist and when to yield. In that essential point of leadership, Palmerston has probably never been excelled. Disraeli is no mean disciple of his. Gladstone, with more

ability than either, is said to be especially lacking in that respect.

After several more amendments have been given up with apparent reluctance, but for the sake of harmony, the amendment of Lord Cairns is reached, on which the ministry intend to make a stubborn fight. Bright opens the attack in a speech of half an hour or more. Though cordially disliked by the Tories, he compels attention at once. With a form like that of Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, he has a large, round, full, fine, massive head, and straight, almost delicate nose. He has a full, rotund voice, and, like Gladstone, is un-English in his style—that is, he speaks right on, with but little of that distressful hobbling which marks the mass of Parliamentary speakers. With all my sympathy with Bright and the Liberals, I am inclined to favor the amendment. I remember Mill's discussion of it in his "Representative Government," and his approving reference to the work of Hare on the same subject. Bright put the case very strongly on his side, and pointed out the anomalies it would produce; but I thought they would result from the limited application of the principle, rather than from the principle itself. I also thought it a little inconsistent in him, who has been so bold an advocate for change, to object to this as an innovation. But he put his case very strongly, and made us sympathize with his earnestness. Many speeches were leveled at him; but, like all politicians, he seems to have become a pachyderm, and paid no attention to it. Howmuchsoever they may affect to despise him, they cannot blink the fact, which even "The Times" admitted this morning in a mean attack on him, that "John Bright was the most skillful speaker in England, and, in some kinds of oratory, the first orator."

I notice that many of the leaders were high honor men at the universities. Gladstone took a "double-first"; Roundell Palmer took a "first" in classics, and many other classic honors and prizes. Mill is not a University man, but his "Logic" has been a text-book at Oxford for twenty years. Tom Hughes, who made Rugby and himself immortal, was not a first-class scholar. Forster is a good speaker and a Radical, but I do not know what his scholarship was.

At 10, Gladstone rose and spoke for nearly an hour, going into the whole question with great clearness and incisive force. He spoke with much more feeling than any other except Bright. Gladstone was followed by Lowe, who is considered the strongest man of his school in the House. He sits on the Opposition side; but on this question of suffrage is Conservative. He is nearly blind, and spoke

* Bill 79, Commons. The Bill is very voluminous, and is a comprehensive demand of the people of England for a broader and fairer participation in the legislation and administration of the affairs of their country, and for the correction of evident abuses of the Franchise.

without notes and with his eyes apparently shut. He combines sharpness with a remarkable toughness of intellectual fiber, which makes him a powerful assailant. It was exceedingly fine, the way he sought out and javelined the exposed joints of his antagonist's harness. Gladstone winced manifestly. About half-past 11 a division was had, which resulted: 206 against, and 258 in favor. This is a strong example of the influence of the Ministry. When the same principle was discussed in the Commons a few weeks ago, Disraeli made a strong speech against it, and it was negatived by 140 majority. It has been very curious to see what different and opposite motives have moved men to favor this new feature in representative government. Mill votes for this only as an installment of what he has long advocated as a *doctrine*: that minorities should be repre-

sented, and he hopes to see it prevail in all elections. He thinks it will vitalize voters, and virtually extend the suffrage. He votes for it as a higher step toward democracy. Gladstone opposes it for this very reason, and several others because it will give them a Tory member. "The Times" favors it for this reason, and because it thinks it will control the democratic tendencies of the bill.

The measure seems to me to be vulnerable: first, because of the practical difficulties in carrying it into operation; secondly, because of its partial application.

The voting-paper clause was taken up, and the House of Commons refused to concur with the Lords.

I left the Commons a little before midnight, having witnessed the practical consummation of the greatest advance toward political liberty made in England in a century.

From London, before leaving Great Britain, General and Mrs. Garfield went to Warwick, Stratford, York, Edinburgh, Melrose and Abbotsford, Glasgow and Ayrshire, and Leith, whence they took steamer to Rotterdam. The remainder of the trip was devoted to Holland, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy, France, and London again. The return voyage was made from Queenstown, October 24, in the *Helvetia*.

DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS

LET us enjoy the present as is meet,
Nor anger heaven to take our joys away
By weak complainings that the hours are fleet,
And death too soon shall close our little day.

In the brief space that lies 'twixt morn and eve,
Some trees of life may bloom, some hopes may grow,
Some clear persuasion that the bliss we leave
Is but a gleam of that to which we go.

So that, when falls the dusk at set of sun,
Glad we may turn from toil to rest awhile,
Sure to complete the tasks we leave undone,
With stronger purpose 'neath the morrow's smile.

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

IN WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY.

NO OTHER English poet has touched me quite so closely as Wordsworth. All classes of men delight in Shakspeare; he is the universal genius; but Wordsworth's poetry has more the character of a message, and a message special and personal to a few readers. He stands for a particular phase of human thought and experience, and his service to certain minds is like an initiation into a new order of mysteries. His limitations make him all the more private and precious, like the seclusion of one of his mountain dales. He is not and can never be the world's poet, but

the poet of those who love solitude and solitary communion with nature. Shakspeare's attitude toward nature is for the most part like that of a gay, careless reveler, who leaves his companions for a moment to pluck a flower or gather a shell here and there, as they stroll

"By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea."

But in Wordsworth's love, nature is not second, but first; the poetic rill with him rises in the mountains.

You can hardly appreciate the extent to

which he has absorbed and reproduced the spirit of the Westmoreland scenery until you have visited that region. I paused there a few days in early June, on my way south, and again on my return late in July. I walked up from Windermere to Grasmere, where, on the second visit, I took up my abode at the historic Swan Inn, where Scott used to go surreptitiously to get his mug of beer when he was stopping with Wordsworth.

The call of the cuckoo came to me from over Rydal Water as I passed along; I plucked my first foxglove by the road-side; paused and listened to the voice of the mountain torrent; heard

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep";

caught many a glimpse of green, unpeopled hills, urn-shaped dells, treeless heights, rocky promontories, secluded valleys, and clear, swift-running streams. The scenery was somber; there were but two colors, green and brown, verging on black; wherever the rock cropped out of the green turf on the mountain-sides, or in the vale, it showed a dark face. But the tenderness and freshness of the green tints were something to remember,—the hue of the first springing April grass, massed and wide-spread in midsummer.

Then there was a quiet splendor, almost grandeur, about Grasmere vale, such as I had not seen elsewhere,—a kind of monumental beauty and dignity that agreed well with one's conception of the loftier strains of its poet. It is not too much dominated by the mountains, though shut in on all sides by them; that stately level floor of the valley keeps them back and defines them, and they rise up from its outer margin like rugged, green-tufted and green-draped walls.

It is doubtless this feature, as De Quincey says, this plane-like character of the valley, that makes the scenery of the Grasmere more impressive than the scenery in North Wales, where the physiognomy of the mountains is essentially the same, but where the valleys are more bowl-shaped. Amid so much that is steep and rugged and broken, the eye delights in the repose and equilibrium of horizontal lines,—a bit of table-land, the surface of the lake, or the level of the valley bottom. The principal valleys of our own Catskill region all have this stately floor so characteristic of Wordsworth's country. It was a pleasure which I daily indulged in to stand on the bridge by Grasmere Church, with that full, limpid stream before me, pausing and deepening under the stone embankment near where the dust of the poet lies, and let the eye sweep across the plane to the foot of the near mountains, or dwell upon their encircling summits

above the tops of the trees and the roofs of the village. The water-ouzel loved to linger there too, and would sit in contemplative mood on the stones around which the water loitered and murmured, its clear white breast alone defining it from the object upon which it rested. Then it would trip along the margin of the pool, or flit a few feet over its surface, and suddenly, as if it had burst like a bubble, vanish before your eyes; there would be a little splash of the water beneath where you saw it, as if the drop of which it was composed had reunited with the surface there. Then, in a moment or two, it would emerge from the water beneath which it had disappeared so quickly, and take up its stand as dry and unruffled as ever. It was always amusing to see this plump little bird, so unlike a water-fowl in shape and manner, disappear in the stream. It did not seem to dive, but simply dropped into the water, as if its wings had suddenly failed it. Sometimes it fairly tumbled in from its perch. It was gone from sight in a twinkling, and while you were wondering how it could accomplish the feat of walking on the bottom of the stream under there, it re-appeared as unconcerned as possible. It is a song-bird, a thrush, and gives a feature to these mountain streams and water-falls, which ours, except on the Pacific coast, entirely lack. The stream that winds through Grasmere vale, and flows against the embankment of the church-yard, as the Avon at Stratford, is of great beauty—clean, bright, full, trouty, with just a tinge of gypsy blood in its veins, which it gets from the black tarns and the mountains, and which adds to its richness of color. I saw an angler take some trout from it, not so brilliantly colored or so finely made as American trout. After a heavy rain the stream was not roily, but slightly darker in hue; these fields and mountains are so turf-bound that no particle of soil is carried away by the water.

Falls and cascades are a great feature all through this country, as they are a marked feature in Wordsworth's poetry. One's ear is everywhere haunted by the sound of falling water; and when the ear cannot hear them, the eye can see the streaks or patches of white foam down the green declivities. There is no hum of woods, and no trees above the valley bottom to obstruct the view or muffle the sounds of distant streams. When I was at Grasmere there was much rain, and this stanza of the poet came to mind:

"Loud is the Vale! The voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her voices, one!"

The words vale and dell come to have a new meaning after one has visited Words-

worth's country, just as the words cottage and shepherd also have so much more significance there and in Scotland than at home.

"Dear child of Nature, let them rail!
— There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbor and a hold,
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt see
Thy own delightful days, and be
A light to young and old."

Every humble dwelling looks like a nest; that in which the poet himself lived had a cozy, nest-like look; and every vale is green—a cradle amid rocky heights, padded and carpeted with the thickest turf.

Wordsworth is described as the poet of nature. He is more the poet of man, deeply wrought upon by a certain phase of nature,—the nature of those somber, quiet, green, far-reaching mountain solitudes. There is a shepherd quality about him; he loves the flocks, the heights, the tarn, the tender herbage, the sheltered dell, the fold, with a kind of poetized shepherd instinct. Lambs and sheep and their haunts, and those who tend them, recur perpetually in his poems. How well his verse harmonizes with those high, green, and gray solitudes, where the silence is only broken by the bleat of lambs or sheep, or just stirred by the voice of distant water-falls! Simple, elemental, yet profoundly tender and human, he had

"the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be."

He brooded upon nature, but it was nature mirrored in his own heart. In his poem of "The Brothers," he says of his hero, who had gone to sea:

"He had been rear'd
Among the mountains, and he in his heart
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.
 Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard
The tones of water-falls, and inland sounds
Of caves and trees";

and leaning over the vessel's side and gazing into the "broad green wave and sparkling foam," he

"Saw mountains,—saw the forms of sheep that
grazed
On verdant hills."

This was what his own heart told him; every experience or sentiment called those beloved images to his own mind.

One afternoon, when the sun seemed likely to get the better of the soft rain-clouds, I set out to climb to the top of Helvellyn. I followed the highway a mile or more beyond the Swan Inn, and then I committed myself to a foot-path that turns up the mountain-side to the right, and crosses into Grisedale and so to Ulleswater. Two school-girls whom I overtook put me on the right track. The voice of a foaming mountain torrent was in

my ears a long distance, and now and then the path crossed it. Fairfield Mountain was on my right hand, Helm Crag and Dunmail Raise on my left. Grasmere plain soon lay far below. The hay-makers, encouraged by a gleam of sunshine, were hastily raking together the rain-blackened hay. From my outlook they appeared to be slowly and laboriously rolling up a great sheet of dark-brown paper, uncovering beneath it one of the most fresh and vivid green. The mown grass is so long in curing in this country (frequently two weeks) that the new blades spring beneath it and a second crop is well under way before the old is "carried." The long mountain slopes up which I was making my way were as verdant as the plain below me. Large coarse ferns or bracken, with an under lining of fine grass, covered the ground on the lower portions. On the higher, grass alone prevailed. On the top of the divide, looking down into the valley of Ulleswater, I came upon one of those black tarns or mountain lakelets which are such a feature in this strange scenery. The word tarn has no meaning with us, though our young poets sometimes use it as they do this Yorkshire word wold; one they get from Wordsworth, the other from Tennyson. But when you have seen one of those still, inky pools at the head of a silent, lonely West-morland dale, you will not be apt to misapply the word in future. Suddenly the serene shepherd mountain opens this black, gleaming eye at your feet, and it is all the more weird for having no eyebrow of rocks, or fringe of rush or bush. The steep, encircling slopes drop down and hem it about with the most green and uniform turf. If its rim had been modeled by human hands, it could not have been more regular or gentle in outline. Beneath its emerald coat the soil is black and peaty, which accounts for the hue of the water and the dark line that encircles it.

"All round this pool both flocks and herds might
drink

On its firm margin, even as from a well,
Or some stone basin, which the herdsman's hand
Had shaped for their refreshment."

The path led across the outlet of the tarn and then divided, one branch going down into the head of Grisedale, and the other mounting up the steep flank of Helvellyn. Far up the green acclivity I met a man and two young women making their way slowly down. They had come from Glenridding on Ulleswater, and were going to Grasmere. The women looked cold, and said I would find it wintry on the summit.

Helvellyn has a broad flank and a long back, and comes to a head very slowly and gently. You reach a wire fence well up

on the top that divides some sheep ranges, pass through a gate, and have a mile yet to the highest ground in front of you; but you could traverse it in a buggy, it is so smooth and grassy. The grass fails just before the summit is reached, and the ground is covered with small thin stone and pebbles. The view is impressive, and such as one likes to sit down to and drink in slowly—a

"grand terraqueous spectacle,
From center to circumference, unveil'd."

The wind was moderate and not cold. Toward Ulleswater the mountain drops down abruptly many hundred feet, but its vast western slope appeared one smooth, unbroken surface of grass. The following jottings in my note-book on the spot preserve some of the features of the scene. "All the northern landscape lies in sunlight as far as Carlisle

'a tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops;'

not quite so severe and rugged as the Scotch mountains, but the view more pleasing and more extensive than the one I got from Ben Venue. The black tarns at my feet,—Keppel Cove Tarn one of them, according to my map,—how curious they look! I can just discern the figure of a man moving by the marge of one of them. Away beyond Ulleswater is a vast sweep of country flecked here and there by slowly moving cloud shadows. To the north-east, in places, the backs and sides of the mountain have a green, pastoral voluptuousness, so smooth and full are they with thick turf. At other points the rock has fretted through the verdant carpet. St. Sunday's Crag, to the west across Grisedale, is a steep acclivity covered with small loose stone, as if they had been dumped over the top, and were slowly sliding down; but nowhere do I see great boulders strewn about. Patches of black peat are here and there. The little rills, near and far, are white as milk, so swiftly do they run. On the more precipitous sides the grass and moss are lodged, and hold like snow, and are as tender in hue as the first April blades. A multitude of lakes are in view and Morecambe Bay to the south. There are sheep everywhere, loosely scattered with their lambs; occasionally I hear them bleat. No other sound is heard but the chirp of the mountain pipit (the wheat-ear fitting here and there). One mountain now lies in full sunshine, as fat as a seal, wrinkled and dimpled where it turns to the west, like a fat animal when it bends to lick itself. What a spectacle is now before me!—all the near mountains in shadow, and the distant in strong sunlight; I shall not see the like of that again. On some of the mountains the green vestments are in tatters and rags, so to speak, and

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barely cling to them. No heather in view. Toward Windermere the high peaks and crests are much more jagged and rocky. The air is filled with the same white, motionless vapor as in Scotland. When the sun breaks through

'Slant watery lights, from parting clouds, apace
Travel along the precipice's base,
Cheering its naked waste of scatter'd stone.'

Amid these scenes one comes face to face with nature,

"With the pristine earth,
The planet in its nakedness,"

as he cannot in a wooded country. The primal, abysmal energies, grown tender and meditative as it were, thoughtful of the shepherd and his flocks, and voiceful only in the leaping torrents, look out upon one near at hand and pass a mute recognition. Wordsworth perpetually refers to these hills and dales as lonely or lonesome; but his heart was still more lonely. The outward solitude was congenial to the isolation and profound privacy of his own soul. "Lonesome," he says of one of these mountain dales, but

"Not melancholy,—no, for it is green
And bright and fertile, furnished in itself
With the few needful things that life requires.
In rugged arms how soft it seems to lie,
How tenderly protected."

It is this tender and sheltering character of the mountains of the Lake district that is one main source of their charm. So rugged and lofty, and yet so mellow and delicate! No shaggy, weedy growths or tangles anywhere; nothing wilder than the bracken, which at a distance looks as solid as the grass. The turf is as fine and thick as that of a lawn. The dainty-nosed lambs could not crave a tenderer bite than it affords. The wool of the dams could hardly be softer to the foot. The last of July the grass was still short and thick, as if it never shot up a stalk and produced seed, but always remained a fine, close mat. Nothing was more unlike what I was used to at home than this universal tendency (the same is true in Scotland and in Wales) to grass, and on the lower slopes to bracken, as if these were the only two plants in nature. Many of these eminences in the north of England, too lofty for hills and too smooth for mountains, are called fells. The railway between Carlisle and Preston winds between them, as Houghili Fells, Tebay Fells, Shap Fells, etc. They are, even in midsummer, of such a vivid and uniform green that it seems as if they must have been painted. Nothing blurs or mars the hue: no stalk of weed or stem of dry grass. The scene, in singleness and purity of tint, rivals the blue of the sky. Nature does not seem to ripen and grow sere as autumn approaches, but wears the tints of May in October.

John Burroughs.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XV.

THE CRADLE FALLS.

In the rear of the great commercial center of New Orleans, on that part of Common street where it suddenly widens out, broad, unpaved, and dusty, rises the huge dull-brown structure of brick, famed, well-nigh as far as the city is known, as the Charity Hospital.

Twenty-five years ago, when the emigrant ships used to unload their swarms of homeless and friendless strangers into the streets of New Orleans to fall a prey to yellow fever or cholera, that solemn pile sheltered thousands on thousands of desolate and plague-stricken Irish and Germans, receiving them unquestioned, until at times the very floors were covered with the sick and dying, and the sawing and hammering in the coffin-shop across the inner court ceased not day or night. Sombre monument at once of charity and sin! For while its comfort and succor cost the houseless wanderer nothing, it lived and grew, and lives and grows still, upon the licensed vices of the people,—drinking, harlotry, and gambling.

The Charity Hospital of St. Charles—such is its true name—is, however, no mere plague-house. Whether it ought to be, let doctors decide. How good or necessary such modern innovations as "ridge ventilation," "movable bases," the "pavilion plan," "trained nurses," etc., may be, let the Auxiliary Sanitary Association say. There it stands as of old, innocent of all sins that may be involved in any of these changes, rising story over story, up and up; here a ward for poisonous fevers, and there a ward for acute surgical cases; here a story full of simple ailments, and there a ward specially set aside for women.

In 1857 this last was Dr. Sevier's ward. Here, at his stated hour one summer morning in that year, he tarried a moment, yonder by that window, just where you enter the ward and before you come to the beds. He had fallen into discourse with some of the more inquiring minds among the train of students that accompanied him, and waited there to finish

and cool down to a physician's proper temperature. The question was public sanitation.

He was telling a tall Arkansan, with high-combed hair, self-conscious gloves, and very broad, clean-shaven lower jaw, how the peculiar formation of delta lands, by which they drain away from the larger watercourses, instead of into them, had made the swamp there in the rear of the town, for more than a century, "the common dumping-ground and cess-pool of the city, sir!"

Some of the students nodded convincingly to the speaker; some looked askance at the Arkansan, who put one fore-arm meditatively under his coat-tail; some looked out through the window over the regions alluded to; and some only changed their pose and looked around for a mirror.

The Doctor spoke on. Several of his hearers were really interested in the then unusual subject, and listened intelligently as he pointed across the low plain at hundreds of acres of land that were nothing but a morass, partly filled in with the foulest refuse of a semi-tropical city, and beyond it where still lay the swamp, half cleared of its forest and festering in the sun—"every drop of its waters, and every inch of its mire," said the Doctor, "saturated with the poisonous drainage of the town!"

"I happen," interjected a young city student; but the others bent their ear to the Doctor, who continued:

"Why, sir, were these regions compactly built on, like similar areas in cities confined to narrow sites, the mortality, with the climate we have, would be frightful."

"I happen to know," essayed the city student; but the Arkansan had made an interrogatory answer to the Doctor, that led him to add:

"Why, yes; you see the houses here on these lands are little, flimsy, single ground-story affairs, loosely thrown together, and freely exposed to sun and air."

"I hap—," said the city student.

"And yet," exclaimed the Doctor, "malaria is king!"

He paused an instant for his hearers to take in the figure.

"Doctor, I happen to—"

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Some one's fist from behind caused the speaker to turn angrily, and the Doctor resumed:

"Go into any of those streets off yonder, —Trémé, Prieur, Marais. Why, there are often ponds under the houses! The floors of bedrooms are within a foot or two of these ponds! The bricks of the surrounding pavements are often covered with a fine, dark moss! Water seeps up through the side-walks! That's his realm, sir! Here and there among the residents—every here and there—you'll see his sallow, quaking subjects dragging about their work or into and out of their beds, until the fear of a fatal ending drives them in here. Congestion? Yes, sometimes congestion pulls them under suddenly, and they're gone before they know it. Sometimes their vitality wanes slowly, until malaria beckons in consumption."

"Why, Doctor," said the city student, ruffling with pride of his town, "there are plenty cities as bad as this. I happen to know, for instance —"

Dr. Sevier turned away in quiet contempt.

"It will not improve our town to dirty others, or to clean them, either."

He moved down the ward, while two or three members among the moving train, who never happened to know anything, nudged each other joyfully.

The group stretched out and came along, the Doctor first and the young men after, some of one sort, some of another,—the dull, the frivolous, the earnest, the kind, the cold,—following slowly, pausing, questioning, discouraging, advancing, moving from each clean, slender bed to the next, on this side and on that, down and up the long sanded aisles, among the poor, sick women.

Among these, too, there was variety. Some were stupid and ungracious, hardened and dulled with long penury as some in this world are hardened and dulled with long riches. Some were as fat as beggars; some were old and shriveled; some were shriveled and young; some were bold; some were frightened; and here and there was one almost fair.

Down at the far end of one aisle was a bed whose occupant lay watching the distant, slowly approaching group with eyes of unspeakable dread. There was not a word or motion—only the steadfast gaze. Gradually the throng drew near. The faces of the students could be distinguished. This one was coarse; that one was gentle; another was sleepy; another trivial and silly; another heavy and sour; another tender and gracious. Presently the tones of the Doctor's voice could be heard, soft, clear, and without that trum-

pet quality that it had beyond the sick-room. How slowly, yet how surely, they came! The patient's eyes turned away toward the ceiling; they could not bear the slowness of the encounter. They closed; the lips moved in prayer. The group came to the bed that was only the fourth away; then to the third; then to the second. There they paused some minutes. Now the Doctor approaches the very next bed. Suddenly he notices this patient. She is a small woman, young, fair to see, and, with closed eyes and motionless form, is suffering an agony of consternation. One startled look, a suppressed exclamation, two steps forward,—the patient's eyes slowly open. Ah, me! It is Mary Richling.

"Good-morning, madam," said the physician, with a cold and distant bow; and to the students, "We'll pass right along to the other side," and they moved into the next aisle.

"I am a little pressed for time this morning," he presently remarked, as the students showed some gentle unwillingness to be hurried. As soon as he could, he parted with them and returned to the ward alone.

As he moved again down among the sick, straight along this time, turning neither to right nor left, one of the Sisters of Charity—the hospital and its so-called nurses are under their oversight—touched his arm. He stopped impatiently.

"Well, Sister?" (bowing his ear).

"I—I,—the—the —" His frown had scared away her power of speech.

"Well, what is it, Sister?"

"The—the last patient down on this side —"

He was further displeased. "I'll attend to the patients, Sister," he said; and then, more kindly, "I'm going there now. No, you stay here—if you please." And he left her behind.

He came and stood by the bed. The patient gazed on him.

"Mrs. Richling," he softly began, and had to cease.

She did not speak or move; she tried to smile, but her eyes filled, her lips quivered.

"My dear madam," exclaimed the physician, in a low voice, "what brought you here?"

The answer was inarticulate, but he saw it on the moving lips.

"Want," said Mary.

"But your husband?" He stooped to catch the husky answer.

"Home."

"Home?" He could not understand. "Not gone to—back—up the river?"

She slowly shook her head: "No, home. In Prieur street."

Still her words were riddles. He could not see how she had come to this. He stood silent, not knowing how to utter his thought. At length he opened his lips to speak, hesitated an instant, and then asked:

"Mrs. Richling, tell me plainly: has your husband gone wrong?"

Her eyes looked up a moment upon him, big and staring, and suddenly she spoke:

"Oh, Doctor! My husband go wrong? John go wrong?" The eyelids closed down, the head rocked slowly from side to side on the flat hospital pillow, and the first two tears he had ever seen her shed welled from the long lashes and slipped down her cheeks.

"My poor child!" said the Doctor, taking her hand in his, "No, no! God forgive me! He hasn't gone wrong; he's not going wrong. You'll tell me all about it when you're stronger."

The Doctor had her removed to one of the private rooms of the pay ward, and charged the Sisters to take special care of her. "Above all things," he murmured, with a beetling frown, "tell that thick-headed nurse not to let her know that this is at anybody's expense. Ah, yes; and when her husband comes, tell him to see me at my office as soon as he possibly can."

As he was leaving the hospital gate he had an after-thought: "I might have left a note." He paused, with his foot on the carriage-step. "I suppose they'll tell him,"—and so he got in and drove off, looking at his watch.

On his second visit, although he came in with a quietly inspiring manner, he had also, secretly, the feeling of a culprit. But midway of the room, when the young head on the pillow turned its face toward him, his heart rose. For the patient smiled. As he drew nearer she slid out her feeble hand. "I'm glad I came here," she murmured.

"Yes," he replied; "this room is much better than the open ward."

"I didn't mean this room," she said. "I meant the whole hospital."

"The whole hospital!" He raised his eyebrows, as to a child.

"Ah! Doctor," she responded, her eyes kindling, though moist —

"What, my child?"

She smiled upward to his bent face.

"The poor—mustn't be ashamed of the poor, must they?"

The Doctor only stroked her brow, and presently turned and addressed his professional inquiries to the nurse. He went away. Just outside the door he asked the nurse:

"Hasn't her husband been here?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but she was asleep, and he only stood there at the door and

looked in a bit. He trembled," the unintelligent woman added, for the Doctor seemed waiting to hear more—"he trembled all over; and that's all he did, excepting his saying her name over to himself like, over and over, and wiping of his eyes."

"And nobody told him anything?"

"Oh, not a word, sir!" came the eager answer.

"You didn't tell him to come and see me?"

The woman gave a start, looked dismayed, and began:

"N-no, sir; you didn't tell —"

"Um—hum," growled the Doctor. He took out a card and wrote on it. "Now see if you can remember to give him that."

XVI.

MANY WATERS.

AS THE day faded away it began to rain. The next morning the water was coming down in torrents. Richling, looking out from a door in Prieur street, found scant room for one foot on the inner edge of the sidewalk; all the rest was under water. By noon the sidewalks were completely covered in miles of streets. By two in the afternoon the flood was coming into many of the houses. By three it was up at the door-sill on which he stood. There it stopped.

He could do nothing but stand and look. Skiffs, canoes, hastily improvised rafts, were moving in every direction, carrying the unsightly chattels of the poor out of their overflowed cottages to higher ground. Barrels, boxes, planks, hen-coops, bridge lumber, piles of straw that waltzed solemnly as they went, cord-wood, old shingles, door-steps, floated here and there in melancholy confusion; and down upon all still drizzled the slackening rain. At length it ceased.

Richling still stood in the door-way, the picture of mute helplessness. Yes, there was one other thing he could do; he could laugh. It would have been hard to avoid it sometimes, there were such ludicrous sights—such slips and sprawls into the water; so there he stood in that peculiar isolation that deaf people content themselves with, now looking the picture of anxious waiting, now indulging a low deaf man's chuckle when something made the rowdies and slatterns of the street roar.

Presently he noticed at a distance up the way a young man in a canoe, passing, much to their good-natured chagrin, a party of three in a skiff, who had engaged him in a trial of speed. From both boats a shower of hilarious French was issuing. At the nearest corner

the skiff party turned into another street and disappeared, throwing their lingual fire-works to the last. The canoe came straight on with the speed of a fish. Its dexterous occupant was no other than Narcisse.

There was a grace in his movement that kept Richling's eyes on him, when he would rather have withdrawn into the house. Down went the paddle always on the same side, noiselessly, in front; on darted the canoe; backward stretched the submerged paddle and came out of the water edgewise at full reach behind, with an almost imperceptible swerving motion that kept the slender craft true to its course. No rocking; no rush of water before or behind; only the one constant glassy ripple gliding on either side as silently as a beam of light. Suddenly, without any apparent change of movement in the sinewy wrists, the narrow shell swept around in a quarter circle, and Narcisse sat face to face with Richling.

Each smiled brightly at the other. The handsome Creole's face was aglow with the pure delight of existence.

"Well, Mistoo 'Itchlin', 'ow you enjoyin' that watah? As fah as myseff am concerned, 'I am afloat, I am afloat on the fee-us 'olling tide.' I don't think you fine that sweet pwetty dusty to-day, Mistoo 'Itchlin'?"

Richling laughed.

"It don't inflame my eyes to-day," he said.

"You muz egscuse my i'ony, Mistoo 'Itchlin'; I can't 'ep that sometime'. It come natu'al to me, in fact. I was on'y speaking i'oniously juz now in calling allusion to that dust; because, of co'se, theh is no dust to-day, because the g'ound is all covvud with watah, in fact. Some people don't understand that figgah of i'ony."

"I don't understand as much about it myself as I'd like to," said Richling.

"Me, I'm ve'y fon' of it," responded the Creole. "I was making seve'al i'onies ad those fwen' of mine juz now. We was 'unning a 'ace. An' thass anotheh thing I am fon' of. I would 'ather 'un a 'ace than to wuck faw a livin'. Ha, ha, ha! I sho'tld thing so! Anybody would, in fact. Bud thass the way with me—always making some i'onies." He stopped with a sudden change of countenance, and resumed gravely: "Mistoo 'Itchlin', looks to me like you' lookin' ve'y salad." He fanned himself with his hat. "I dunno 'ow 'tis with you, Mistoo 'Itchlin', but I fine myseff ve'y oppressive thiz evening."

"I don't find you so," said Richling, smiling broadly.

And he did not. The young Creole's burning face and resplendent wit were a sunset glow in the darkness of this day of overpow-

ering adversity. His presence even supplied, for a moment, what seemed a gleam of hope. Why wasn't there here an opportunity to visit the hospital? He need not tell Narcisse the object of his visit.

"Do you think," asked Richling, persuasively, crouching down upon one of his heels, "that I could sit in that thing without turning it over?"

"In that pee-ogue?" Narcisse smiled the smile of the proficient as he waved his paddle across the canoe. "Mistoo 'Itchlin',"—the smile passed off,—"I dunno if you'll billiv me, but at the same time I muz tell you the tooth —"

He paused inquiringly.

"Certainly," said Richling, with evident disappointment.

"Well, it's juz a poss'bil'ty that you'll wefwain fum spillin' out fum yeh till the negs cawneh. Thass the manneh of those who ah not acquainted with the pee-ogue. 'Lost to sight, to memo'y deah'—if you'll egscuse the maxim. Thass Chawles Dickens mague use of that egspwession."

Richling answered, with a gay shake of the head, "I'll keep out of it." If Narcisse detected his mortified chagrin, he did not seem to. It was hard: the day's last hope was blown out like a candle in the wind. Richling dared not risk the wetting of his suit of clothes; they were his sole letter of recommendation and capital in trade.

"Well, au'evoi, Mistoo 'Itchlin'." He turned and moved off—dip, glide, and away.

DR. SEVIER stamped his wet feet on the pavement of the hospital porch. It was afternoon of the day following that of the rain. The water still covering the streets about the hospital had not prevented his carriage from splashing through it on his double daily round. A narrow and unsteady plank spanned the immersed sidewalk. Three times, going and coming, he had crossed it safely, and this fourth time he had made half the distance well enough; but, hearing distant cheers and laughter, he looked up street; when—splat!—and the cheers were redoubled.

"Pretty thing to laugh at!" he muttered. Two or three by-standers, leaning on their umbrellas in the lodge at the gate and in the porch, where he stood stamping, turned their backs and smoothed their mouths.

"Hah!" said the tall Doctor, stamping harder. Stamp!—stamp! He shook his leg. —"Bah!" He stamped the other long, slender, wet foot and looked down at it, turning one side and then the other.—"F-fah!" —The first one again.—"Psha!"—The other.—Stamp!—stamp!—"Right—into it!

—up to my ankles!" He looked around with a slight scowl at one man, who seemed taken with a sudden softening of the spine and knees, and who turned his back quickly and fell against another who, also with his back turned, was leaning tremulously against a pillar.

But the object of mirth did not tarry. He went as he was to Mary's room, and found her much better—as, indeed, he had done at every visit. He sat by her bed and listened to her story.

"Why, Doctor, you see, we did nicely for awhile. John went on getting the same kind of work and pleasing everybody, of course, and all he lacked was finding something permanent. Still, we passed through one month after another, and we really began to think the sun was coming out, so to speak."

"Well, I thought so, too," put in the Doctor. "I thought if it didn't, you'd let me know."

"Why, no, Doctor, we couldn't do that; you couldn't be taking care of well people."

"Well," said the Doctor, dropping that point, "I suppose as the busy season began to wane that mode of livelihood, of course, disappeared."

"Yes,"—a little one-sided smile,—"and so did our money. And then, of course,"—she slightly lifted and waved her hand.

"You had to live," said Dr. Sevier, sincerely.

She smiled again, with abstracted eyes. "We thought we'd like to," she said. "I didn't mind the loss of the things so much—except the little table we ate from. You remember that little round table, don't you?"

The visitor had not the heart to say no. He nodded.

"When that went, there was but one thing left that could go."

"Not your bed?"

"The bedstead; yes."

"You didn't sell your bed, Mrs. Richling?"

The tears gushed from her eyes. She made a sign of assent.

"But then," she resumed, "we made an excellent arrangement with a good woman who had just lost her husband and wanted to live cheaply, too."

"What amuses you, madam?"

"Nothing great. But I wish you knew her. She's funny. Well, so we moved downtown again. Didn't cost much to move."

She would smile a little in spite of him.

"And then?" said he, stirring impatiently and leaning forward. "What then?"

"Why, then I worked a little harder than I thought,—pulling trunks around and so on,—and I had this third attack."

The Doctor straightened himself up, folded his arms, and muttered:

"Oh!—oh! *Why* wasn't I instantly sent for?"

The tears were in her eyes again, but—"Doctor," she answered, with her odd little argumentative smile, "how could we? We had nothing to pay with. It wouldn't have been just."

"Just!" exclaimed the physician, angrily.

"Doctor," said the invalid, and looked at him.

"Oh—all right."

She made no answer but to look at him still more pleadingly.

"Wouldn't it have been just as fair to let me be generous, madam?" His faint smile was bitter. "For once? Simply for once?"

"We couldn't make that proposition, could we, Doctor?"

He was checkmated.

"Mrs. Richling," he said suddenly, clasping the back of his chair as if about to rise, "tell me;—did you or your husband act this way for anything I've ever said or done?"

"No, Doctor! no, no; never. But——"

"But kindness should seek—not be sought," said the physician, starting up.

"No, Doctor, we didn't look on it so. Of course we didn't. If there's any fault, it's all mine. For it was my own proposition to John, that as we *had* to seek charity, we should just be honest and open about it. I said, 'John, as I need the best attention, and as that can be offered free only in the hospital, why, to the hospital I ought to go.'"

She lay still, and the Doctor pondered. Presently he said:

"And Mr. Richling—I suppose he looks for work all the time?"

"From daylight to dark!"

"Well, the water is passing off. He'll be along by and by to see you, no doubt. Tell him to call, first thing to-morrow morning, at my office." And with that the Doctor went off in his wet boots, committed a series of indiscretions, reached home, and fell ill.

In the wanderings of fever he talked of the Richlings, and in lucid moments inquired for them.

"Yes, yes," answered the sick doctor's physician, "they're attended to. Yes, all their wants are supplied. Just dismiss them from your mind." In the eyes of this physician, the Doctor's life was invaluable, and these patients or pensioners an unknown and, most likely, an inconsiderable quantity; two sparrows, as it were, worth a farthing. But the sick man lay thinking. He frowned.

"I wish they would go home."

"I have sent them."

"You have? Home, to Milwaukee?"

"Yes."

"Thank God!"

He soon began to mend. Yet it was weeks before he could leave the house. When one day he reentered the hospital, still pale and faint, he was prompt to express to the Mother-Superior the comfort he had felt in his sickness to know that his brother physician had sent those Richlings to their kindred.

The Sister shook her head. He saw the deception in an instant. As best his strength would allow, he hurried to the keeper of the rolls. There was the truth. Home? Yes,—to Prieur street,—discharged only one week before. He drove quickly to his office.

"Narcisse, you will find that young Mr. Richling living in Prieur street, somewhere between Conti and St. Louis. I don't know the house; you'll have to find it. Tell him I'm in my office again, and to come and see me."

Narcisse was no such fool as to say he knew the house. He would get the praise of finding it quickly.

"I'll do my mose awduous, seh," he said, took down his coat, hung up his jacket, put on his hat, and went straight to the house and knocked. Got no answer. Knocked again and a third time; but in vain. Went next door and inquired of a pretty girl, who fell in love with him at a glance.

"Yes, but they had moved. She wasn't *jess exac'ly* sure where they *had* moved to, *unless-n* it was in that little house yondeh between St. Louis and Toulouse; and if they wasn't there, she didn't know *where* they was. People ought to leave words where they's movin' at, but they don't. You're very welcome," she added, as he expressed his thanks; and he would have been welcome had he questioned her for an hour. His parting bow and smile stuck in her heart a six months.

He went to the spot pointed out. As a Creole, he was used to seeing very respectable people living in very small and plain houses. This one was not too plain even for his ideas of Richling, though it was but a little one-street-door-and-window affair, with an alley on the left running back into the small yard behind. He knocked. Again no one answered. He looked down the alley and saw, moving about the yard, a large woman, who, he felt certain, could not be Mrs. Richling.

Two little short-skirted, bare-legged girls were playing near him. He spoke to them in French. Did they know where Monsieu' 'Itchlin' lived? The two children repeated the name, looking inquiringly at each other.

"*Non, miché*," "No, sir, they didn't know."

"*Qui reste ici?*" he asked. "Who lives here?"

"*Ici? Madame qui reste là c'est Mizziz Ri-i-ly!*" said one.

"Yass," said the other, breaking into English and rubbing a mosquito off of her well-tanned shank with the sole of her foot, "'tis Mizziz Ri-i-ly what live there. She jess move een. She's got a lill baby.—Oh! you means dat lady what was in de Chatty Hawspill!"

"No, no! A real, nice *lady*. She nevva saw that Cha'ity Hospi'l."

The little girls shook their heads. They couldn't imagine a person who had never seen the Charity Hospital.

"Was there nobody else who had moved into any of these houses about here lately?" He spoke again in French. They shook their heads. Two boys came forward and verified the testimony. Narcisse went back with his report: "Moved,—not found."

"I fine that ve'y d'oll, Doctah Seveeah," concluded the unaugmented, hanging up his hat; "some peop' always 'ard to fine. I h-even notiz that sem thing w'en I go to colic some bill. I dunno 'ow 'tis, Doctah, but I assu' you I kin tell that by a man's physio'nomy. Nobody teach me that. 'Tis my own *ingen-u'ity* 'as made me to discovveh that, in fact."

The Doctor was silent. Presently he drew a piece of paper toward him and, dipping his pen into the ink, began to write:

"Information wanted—of the whereabouts of John Richling——"

"Narcisse," he called, still writing, "I want you to take an advertisement to the 'Picayune' office."

"With the gweatez of pleazheh, seh." The clerk began his usual shifting of costume. "Yessah! I assu' you, Doctah, that is a p'oposition moze entil'y to my satisfagtion; faw I am suffe'ing faw a smoke, and deztitute of a ciga'ette! I am aztonizh' 'ow I did that, to egs-hauz them unconsciously, in fact." He received the advertisement in an envelope, whipped his shoes a little with his handkerchief, and went out. One would think, to hear him thundering down the stairs, that it was twenty-five cents' worth of ice.

"Hold o——" The Doctor started from his seat, then turned and paced feebly up and down. Who, besides Richling, might see that notice? What might be its unexpected results? Who was John Richling? A man with a secret, at the best; and a secret, in Dr. Sevier's eyes, was detestable. Might not Richling be a man who had fled from something? "No! no!" The Doctor spoke aloud. He had promised to think nothing ill of him. Let the poor children have their silly secret. He spoke again. "They'll find out the folly of it by and by." He let the advertisement go; and it went.

XVII.

RAPHAEL RISTOFALO.

RICHLING had a dollar in his pocket. A man touched him on the shoulder.

But let us see. On the day that John and Mary had sold their only bedstead, Mrs. Riley, watching them, had proposed the joint home. The offer had been accepted with an eagerness that showed itself in nervous laughter. Mrs. Riley then took quarters in Prieur street, where John and Mary, for a due consideration, were given a single neatly furnished back room. The bedstead had brought seven dollars. Richling, on the day after the removal, was in the commercial quarter, looking, as usual, for employment.

The young man whom Dr. Sevier had first seen, in the previous October, moving with a springing step and alert, inquiring glances from number to number in Carondelet street was slightly changed. His step was firm, but something less elastic, and not quite so hurried. His face was more thoughtful, and his glance wanting in a certain dancing freshness that had been extremely pleasant. He was walking in Poydras street toward the river.

As he came near to a certain man who sat in the entrance of a store, with the freshly whittled corner of a chair between his knees, his look and bow were grave, but amiable, quietly hearty, deferential, and also self-respectful—and uncommercial: so palpably uncommercial that the sitter did not rise or even shut his knife.

He slightly stared. Richling, in a low, private tone, was asking him for employment.

"What?" turning his ear up and frowning downward.

The application was repeated, the first words with a slightly resentful ring, but the rest more quietly.

The store-keeper stared again and shook his head slowly.

"No, sir," he said, in a barely audible tone. Richling moved on, not stopping at the next place, or the next, or the next; for he felt the man's stare all over his back until he turned the corner and found himself in Tchoupitoulas street. Nor did he stop at the first place around the corner. It smelt of deteriorating potatoes and up-river cabbages, and there were open barrels of onions set ornamentally aslant at the entrance. He had a fatal conviction that his services would not be wanted in malodorous places.

"Now isn't that a shame?" asked the chair-whittler, as Richling passed out of sight. "Such a gentleman as that, to be beggin' for work from door to door!"

"He's not beggin' f'om do' to do'," said a second, with a Creole accent on his tongue and a match stuck behind his ear like a pen. "Beside, he's too *much* of a gennlemun."

"That's where you and him differs," said the first. He frowned upon the victim of his delicate repartee with make-believe defiance. Number Two drew from an outside coat-pocket a wad of common brown wrapping-paper, tore from it a small, neat parallelogram, dove into an opposite pocket for some loose smoking-tobacco, laid a pinch of it in the paper, and, with a single dexterous turn of the fingers, thumbs above, the rest beneath—it looks simple, but 'tis an amazing art—made a cigarette. Then he took down his match, struck it under his short coat-skirt, lighted his cigarette, drew an inhalation through it that consumed a third of its length, and sat there with his eyes half-closed and all that smoke somewhere inside of him.

"That young man," remarked a third, wiping a tooth-pick on his thigh and putting it in his vest-pocket as he stepped to the front, "don't know how to *look* fur work. There's one way fur a day-laborer to look fur work, and there's another way fur a gentleman to look fur work, and there's another way fur a—a—a man with money to look fur something to put his money into. *It's jest like fishing!*" He threw both hands outward and downward, and made way for a porter's truck with a load of green meat. The smoke began to fall from Number Two's nostrils in two slender blue streams. Number Three continued:

"You've got to know what kind o' hooks you want, and what kind o' bait you want, and then, after *that*, you've —"

Numbers One and Two did not let him finish.

"—Got to know how to fish," they said; "that's so!" The smoke continued to leak slowly from Number Two's nostrils and teeth, though he had not lifted his cigarette the second time.

"Yes, you've got to know how to fish," reaffirmed the third. "If you don't know how to fish, it's as like as not that nobody can tell you what's the matter; an' yet, all the same, you aint goin' to ketch no fish."

"Well, now," said the first man, with an unconvinced swing of his chin, "*spunk* 'll sometimes pull a man through; and you can't say he aint spunky." Number Three admitted the corollary. Number Two looked up: his chance had come.

"He'd a wipped you faw a dime," said he to Number One, took a comforting draw from his cigarette, and felt a great peace.

"I take notice he's a little deaf," said Number Three, still alluding to Richling.

"That'd spoil him for me," said Number One.

Number Three asked why.

"Oh, I just wouldn't have him about me. Didn't you ever notice that a deaf man always seems like a sort o' stranger? I can't bear 'em."

Richling meanwhile moved on. His critics were right. He was not wanting in courage; but no man from the moon could have been more an alien on those sidewalks. He was naturally diligent, active, quick-witted, and of good, though may be a little too scholarly address; quick of temper, it is true, and uniting his quickness of temper with a certain bashfulness—an unlucky combination, since, as a consequence, nobody had to get out of its way; but he was generous in fact and in speech, and never held malice a moment. But besides the heavy odds which his small secret seemed to be against him, estopping him from accepting such valuable friendships as might otherwise have come to him, and besides his slight deafness, he was by nature a recluse, or, at least, a dreamer. Every day that he set foot in Tchoupitoulas, or Carondelet, or Magazine, or Fulton, or Poydras street, he came from a realm of thought, seeking service in an empire of matter.

There is a street in New Orleans called *Triton Walk*. That is what all the ways of commerce and finance and daily bread-getting were to Richling. He was a merman—ashore. It was the feeling rather than the knowledge of this that prompted him to this daily, aimless trudging after mere employment. He had a proper pride, once in awhile a little too much; nor did he clearly see his deficiencies; and yet the unrecognized consciousness that he had not the commercial instinct made him willing—as Number Three would have said—to "cut bait" for any fisherman who would let him do it.

He turned without any distinct motive and, retracing his steps to the corner, passed up across Poydras street. A little way above it he paused to look at some machinery in motion. He liked machinery—for itself rather than for its results. He would have gone in and examined the workings of this apparatus had it not been for the sign above his head, "No Admittance." Those words always seemed painted for him. A slight modification in Richling's character might have made him an inventor. Some other faint difference, and he might have been a writer, a historian, an essayist, or even—there is no telling—a well-fed poet. With the question of food, raiment, and shelter permanently settled, he might have become one of those resplendent flash lights that at intervals dart their beams across the dark waters of the world's igno-

rance, hardly from new continents, but from the observatory, the study, the laboratory. But he was none of these. There had been a crime committed somewhere in his bringing up, and as a result he stood in the thick of life's battle, weaponless. He gazed upon machinery with child-like wonder; but when he looked around and saw on every hand men,—good fellows who ate in their shirt-sleeves at restaurants, told broad jokes, spread their mouths and smote their sides when they laughed, and whose best wit was to bombard one another with bread-crusts and hide behind the sugar-bowl,—men whom he could have taught in every kind of knowledge that they were capable of grasping, except the knowledge of how to get money,—when he saw these men, as it seemed to him, grow rich daily by simply flipping beans into each other's faces, or slapping each other on the back, the wonder of machinery was eclipsed. Do as they did? He? He could no more reach a conviction as to what the price of corn would be to-morrow than he could remember what the price of sugar was yesterday.

He called himself an accountant—gulping down his secret pride with an amiable glow that commanded, instantly, an amused esteem. And to judge by his evident familiarity with Tonti's beautiful scheme of mercantile records, he certainly—those guessed whose books he had extricated from confusion—had handled money and money values, in days before his unexplained coming to New Orleans. Yet a close observer would have noticed that he grasped these tasks only as problems, treated them in their mathematical and enigmatical aspect, and solved them without any appreciation of their concrete values. When they were done, he felt less personal interest in them than in the architectural beauty of the store-front, whose window-shutters he had never helped to close without a little heart-leap of pleasure.

But standing thus, and looking in at the machinery, a man touched him on the shoulder.

"Good-morning," said the man. He wore a pleasant air. It seemed to say, "I'm nothing much, but you'll recognize me in a moment; I'll wait." He was short, square, solid, beardless; in years, twenty-five or six. His skin was dark, his hair almost black, his eyebrows strong. In his mild black eyes you could see the whole Mediterranean. His dress was coarse, but clean; his linen soft and badly laundered. But under all the rough garb and careless, laughing manner was visibly written again and again the name of the race that once held the world under its feet.

"You don't remember me?" he added after a moment.

"No," said Richling, pleasantly, but with embarrassment. The man waited another moment, and suddenly Richling recalled their earlier meeting. The man, representing a wholesale confectioner in one of the smaller cities up the river, had bought some cordials and sirups of the house whose books Richling had last put in order.

"Why, yes I do, too!" said Richling. "You left your pocket-book in my care for two or three days; your own private money, you said."

"Yes." The man laughed softly. "Lost that money. Sent it to the boss. Boss died—store seized—everything gone." His English was well pronounced, but did not escape a pretty Italian accent, too delicate for the printer's art.

"Oh! that was too bad!" Richling laid his hand upon an awning-post and twined an arm and leg around it as though he were a vine. "I—I forget your name."

"Ristofalo. Raphael Ristofalo. Yours is Richling. Yes, knocked me flat. Not got cent in world." The Italian's low, mellow laugh claimed Richling's admiration.

"Why, when did that happen?" he asked.

"Yes-day," replied the other, still laughing.

"And how are you going to provide for the future?" Richling asked, smiling down into the face of the shorter man. The Italian tossed the future away with the back of his hand.

"I got nothin' do with that." His words were low, but very distinct.

Thereupon Richling laughed, leaning his cheek against the post.

"Must provide for the present," said Raphael Ristofalo. Richling dropped his eyes in thought. The Present! He had never been able to see that it was the present which must be provided against, until, while he was training his guns upon the future, the most primitive wants of the present burst upon him right and left like whooping savages.

"Can you lend me dollar?" asked the Italian. "Give you back dollar an' quarter to-morrow."

Richling gave a start and let go the post. "Why, Mr. Risto—falo, I—, I—, the fact is, I"—he shook his head—"I haven't much money."

"Dollar will start me," said the Italian, whose feet had not moved an inch since he touched Richling's shoulder. "Be aw righ' to-morrow."

"You can't invest one dollar by itself," said the incredulous Richling.

"Yes. Return her to-morrow."

Richling swung his head from side to side as an expression of disrelish. "I haven't been employed for some time."

"I goin' t'employ myself," said Ristofalo.

Richling laughed again. There was a faint betrayal of distress in his voice as it fell upon the cunning ear of the Italian; but he laughed too, very gently and innocently, and stood in his tracks.

"I wouldn't like to refuse a dollar to a man who needs it," said Richling. He took his hat off and ran his fingers through his hair. "I've seen the time when it was much easier to lend than it is just now." He thrust his hand down into his pocket and stood gazing at the sidewalk.

The Italian glanced at Richling askance, and with one sweep of the eye from the softened crown of his hat to the slender, white, bursted slit in the outer side of either well-polished shoe, took in the beauty of his face and a full understanding of his condition. His hair, somewhat dry, had fallen upon his forehead. His fine, smooth skin was darkened by the exposure of his daily wanderings. His cheek-bones, a trifle high, asserted their place above the softly concave cheeks. His mouth was closed and the lips were slightly compressed; the chin small, gracefully turned, not weak—not strong. His eyes were abstracted, deep, pensive. His dress told much. The fine plaits of his shirt had sprung apart and been neatly sewed together again. His coat was a little faulty in the set of the collar, as if the person who had taken the garment apart and turned the goods had not put it together again with practiced skill. It was without spot and the buttons were new. The edges of his shirt-cuffs had been trimmed with the scissors. Face and vesture alike revealed to the sharp eye of the Italian the woe underneath. "He has a wife," thought Ristofalo.

Richling looked up with a smile. "How can you be so sure you will make, and not lose?"

"I never fail." There was not the least shade of boasting in the man's manner. Richling handed out his dollar. It was given without patronage and taken with simple thanks.

"Where goin' to meet to-morrow mornin'?" asked Ristofalo. "Here?"

"Oh! I forgot," said Richling. "Yes, I suppose so; and then you'll tell me how you invested it, will you?"

"Yes; but you couldn't do it."

"Why not?"

Raphael Ristofalo laughed. "Oh! fifty reason'."

(To be continued.)



SEAL OF THE TWENTY-FOUR PROPRIETORS OF EAST JERSEY.

HUSBANDRY IN COLONY TIMES.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

I.

NEW WAYS IN A NEW WORLD.

WHEN Philip Carteret, the first governor of New Jersey, landed at Elizabethtown, he did not come ashore with the petty-royal pomp affected by many provincial governors, but marched from the landing-place to his capital town, which contained four families, with a hoe on his shoulder,—a bit of theatrical display by which he signified his intention of becoming a planter with the people. For by the time the English settlement of the Jerseys began, the old illusions were dead; and it had become a recognized principle that colonies could not live by mines, or by the fur trade, and that tillage was the only sure basis for a plantation. The device on the seal of East Jersey is wrought of "English corn" and "Indian corn,"—wheat and maize,—symbols of the soberer expectation at the period of the Scotch and Quaker migrations.

But in the earliest period, even the agricultural notions of the planters and projectors had the prevailing hue of romance; it was only from a few men of impertinent common sense, like Captain John Smith, that one heard of breadstuffs as profitable for colonial production. Having a new world to try in, the English emigrants were bent on trying for new, or at least for un-English, sources of wealth. It was, indeed, a sort of commercial treason to grow that which might disturb the market for the produce of English farms or looms; and hence the most child-like experiments were made upon the youthful hemisphere in husbandry, as well as in religion and government.

II.

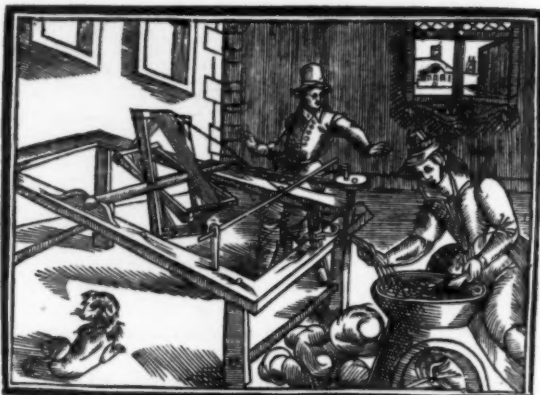
VISIONARY PROJECTS AND FAILURES.

PERHAPS the most curious and instructive example on record of persistent effort to run counter to economic gravitation is to be found in the attempts at silk-raising in the colonies. For more than a hundred and sixty years, down to the very outbreak of the Revolution, persevering efforts were made by kings, privy councils, parliaments, governors, proprietaries, provincial councils, legislative assemblies, noblemen, philosophers, and ladies to secure the success of silk-growing in the thirteen British-American provinces. During most of this period England itself was seething with the spirit of commercial and agricultural innovation. About the time of the sailing of the Virginia argosy, an effort was making to introduce the silk-worm to the ungenial British climate, in order that the newly imported silk throwsters and weavers of Spitalfields and Moorfields might have fiber which had not paid a commercial tribute to France and Italy. Two years after the settling of Jamestown, the first mulberries were planted in England, and the king himself engaged in the silk business. The rudiments of colonization were not understood then; everything must be forced prematurely from a plantation that had no adequate roofs to shelter it, or corn enough to keep away starvation. Along with the making of potash, iron, and glass, and the growing of cotton and the vine, silk-culture was begun by men who required to be fed and clothed from England. Before the James River plantation was nine years old, Virginia sent to England silk that had, perhaps, cost more than the value of an equal bulk of gold. A little later it was ob-

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served that the wild caterpillars of America spun silk upon the native mulberries, and the flagging silk craze was revived, a French treatise on silk-growing was translated, and in 1620 a new attempt was made by skilled Frenchmen sent over for the purpose. The highest hopes were raised to be dashed by the Indian outbreak of 1622, which saved divers visionary projects from a more disgraceful failure. In 1623, before the smoke of the Indian massacre and the counter-massacres had cleared away, law was invoked to compel the planting of white mulberries and the raising of silk. This was desired not only for the sake of the silk, but in order to supplant tobacco — tobacco being almost the only thing concerning which the Stuart kings had scruples of conscience. While yet the Indian war raged fitfully, cocoons seem to have been again produced; there is a story that Charles I., at his coronation in 1625, wore a robe of silk grown in Virginia. Having clothed a king, the silk-worms rested. Fourteen years later, new attempts were made and a considerable quantity of silk was sent to the king, but again failure was covered by an Indian massacre. Edward Digges, who was chosen governor of Virginia under the Commonwealth in 1655, produced four hundred pounds of Virginia silk in that year, and announced that he had overcome all the main difficulties; whereupon the silk fever broke out afresh and raged with unabated fury for ten years; the excitement spread also among sentimental economists in England, and silk-worms' eggs were gratuitously dispatched to the James River, along with no end of good advice. A young lady in England sent word to the colony that if the worms were only let loose upon the trees, they would feed themselves. Wild projects for raising silk from the native silk-worm were elaborated by writers who had never seen an American caterpillar or his coarse cocoon of silken homespun. Writers of more consequence announced that tobacco would soon be wholly laid aside for the light work of silk-culture, and that servants would thenceforth be little needed in the Arcadian land of Virginia. Digges went so far as to import "two Armenians out of Turkey," to show the way of feeding and winding, whereupon this poetic apostrophe to him was spun in England:

"Courage, brave Sir; since ayde from God is sent,
Proceed, go on, drive forth thy great intent."



SILK-WINDING. FAC-SIMILE OF A PICTURE IN EDWARD WILLIAMS'S "VIRGINIA TRULY VALUED": 1650.

The House of Burgesses passed a law for the planting of one mulberry-tree to every ten acres of land. Rewards of many grades were offered for the production of silk. George the Armenian was paid four thousand pounds of tobacco in 1656 to induce him to stay in the country, and he received another thousand pounds of tobacco when, at length, he had actually produced ten pounds of silk. The premiums offered by the Assembly rose until, in 1658, ten thousand pounds of tobacco were promised for the raising of fifty pounds of silk. Sir William Berkeley, who in 1662 made many fair promises to the court that he would secure for England commercial independence in silk, flax, and potash, was promised a liberal reward for the first ship of three hundred tons that he should send home from Virginia laden with these commodities. The chief result from all this excitement was that, in 1668, Charles II. received a present of three hundred pounds of Virginia silk, which he ordered to be wrought up for "our owne use," and to the excellence of which he gave a certificate. But Virginia silk cost too much for other than royal wear, and by this time the fourth and greatest of Virginia silk manias was on the wane; the law requiring the planting of mulberries had already been withdrawn, in 1666, as useless.

And yet the colony was in the position of a delinquent that had failed to fulfill the promise of its youth. At the coming of Huguenot refugees to the upper James River, the project was once more revived, and the French Protestants long produced silk for domestic use. In 1730, about a hundred and twenty years after the first attempt to wind silk in Virginia, raw silk was again sent thence to England, this time to the amount of three hundred pounds.

In almost every colony the same experiments were tried, with the same apparent success and with the same ultimate failure, due not to physical, but to economic causes. Huguenot refugees were sent to South Carolina at the king's expense, in 1679, to introduce the culture of wine, oil, and silk; but the eggs of the silk-worms which they brought hatched out at sea and perished for want of mulberry leaves. Sir Nathaniel Johnson, afterward governor of South Carolina, called his plantation Silkhope, and sent silk to England in 1699. Under his fostering care, by 1707, the rearing of the worms "had come into great improvement," some families producing forty or fifty pounds a year apiece. A part of this they worked up in their domestic manufacture, mixed with wool, to make what was called "druggets." Silk was produced fitfully after this time, and very small quantities occasionally appear in the table of exports. In 1750 the export reached a climax of a hundred and eighteen pounds. Some public-spirited Charleston ladies of high standing substituted the winding of silk for the tamer recreations of needle-work and the playing of the harpsichord. One of them, the mother of General Pinckney, spun and wove three dress-patterns from silk of her own production; of these, one naturally went to adorn a royal person — this time the princess-dowager of Wales; another was sent to Lord Chesterfield; and the third remains in America to this day.

But Georgia, the devoted victim of many Utopian schemes, was the principal scene of the silk folly. Next to the founding of an earthly paradise, the most cherished purpose of the Georgia trustees was the supplanting of all other countries in the production of silk. In a beautiful garden of acclimation, at Savannah, the cross-walks were planted with orange-trees, and the squares filled with white mulberries. One mulberry-tree to every ten acres had been exacted in Virginia. Georgia ordained the planting of a hundred times as many, or ten trees to every acre. Italian workmen were employed, with English girl apprentices; English gardeners were taught to care for the trees, and English joiners learned to make the machines. In 1734 the first windings of Georgia silk were carried to England, and, as a matter of course, the queen wore a dress of the new silk at the next celebration of the king's birthday. A filature was built in Savannah, and bounties were paid, by which means the price of silk was doubled. The production under this artificial stimulation grew apace. In 1762 and in each of the two following years, over fifteen thousand pounds of cocoons were bought at

the filature, and in 1766 the production had mounted to twenty thousand pounds. But, with all this apparent prosperity, a first step had not been taken toward the permanent establishment of the industry. The bounty was taken off in this year, and silk left to sell at its normal price. In three or four years the production had almost entirely ceased.

At various times, the rage for mulberry planting extended to Massachusetts and a governor of Connecticut, among others, is said to have succeeded in raising silk enough to clothe himself and his family. Silk was believed at one time to be the long-sought staple that should take away the reproach of barrenness from New England. Jared Eliot, the most eminent of New England agriculturists, thought after trial that it was as easy to make silk as linen, and he advocated the planting of mulberries with arguments of the kind in vogue at the time: the tree was good for fire-wood, bore good fruit, was equal to cedar for timber, improved the land by shading it, and lastly afforded groves for retirement; the garden of Eden, remarks the farmer-clergyman in triumphant conclusion, was not furnished with palaces, but with a multitude of trees.

Nor did the middle provinces escape the contagion. The Swedes who first settled on the Delaware were to raise silk according to the programme prepared for them. Half a century later, Penn proposed mulberry-trees, and a specimen of silk from Pennsylvania was seen in England in 1726. Franklin was an active promoter of silk-culture; a filature was established in Philadelphia, and, by the old method of offering premiums, two thousand three hundred pounds were procured for winding in 1771, the most of it from the New Jersey side of the river. The Queen of George III. wore a full court-dress of this silk—the last of all the garbs produced by loyal American silk-growers for English royalty. The succeeding silk fever produced a suit for Washington, and it is at this writing given out that a society of enthusiasts have their silk-worms at work on one for Mrs. Garfield.

All the American colonial experiments proved that there is no physical obstacle to the production of silk in America; but they all showed also the insuperable economic objection to such an enterprise. The Swiss at Purrysburg, in South Carolina, and the Salzburger in Georgia, whose modes of life and labor were those of European peasants, produced cocoons with more success than any others. The pastor of the Salzburger touched the core of the difficulty when he showed that, after the premiums were taken off, his people

could earn two shillings a day at other labors and barely one at tending silk-worms. But hobby-riders are never unhorsted: the failure was attributed to the culpable negligence of the planters in not importing a larger proportion of women slaves who might have been put to raising silk.

Wine-culture was set agoing by the same considerations of national policy as silk-raising, was tried with the same persistent iteration in almost if not quite every one of the American colonies, and failed from the same economic difficulties. Before they had bread to satisfy hunger, the James River settlers had made sour wine of wild grapes. In 1632 the growing of five vines was made obligatory on every planter, and in 1658 ten thousand pounds of tobacco were promised to him who should first produce two tuns of Virginia wine. The tolerable fitness of the Virginia climate and soil for grape-growing was proved over and over again, by the vine-dressers brought over from France in the first years, by the Huguenots, who produced wine on a small scale for a long time, by the Palatines on the Rappahannock, and by many others. Beverley, the historian, won a wager of a thousand guineas by making four hundred gallons of wine from his vineyard of three acres. Yet, so late as 1762, subscriptions were solicited to set on foot a new beginning of grape-culture in Virginia.

Undaunted by climate, the Massachusetts immigrants asked for French vine-dressers in 1629, and later an island in Boston harbor was leased to Governor Winthrop by the sanguine General Court for a hogshead of the best wine that should be made there annually. In the patroonship of Rensselaer at Albany wine was proposed, as it was by the Swedish pioneers on the Delaware. It was attempted by French settlers in Rhode Island and Carolina; the latter province was expected to supply the whole demand of the West Indies. William Penn only hesitated whether to import foreign wines or to "fine" the American ones, and ended by trying both plans, establishing a vineyard with two thousand French vines near Philadelphia. It is unnecessary to trace further this chronicle of failure in wine-growing. To the end of the colonial epoch these efforts were renewed; vine-dressers were sent over and rewards were offered, but no considerable quantity was ever made. It was cheaper at that day to import from Madeira and Portugal than to divert labor from the profitable American staples to grow wine, and the law of relative cheapness is as hard to escape as that of gravitation.

Other favorite plants for experiment were

madder, which was tried from the extreme South to Albany, and olive trees, which were several times introduced; for there was good hope that the South would prove, in the phrase of a writer of the time, "a very good oyl country." Leave was given to make oil from nuts, in South Carolina, in 1714. Minuit and his Swedes sowed canary seed on the Delaware, but it was "afterward neglected"—probably from lack of canary birds to eat it. The Utopian plans of Oglethorpe for Georgia led to experiments in gross with coffee, cotton, palma christi, tea, and "several physical plants of the West Indies." The cinchona tree would have been tried also, but for the impossibility of procuring anything to plant except the bark. North Carolina is said to have attempted coffee.

The persistent effort to find some staple commodity for New England, other than that which grew in the sea, led to experiments in that inhospitable clime with almost every agricultural plant of the world. "Staple commodities are things they want there," says a writer named Wiggins, whose letter, bearing date 1632, is preserved in the English archives. He recommends a consultation with "one Lane, a merchant tailor," who had just come from the West Indies, and who desired to introduce into New England a staple, the name of which is to this day shrouded in the mystery thrown about it by Wiggins and the merchant tailor. But neither Lane nor Wiggins, nor any of the long line of projectors who came after, succeeded in finding an important agricultural commodity suited to the New England sandy coasts and rocky hill-sides; and this, notwithstanding the hops, licorice, madder, and woad roots sent out at the beginning, the mulberries so often planted, and the coffee-berries sown by Harvard students in 1723, and by other students in 1748, and in spite of the cotton attempted in Connecticut by Jared Eliot,—which last would perhaps have succeeded, had not the frost interfered with it before it was ripe,—and in spite of the licorice, hemp, and indigo tried by the same enterprising clergyman, and the English walnuts ingrafted by Judge Sewall. New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania had wheat, Maryland and Virginia tobacco, the Carolinas rice and indigo; but New England, like a disinherited youth, was forced to take to the sea; from which, by the hard toil of fisheries and foreign trade, was won a fortune as good, certainly, as that gotten by the richest staple commodities of the more genial countries to the southward.

The ardor for novel projects in the colonies was but a symptom of the fever in the metropolis. Manifestations of this spirit are

found in the repeated propositions from England and the actual attempts in America to domesticate the American bison as a substitute for the ox; and the yet more startling plan for the "unwinding" of the James River sturgeon, and for the extraction of perfume from the musk-rat. Any one of these seems feasible, however, when compared with the proposal, made in 1650, to tame the American Indian, and use him in winding silk, and in diving for pearls in the Virginia waters.

III.

THE TOBACCO STAPLE.

BUT in a new land trial of many ways is needful, and the bold man who makes experiments has always the chance of finding a new pathway; out of the thousand experiments emerges one discovery. Of all the colonial experimenters and projectors, one of the most fortunate was John Rolfe, the first Englishman to hazard marriage with an American savage, whereby he procured years of peace, in which the pioneer colony took firm root,—and the first Virginian to risk the planting of tobacco for the market. Two facts had put this last experiment well out of the reach of probable failure; tobacco was already growing in the Indian fields in Virginia, and it was already an article of sale in Europe, having been introduced into Portugal nearly a century before the settlement of Jamestown.

When the Virginians applied the spade to its culture it soon became much more productive than it had been in the rudely tilled Indian patches; in 1621, before the planting of tobacco was ten years old, fifty-five thousand pounds were sent from the James River to Holland, the land of smokers. In this same year began the efforts of the royal government in England to put restrictions on the production of the despised narcotic. The wide-spread opposition to tobacco at that time seems to have come partly from a dislike of novelties, partly from a belief that it tended to produce a degeneration of the English race, and partly from the multiform puritanism that was spreading among people of every rank, and which objected to self-indulgences except in the ancient and well-established English forms of heavy eating and stout drinking. James I., notwithstanding his own intemperate use of strong liquors and his hatred of puritanism, had already published a "Counterblast to Tobacco," and he now undertook to resist economic forces, with as much chance of success as his remote predecessor Knut had of arresting the incoming

tide. Tobacco was in demand; a few years later a hundred thousand Englishmen were in bondage to it, and the very plowmen had learned to take it in the field. Virginia was able to supply it in better quality than any other country. This conjunction of demand and supply settled the destiny of the much-battered pioneer colony. In five years after the destructive massacre, and still more destructive terror, of 1622, there were more than four thousand English on the Virginia river banks, well housed and prosperous. Two years later, in 1631, the Privy Council of Charles I. declared that this plant enervated "both body and courage," and the king announced that he had "long expected some better fruit than tobacco and smoke" from Virginia. The colony also desired, for other reasons than those assigned by the king, to prevent excessive production. Having tried in vain every conceivable form of minute regulation, the legislature ordered the destruction of all the bad and half the good in 1640; and when the price had further declined, divers attempts were made to wholly suppress tobacco-growing for one season in order that the market might rally.

All natural conditions were favorable to the culture of tobacco in the Chesapeake region. Virgin land was without any known limit, and the climate was congenial. The small farmer, and the English servant newly freed from a four or five years' bondage, could begin a tobacco-field without other capital than an axe, a mattock, and a hoe. Every comer was entitled to fifty acres of land, subject to an insignificant quit-rent. The easy application to tobacco of the labor of indentured servants, convicts, and negro slaves, made it a favorite crop with the large land-holder; the navigable rivers and broad estuaries of the Chesapeake and Albemarle regions enabled the planters to ship their bulky hogheads direct from their own barns, or to boat them to the inspector's warehouse. These advantages, and the agreement of tobacco-raising with the country-gentleman notions and pride in land-ownership brought from England, made it inevitably the leading occupation of the country. The habits of the people in the two Chesapeake colonies were soon molded by their staple, so that tobacco held its own, almost to the exclusion of all other productions, except wheat and maize; and this in the teeth of the restrictions of royal monopolies at first and of burdensome navigation acts afterward, and notwithstanding a duty of six times the plantation value on what was consumed in England. Tobacco was subjected, besides, to plunder on ship-board, to exasperating frauds in the customs,

to unreasonable extortions from the merchants under pretense of samples, and to a tare of one twenty-sixth of what remained after all this robbery.

At first the planters simply threw their tobacco in heaps and allowed it to cure as heaven pleased by exposure to the sun and the air. As early as 1617 a Mr. Lambert invented the better way of hanging it on lines, and an order was sent to England for cordage; but it occurred to somebody at a later time that the plant would hang as well on Virginia sticks as on London strings. Pegs were driven into the stalks to hang it by, until some new inventor saved the trouble with pegs by partly splitting the stalks and so hanging them on the sticks. A more important change was wrought when, at some not remembered period, the primitive dependence on outdoor exposure for curing gave way to the method of drying by a slow fire in an airy barn. The Virginia and Maryland planters, though conservative and slow-going in all besides, carried their own particular art, step by step, to high perfection; and then, by excluding the poorer sorts from European shipment, through a rigorous system of inspection, they gained a world-wide reputation for producing the staple at its best.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century private "rolling houses," for the deposit and shipment of the staple, had become common, and early in the century both the Chesapeake colonies established public places for the deposit of tobacco. The quality was more perfectly guaranteed by the utterance of transferable warehouse certificates of deposit, which passed current for money.

In 1730 twenty-four thousand tons of shipping were required to carry a year's crop from Maryland and Virginia, and before the close of the provincial period there were two hundred large vessels in the trade, carrying a hundred thousand hogsheads annually. The navigation laws required that all of this should first be landed in England, where it paid a duty equal to a million and a half of dollars, an amount greater than that brought into the exchequer by any other commodity. No bounty was ever paid to promote the culture of the despised "weed," as King James had nicknamed it; the English government and the colonial legislatures alike sought to repress it; but the sure action of an economic gravitation begotten of climate, soil, social condition, and market demand, was strong enough to restrict even the profitable wheat culture, and to extinguish almost all other forms of industry in the two tobacco colonies. The staple entered into the whole life of the people, furnished currency, gave form to com-

merce, affected manners, made slavery profitable and persistent, and pervaded all legislation.

There was, of course, no sharp line of demarkation for the growth of a staple. When the early overproduction of tobacco made a secondary crop desirable in Virginia and Maryland, wheat was profitably grown, and became a crop of such magnitude in the later years of the colonial period, that it was believed to threaten the ascendancy of tobacco. Tobacco, in turn, stretched the area of its growth far to the north. The Delaware country was famous for its fine tobacco in the days of the Swedish and Dutch dominions, and at one period, after the coming of the Quakers, Philadelphia loaded fourteen ships a year with this staple. New York from Dutch times grew tobacco for export; there were official inspectors of it as early as 1638. It was grown in New England, and as far toward the pole as Quebec. But in the English colonies north of Delaware Bay, climate and social conditions turned the balance slowly but surely in favor of wheat, and the middle colonies became like the ancient land of Egypt for corn. North Carolina grew tobacco; but in the southern and sea-coast counties of that colony, the rosin, pitch, and turpentine of the pine forests were more profitable, and their production was more suited to the habits of the people. Even in South Carolina tobacco was the great staple of the "upper counties."

IV.

RICE AND INDIGO.

THE destiny of South Carolina was changed by a single lucky experiment. In 1696, when the colony was more than thirty years old, the pioneers were still engaged in buying furs from the Indians, extracting rosin, tar, and turpentine from the pines, cutting timber for shipment, and growing slender harvests of grain on the light soil along the coast. Attempts had already been made to grow indigo, ginger, and cotton; but these had not answered expectation. A small and unprofitable kind of rice had also been tried in 1688. But one Thomas Smith thought that a patch of wet land at the back of his garden in Charleston resembled the soil he had seen bearing rice in Madagascar. It chanced in 1696, that a brigantine from that island anchored in distress near Sullivan's Island, and the captain, an old friend of this enterprising Thomas Smith, was able to furnish him a bag of Madagascar rice suitable for seed. It grew luxuriantly in the wet corner of the



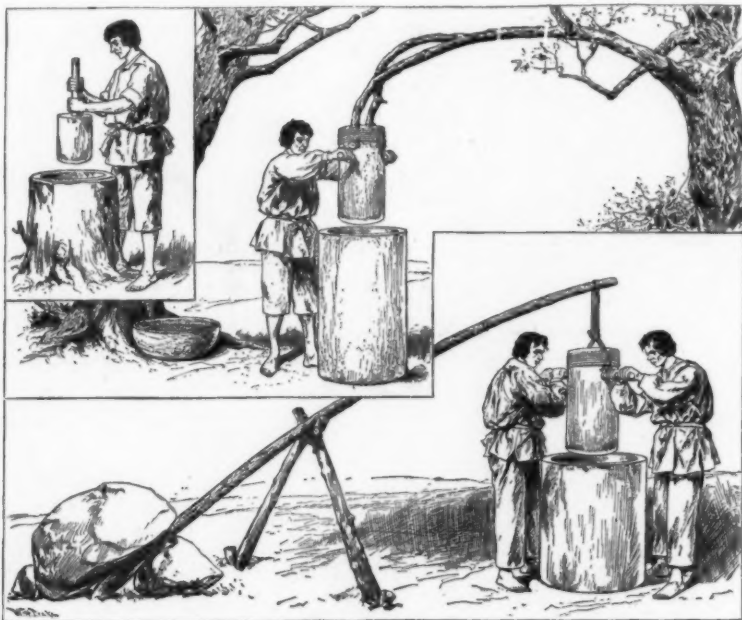
JARED ELIOT. (FROM AN OIL PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF CHARLES G. ELLIOT, ESQ., CLINTON, CONN.)

garden, and the seed from this little harvest was widely distributed. In three or four years the art of husking the rice was learned. African slaves were easily procured in the West Indies, and the face of society in the young State was presently changed: South Carolina became a land of great planters and of a multitude of toiling negroes. Smith was raised to the rank of landgrave, and made governor of the colony three years after the success of his rice-patch. The new grain was at first grown on uplands; but the planters afterward discovered that the neglected swamps were more congenial and

less exhaustible. The cruelly hard labor of separating the grains from the adhering husks crippled the strength and even checked the increase of the negroes; but in the years just preceding the Revolution this task came to be performed with mills driven by the force of the incoming and outgoing tides, or turned by horses or oxen. A hundred and forty thousand barrels of Carolina rice, of four or five hundred weight apiece, were annually exported before the war of independence. Through the example of a governor of Georgia, the culture of rice spread into that colony, and completed the ruin of the silk business.

Nearly half a century before the bag of seed-rice fell into Thomas Smith's hands, this grain had been tried in Virginia by Governor Sir William Berkeley, and had yielded thirty-fold. It seems to have had a humble place as one of the products of south-eastern Virginia many years afterward. Rice was also grown as far northward as New Jersey; there was a considerable exportation of it from

In South Carolina, where indigo became a leading staple, rivaling rice and only yielding to cotton after the Revolution, its introduction was due to the enterprise and intelligence of a young lady. Miss Eliza Lucas, who afterward, as Mrs. Pinckney, made gowns from home-grown silk, not daunted by the failure of early experiments with indigo, procured seed from Antigua about 1741 or 1742.



PRIMITIVE MODE OF GRINDING CORN.

Salem as early as 1698, while the culture of it was yet in its beginnings in Carolina.

We may reckon among Virginia commodities indigo, which awakened in 1649 almost as much interest as the experiments with silk and vines. "All men begin to get some of the seeds," says a writer of the time, "and know it will be of ten times the gain to them as tobacco." He adds that "gain now carries the Bell." During this indigo fever some of the more sanguine Virginians modestly hoped to wrest the indigo trade "from the Mogull's country, and to supply all Christendome. This will be many thousands of pounds in the year." More than a hundred years after the experiment of 1649, indigo is again mentioned along with bar iron and ginseng as one of the less important exports from the colony to Great Britain, but its culture was in a feeble and failing condition.

Her first planting, made in March, was destroyed by a frost; the second attempt in April was cut down by a worm; but the third succeeded. An expert, brought to show the manner of making the dye, proved treacherous; but the perseverance of the lady won the victory at length, and by 1745 the possibility of growing indigo in Carolina was proven. Two years later two hundred thousand pounds were sent to England, and the annual exportation reached more than a million pounds in the last years of the colonial period.

V.

WHEAT, MAIZE, AND MINOR PRODUCTS.

IN 1634 Massachusetts, having more new emigrants on her untamed soil than she was

able to feed, sent a ship to Bermuda for bread. Finding none there, the captain secured five thousand bushels of wheat in Virginia, "for the relief of New England." But a few years later, when emigrants suddenly ceased to come to Massachusetts Bay, the supply of money which the new-comers brought, and the market for food products which they afforded, abruptly failed, and there was no means for paying the debts due in England,

which the planters had either captured in the chase or bought of the Indians.

For what legislation had failed to achieve, natural causes, when left to themselves, had wrought. The overproduction and consequent low price of tobacco in 1640, and at later periods, had promoted the culture of wheat and maize in both of the Chesapeake colonies; so that before the Revolutionary struggle set in, Maryland was accustomed to



A CONESTOGA WAGON IN THE BULL'S HEAD YARD, PHILADELPHIA.

or for purchasing things needed thence. It was in this emergency that the first exportation of farm produce from Massachusetts took place. A ship-load of wheat was made up with much ado and sent abroad as the best purchasing agent within reach. The General Court expressed the opinion that wheat would be the staple of New England, and forbade its use for bread or malt. But in Massachusetts, as elsewhere, it was found that the production of staples depended on causes not within the control of law-making bodies. Indian corn at this early day had not become an article for shipment, and in this same year it was so abundant as to be unsalable. Later, when the prolific New England people had multiplied and given themselves to the fisheries, to whale-hunting, and to foreign commerce, and when the belts of alluvial land had been impoverished by bad husbandry, food was sought farther south. In all the rivers flowing into the Chesapeake and Albemarle Sound the New England peddling craft brought to the very door of the easy-going planters rum, sugar, molasses, and salt, with ready-made clothing, at exorbitant prices, besides smaller commodities. These were bartered for the superabundant bread and meat of the southerly colonies, and for the peltries

send six hundred thousand bushels of wheat annually to England, and Virginia nearly as much. The latter colony and North Carolina also exported maize to Portugal, to South America, and to feed the West Indian negroes. Oats were early and abundantly sown in Virginia. As the English beer passed out of use, Indian corn took the place of barley, and was even used to make a sort of beer by a process of "malting by drying in an oven." Rye was sown for bread in New England from the first. In Virginia its culture was promoted by the Scotch and Irish settlers of the valley, who used it as a basis for the whisky which they preferred to the tamer beer of the English. The white-blossoming and red-ripening buckwheat, which is so bright an object in our spring and summer landscapes, was used in Carolina to feed cattle in the first years of the eighteenth century, and was early brought into the valley of Virginia, perhaps by emigrants from the European continent. The raising of cereals for the market extended from New England to South Carolina. From the latter Indian corn was exported after 1739, while wheat was produced by the German palatines in the interior.

But the great bread-giving region lay in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania;



A PLANTATION GATE-WAY. ENTRANCE TO THE ESTATE OF
WILLIAM BYRD AT WESTOVER, VA.

from the lands between the Connecticut and the Susquehanna, the British West Indies and the Mediterranean countries received large supplies of wheat and flour. By the middle of the eighteenth century, eight or nine thousand of the great white-topped Cohestoga wagons, drawn each by four, six, or even eight horses, were required to bring to the busy little market city of Philadelphia the produce of the farms of the interior, besides all that was floated down the Delaware and the Schuylkill. New York at the same time sent out large shipments of grain, brought from the Hudson valley, Long Island, and the Jersey bays, in sloops. Of flour and bread, also, New York exported about six thousand tons annually. The "bread," which was a large element in the outward trade of the three chief wheat provinces, was hard-tack, sold to ships and sent to the West Indies and elsewhere. There was a bakery attached to almost every mill. In 1770 the exports of flour and bread from all the colonies were equal in value to three millions of our money,

besides a million bushels of wheat and more than half as much of Indian corn. For domestic use Indian corn became very early the indispensable source of supply. At first it was pounded in wooden mortars, after the Indian way, or ground in hand-mills, after the old English fashion. In all the colonies, farmers lived chiefly upon bread of Indian meal.

The greatest difference between the agriculture of the later provincial period and that of our time, so far as the nature of the products is concerned, lies in the fact that the cotton staple held then a very insignificant place. It was introduced into Virginia before 1620, and many efforts were made to give it commercial importance. Governor Andros succeeded in awakening an enthusiasm for cotton culture in Virginia at the close of the seventeenth century; but enthusiasm is a poor substitute for profit, and cotton fell away again, though at the Revolutionary period Virginia grew more than any other State. Cotton for domestic use was grown successfully from southern New Jersey southward, and a small quantity was exported from South Carolina in 1748. But the economic barrier to its commercial importance seemed insurmountable; one man could grow more than all the spare hands on a plantation could clean from the seed. The irksomeness of this work of cleaning led to the invention of gins to rid the cotton of its seed; but they all, in some way, injured the fiber. It was not until after the separation of the colonies from England that the invention of Whitney's gin gave the cotton plant a swift ascendancy in the South, driving indigo from the field.

Hemp was much fostered by legislative bounties, and its culture was advocated by theorists and patriots who wished to see the king's navy supplied from the king's dominions, and not from the distant land of "the Czar of Muscovy." Liberal bounties were paid to promote its culture, and among other visionary schemes one was broached in the bubble period of 1720 to settle a whole county in Virginia with felons who should be forced to cultivate hemp, the county to be called *Hempshire*—name full of disagreeable suggestion to those who were to have inhabited it. Like other petted children of colonial agriculture, hemp came to no great things. The Massachusetts people in 1641 set "all hands" to work on hemp and flax, and burned down several houses while zealously drying their flax. In 1646 the Virginia Assembly required every county to send ten boys or girls to Jamestown for instruction in the flax houses. In spite of all this coddling, flax was more fortunate than hemp, for its culture was pro-

moted in all the colonies by Irish immigrants accustomed to fields of flax and linen-wheels at home. There was a thriving trade to Ireland in flaxseed, the Irish flax not being

was required to inclose a quarter of an acre for vines, roots, and so forth. Nine years later, the observant Dutch voyager De Vries saw a garden on the James, in which was a



HOME OF JOHN BARTRAM, THE COLONIAL BOTANIST AND AGRICULTURIST, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

allowed to ripen its seed; and there were a good many mills in New England for expressing linseed oil.

The potato, originally a South American plant, was introduced to Virginia by Sir John Harvey in 1629, though it was unknown in some counties of England a hundred and fifty years later. In Pennsylvania, potatoes are mentioned very soon after the advent of the Quakers; they were not among New York products in 1695, but in 1775 we are told of eleven thousand bushels grown on one sixteen-acre patch in this province. Potatoes were served, perhaps as an exotic rarity, at a Harvard installation dinner in 1707; but the plant was only brought into culture in New England at the arrival of the Presbyterian immigrants from Ireland in 1718. Five bushels were accounted a large crop of potatoes for a Connecticut farmer; for it was held that, if a man ate them every day, he could not live beyond seven years.

Gardens, with whatever else made for luxury in living prospered among the Virginia squires. As early as 1624, every freeman

profusion of Provence roses, apple, pear, and cherry trees, and all the fruits which he had been accustomed to see in the horticultural land of Holland. In 1649, "potatoes, sparagus, carrets, turnips, parsnips, onions, and hartichokes" are set down among Virginia "roots." "The gallant root of potatoes are common, and so are all kinds of garden stuff," says the ungrammatical Hammond, in 1656. On the other hand, Beverley, the historian of Virginia, from the point of view of an agricultural reformer, declares, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, that "they ha'n't many gardens in the country fit to bear the name." The Labadist travelers complained in 1680 that the garden vegetables in one part of Maryland were "few and coarse"; but in 1775 Arthur Young, the best known of English agriculturists, thought that no part of the world could boast more plentiful or more general production of garden vegetables than the two Chesapeake colonies.

The climate and other conditions were less favorable to gardens in New England, but vegetables, vines, and orchards were tried from

the outset in Massachusetts. Gardening in New England largely fell to women; even the sale of garden seeds was in their hands. Besides the medicinal and culinary herbs of the old English gardens, New England women were accustomed to give little plats to flowers. In 1698 Pennsylvania colonists boasted the possession of "most of the garden herbs and roots of England"; but the best gardening in Pennsylvania was due to the patient and thorough-going Germans. In the genial climate of the South, a great variety of garden plants were found to thrive; but the opening of new lands for the culture of rice and indigo in South Carolina brought about a general neglect of horticulture; cabbages, onions, and potatoes were imported at Charleston until after the Revolution. The sweet potato was adopted from the aborigines in all the Southern colonies, and it is yet known in the market as the "Carolina." The squash in many varieties was of aboriginal origin, and, everywhere planted; the water-melon was largely used in the Middle and South, and Jared Eliot brought a new variety from Russia suited to the New England climate.

Perhaps the best of colonial gardeners were the Dutch of the Hudson River region. With the love of horticulture characteristic of their nation, they wrought the rugged interior of Manhattan island into thrifty, and in some cases elegant gardens. The growth of New Amsterdam, in the period of Dutch rule, was held in check by the engrossing of large lots for village gardens. To the Hollanders is attributed the introduction of the red, white, and carnelian roses, gillyflowers, tulips, white lilies, marigolds, and garden violets. Orchards, chiefly, though not wholly, of seedling fruit, became common in every province at an early period; even the Iroquois adopted the apple from early comers, and in the course of time raised large orchards. The Lenni Lenape on the Delaware grew peaches before Penn came, and the Congarees in Carolina, about 1708, had the art of drying peaches. One large and hardy peach-tree was so early and so widely distributed, even among tribes remote from European settlers, that it was called the Indian peach, and was thought to be indigenous even by John Bartram, the botanist.

Cider was at first made by pounding the apples by hand, often in wooden mortars, such as were used for Indian corn. The pomace was sometimes pressed in baskets. Vast quantities of cider were made in New England in the eighteenth century; a village of but forty families made three thousand barrels in 1721; a larger town turned out ten thousand. The greater part of the cider was sent to "the

islands," whither also went large shipments of American apples, accounted already superior to those from England. From Pennsylvania to Virginia, fruit on trees was by custom free to all-comers; in Virginia, the surplus peaches from orchards of ten to thirty acres in extent were thrown to the hogs, after the annual supply of brandy had been distilled.

All the bees in the colonies were the offspring of a few swarms brought to Massachusetts Bay at or soon after the first settlement. The production of honey was not large in New England; in Pennsylvania almost every farmer kept seven or eight swarms; but in the southern colonies the quantity of honey about 1750 is described as "prodigious." This was used not only for the table, but for making the old English strong liquor, metheglin. The bees were for the most part rudely hived in cross sections of the gum-tree, hollowed by natural decay; whence, in the South and West, a beehive of any kind is often called a bee-gum.

VI.

CATTLE.

THE first cattle that were brought over sea to be the beginners of new herds were valuable beyond price, and in Virginia it was made a crime punishable with death to kill one of them. In the great migration to Massachusetts Bay, the death of a cow or a goat was signaled from ship to ship. Sometimes, in the chronicles of the time, the death of a brute and that of a person are set down in the same sentence in such a way as to excite a smile in the modern reader, who fails to remember that the animal was of greater consequence to the welfare of the colony than the person,—the brute was the harder to replace. But having the wide, unfenced earth for pasture ground, cows soon became cheap and abundant; in New England they shrank to less than one-third their former value about 1642, and the decline had the effect of a modern financial crash on the trade and credit of the little colony. In Virginia, notwithstanding the destruction of breeding cattle in the early famines and that wrought by the savages in 1622, they were counted by thousands in 1629. Forty years after the *Susan Constant* brought Englishmen to James River, there were twenty thousand horned cattle there, with three thousand sheep, two hundred horses, fifty asses, and five thousand goats.

In 1670 a planter in the new settlements of Carolina thought it a great matter to have three or four cows; thirty years later two

hundred were a common allowance, and some had a thousand head of cattle apiece. In all the colonies the wild grass and the browse of the woods was the main dependence; but the rich annual grasses were, after awhile,



CATTLE EAR-MARK, AS REGISTERED, FROM BAILEY'S "HISTORY OF ANDOVER."

From the Records of Andover: "December the 25th 1734 the ear-mark that James Frie Giveth his cattle and other Creatures is as followeth *viz*, a half cross cut out of the under side of the left ear split or cut out about the middle of the Top of the ear, called by som a figger of seven."

reduced or extirpated by the close cropping, which did not allow opportunity to mature seed, and long before the artificial culture of grasses had become common in England, the perennial English grasses were introduced into New England, Long Island, and Pennsylvania, by sowing the unwinnowed sweepings of English haymows. A few corn-husks and a little wheat-straw were sometimes fed to cows; but in the depth of winter the half wild and starving creatures often perished by venturing too far into the marshes in search of food. In Pennsylvania, so late as the middle of the eighteenth century, superstitious people were wont to tie a dogwood bough about a cow's neck when she staggered and fell down from inanition in the spring; the dogwood was probably regarded as a sort of tonic. In Virginia, at one period, it was expected that the hides of the cattle dying every winter would furnish shoes for all the negroes on the plantation. In the seventeenth century some of the Virginians held that to house or milk cows in the winter would be the death of them. A better system came in as the colonial period drew to its close; the German settler in Pennsylvania, indeed, adhered from the first to the usage of the fatherland, and sheltered his cows from the tempests of the winter under the same roof with his numerous children, and later in the great barns that marked the growing prosperity which follows hard work and frugal living in a fertile country.

On the other hand, the English colonists brought the bad custom of neglecting live stock from England. At the beginning of American settlements, cattle were almost as much exposed and starved in England as they were, for a century afterward, in the colonies. The culture of forage plants was a novelty in the mother country in the time of the Commonwealth; the growth of root crops,

for winter feeding, was introduced among English farmers about 1760. The branding-iron, which in the colonies was used to mark the ownership and the town to which the wandering beast belonged, was employed in England in the fourteenth century, and probably earlier, and no doubt lingered in the mother country until after the North American migrations.

Notwithstanding the multitude of herds that filled the woods from Maine to Georgia, one hears little of the exportation of any dairy products except from Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and New York. Farmers in the northern colonies often had no milk at all in the winter, and little children were obliged to soak their bread in cider for a substitute. On the eastern shore of Maryland, in 1680, it was matter of doubt whether one would find milk or butter in a planter's house even in summer.

In 1666 it was a boast that it cost no more to raise an ox in Carolina than it did to rear a hen in England. The ranch system had its beginning in Virginia and the Carolinas and among the Spaniards of Florida. "Cow-pens," as they were then called, were established on lands not yet settled, and cattle were herded in droves of hundreds or thousands. Small prairies existed in many places, North and South, and these, with thinly wooded plains, were especially devoted to pasturage after beef came to have a commercial value. In some parts of Massachusetts a "hayward" was employed to attend the cattle of a whole township, which were kept together in one drove. Sometimes the townsmen took turns in herding the cows, after a very ancient European custom. Similar arrangements prevailed in the great herds on the plains of Long Island, where little artificial ponds, lined with clay, were made to hold rain-water for the stock—a device brought from England, and still used in Texas. In some places a peninsula was chosen for a "herd walk," and fenced at its junction with the mainland, to keep the cows in and the wolves out. The reach at Nahant, and Cow Neck on Long Island, for examples, were thus fenced to inclose, by aid of the sea, gigantic common pastures. Coney Island was filled with cattle, completely hedged by natural barriers and sheltered by the bushes, and Fisher's Island, at New Haven, was inhabited by goats.

At first, the settlers fired the woods in spring, to get rid of the undergrowth and make room for grass. The practice, like many others, was borrowed from the Indians, who burned out the bushes systematically that they might get about easily, and that the

deer might have better range. There are traditions yet preserved of the splendor of these fires when seen by night. At a later period, when fires had come to be dangerous to the denser settlements, the people in some places were required to cut underbrush for a certain number of days every spring. In the first years of the eighteenth century the wild meadows of the South and the marshes of New England began to be reclaimed by drainage; sometimes they were inclosed with fences or ditches, and used for fattening cattle. The value of marsh hay became known; timothy—first cultivated by Timothy Hansen in Maryland or Virginia—and clover were sown by thrifty farmers in the more settled regions; and the value of corn-fodder began to be understood.

If the cattle were countless, the hogs "swarmed like vermin upon the earth." On the New England coast, in the earliest time, the droves of pigs fed on the refuse of the fishing stages, and their meat acquired a flavor so rank and aquatic that the Indians preferred that of the white man's dogs. In Carolina, the swarming hogs came out of the woods at the sound of a horn to eat a little refuse of potatoes or turnips fed to keep them from becoming utterly wild. In Virginia, no account was made of swine in the inventory of the estate of a man of substance; uncaught pigs were not easily numbered. The countless hogs furnished the most of the meat, as Indian corn supplied the greater part of the bread, in all the colonies. In New England, each family had, after the old English custom, its "powdering tub,"—not yet everywhere disused,—in which the pork for the family table was salted, and from which it was taken to be smoked by hanging in the ample chimney.

Small attention could be paid to the breed of animals living at large; from this cause, and the annual course of semi-starvation, the stock of all kinds degenerated in size, but acquired, by merely natural selection, the tough vitality which has made our so-called "native" cattle valuable for cross-breeding. Only in the pineries of the North-east was attention given to the size of cattle; the lumberman of the Piscataqua prided himself, beyond all things, on the size and strength of his yellow oxen. Instead of improving the breed of the myriads of neat cattle in the colonies, the experimenters of that day made repeated attempts to domesticate buffalo calves. These became gentle enough, but persisted in going where they listed by butting down any fence that stood in the way; and it was discovered after awhile that a species tamed for thousands of years was better.

Six or seven dollars of our money was the price in Virginia of a cow and calf, "sight unseen," as the phrase went; whether big or little, young or old, was not considered. Horses, cattle, and sheep were not taxed: "they turn to so little account," says the chronicler. The Virginia beef was small, but sweet; that of Carolina poor and lean; but large droves of Carolina cattle were driven through Virginia to fatten on Pennsylvania blue grass, before going to the Philadelphia market. New England cattle in early times survived the long winters rather as outlines than oxen; but later they were better cared for, and Massachusetts people learned the art of giving to an ox exhausted in the yoke a year or two of rest and good feed; by which beef was produced "that would credit the stalls of Leadenhall market," as an English traveler attested. Connecticut, less given to the fisheries than the colonies to the east, exported more salt beef than all the other colonies together, while Rhode Island became known for its dairies.

The growing up of many horses, neat cattle, and hogs in the wilderness, without knowledge of men or marks of branding-irons upon them, gave rise to new and exciting forms of sport. Wild beeves and hogs were fair game for the rifle of the hunter. A wondering Scotch-Irishman writes, in 1737, from New York to the Presbyterian minister in the town of his nativity, relating, as one of the attractions of America, "horses that are wild in the wilderness, that are yer ain when ye can grip them." In some of the royal and proprietary colonies, these wild animals were at times claimed as part of the revenue, under the old English doctrine of the right of the king or the manor lord to estrays. But such a claim was hard of enforcement. In some parts of the Chesapeake region, and perhaps elsewhere, a customary "right in the woods" pertained to every planter, and was matter of sale and purchase. It consisted in a claim upon a definite proportion of the unmarked cattle in the forest. In Virginia and North Carolina, men mounted on steeds trained to thread the mazes of the forest without touching the rider's foot against a tree would give chase for hours to a wild horse until he stopped from exhaustion, whereupon one of the pursuers would clap bridle and saddle upon the captive and mount while yet he was too weary to rebel. The scrubby little "tackees" still taken in the marshes along the North Carolina coast are descendants of the wild horses of the colony.

A horse whose stature reached fourteen, and in some colonies thirteen hands, was accounted large enough to breed from, even

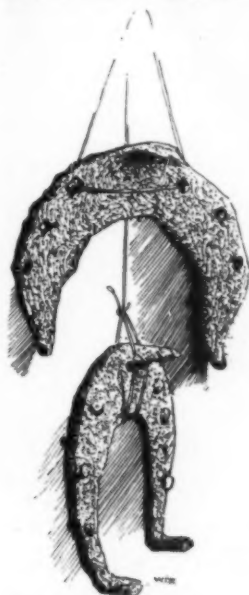
by those who were seeking to arrest by legislation the deterioration of the stock. But these undersized creatures were exceedingly hardy and suited to a new country, whether for riding or for work under the pack-saddle. Rarely shod, their hoofs became hard, and they were frequently ridden fifty miles in a day at "a good, sharp hand-gallop."

From the latter part of the seventeenth century, attention was given to the improvement of their horses by the Virginians, whose country-squire traditions and frantic love for racing made them always more careful of the strain of their steeds than the other colonists were. Many horses of pure Arabian blood were bred in Virginia and some in Maryland, and these "fleet and beautiful thoroughbreds" were the admiration of travelers. Virginia horses, in the Revolutionary time, fetched double the price of those bred without care in the northern colonies, which latter were much derided by foreigners.

Good horses were not entirely wanting in the other colonies; the rich rice-planters of Carolina, indeed, toward the close of the colonial period, rivaled the Virginians in their truly English passion for fine horses and for racing. Penn imported three blood mares at his first coming, and in 1699 he brought over "the magnificent colt Tamerlane," of the best strain in England. But to the German farmers of Pennsylvania is due the credit of producing the great Conestoga horses, the finest draught animals on the continent in the colonial age, and perhaps the most substantially valuable of all American horses so long as the horse had to do the work now done by the railway. Staten Island was also noted for horses larger than the degenerate breed of the mainland. As early as 1667, Hull, the maker of the Massachusetts pine-tree shillings, hit on Point Judith as a peninsula suited to the raising of "large and fair mares and horses"; and in later times Rhode Island, with parts of Connecticut, became famous for excellent horses, many valuable stallions having been brought from Virginia. That delightful American eccentricity, the natural pacer, was known in Virginia not later than the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The "Narragansett pacers" of Rhode Island came into request at about the same time, and in New England, where racing was unknown, the pace became the commonest gait of horses in the country towns. The awkward but "prodigiously" rapid natural amble of the American pacer was a sort of world's wonder, and was thought to have been learned from the cows with which the colts were herded.

The hardy Canadian horse, longest naturalized to American conditions, was much valued

and widely distributed through the colonies in later times. One other breed deserves mention: the Chickasaws—the first mounted Indians known to the English—carefully



ANCIENT HORSESHOES FLOWED UP IN SCHENECTADY CO., N. Y.
(IN THE NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM.)

guarded from mixture their fine race of horses derived from the Spaniards.

Notwithstanding the large numbers sent to the West India Islands from all the colonies, horses were more than abundant. Laws were made in several provinces to reduce "the extravagant multitude of useless horses and mares that are in the woods."

The only domestic animal that did not multiply to excess in the wild pastures of America was the sheep, which had for deadly foes the American wolf and the English woolen manufacturer. The wolves were reduced by a system that had been followed for centuries in England, of paying liberal bounties for the heads of destructive animals. The public officer who redeemed these heads cropped the ears, so that a head once paid for might be debarred from passing current for a second reward. In the province of New York the constable's house was rendered conspicuous by the decoration of its front with grinning wolf-heads, which the law required him to nail up in this fashion. But, however much the colonists might have desired it, they could not affix the head of an English cloth-worker to the front gable of the constable's house. There was nothing that English legislation

of the time sought more persistently than the development of the English woolen trade;—among the devices for promoting this end was a law commanding every Englishman to go to his grave in a woolen shroud for the good of his country. The growth of the woolen industry in Ireland or the colonies was repressed with severity; the importation of a sheep for the improvement of the colonial breed was punishable with the amputation of the right hand. In spite of wolves and acts of parliament, many thousand sheep were raised, but they had to be folded within hearing of the farmer and his dogs. The negligent methods prevalent in a new country bore more hardly on sheep than on other animals, and it was estimated that about one-third of all the sheep in the northern colonies perished in a single hard winter, a little before the middle of the eighteenth century.

The keeping of sheep in New England and on Long Island was much promoted by the holding of lands and tending of herds in common; and the one thousand New England sheep of 1642 had trebled their number by 1652. The town of Milford, in Connecticut, sequestered a large common and kept more than a thousand sheep as public property, the profits going to defray town expenses. When, in the eighteenth century, the common lands and such vast Long Island pastures as Hempstead plains were divided, sheep-raising became more expensive and difficult.

VII.

TOOLS AND TILLAGE.

THE cumbrous and complicated English plow of the period could not have been of much use to the colonists until it had undergone modification. As late as 1786 it required "four oxen, two men, and a boy" to run a plow in the west of England; the midland

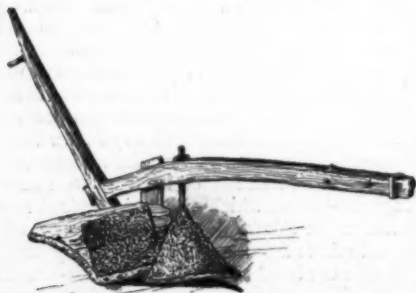
plow of the same period required five or six horses; the old Scotch plow two horses, aided by two or four oxen; and the primitive plow team of eight oxen, known from remotest antiquity, could still be found in use in Great



ANCIENT HAND-MADE SPADE. (STATE AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM, ALBANY, N. Y.)

Britain. One hears of a plow in the colony of Virginia drawn by four horses, driven by a postilion riding the near horse next the plow, and of a plow in Georgia, in 1735, drawn by six horses. The plow in the colonies, however, generally took on a simpler and ruder form; it was sometimes built by the farmer, and ironed at the nearest smithy. The one-handed plow was held by the left hand; the right bore a plow staff for cleaning the dirt from the wooden mold-board. Simplicity was carried to an extreme in Virginia, where there were few artisans; in some cases a grubbing hoe bound to a plow-beam was used with perfect seriousness to scratch the light soil of the peninsulas. In Massachusetts, the fortunate owner of a plow sometimes made a business of going about to plow for his neighbors; the town would now and then pay a bonus for keeping in repair the only plow within its bounds.

Carts also were often home-made—the body being fast to the axle-tree, so that dumping was impossible. The first Swedes on the Delaware, and perhaps others, had carts with truck wheels sawed from the liquid-amber or sweet-gum tree—probably mere cross-sections of a round log. Two skids fastened together made a "drag," or "sledge," to which was hitched a single ox or horse, for drawing burdens over the grass or ground in summer. This sledge was used on the northern frontier, in Pennsylvania, and in Carolina, and with it the Maryland and Virginia planter sometimes dragged his tobacco hogsheads to the place of shipment. But the commonest mode of moving tobacco was yet more naked: the cask was strongly hooped, and then rolled by human strength along the hot and sandy roads often fifteen or twenty miles



COLONIAL PLOW WITH WOODEN MOLD-BOARD. 1705. (STATE AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM, ALBANY, N. Y.)

to the inspector's warehouse, known for this reason as a "rolling-house." The road, which went round about to avoid hills, was called a "rolling-road." When oxen or horses were used in rolling, a tongue and axle were fitted into the ends of the hoghead.

The New England settlers were curiously slow to learn the great lesson of their climate. While the Dutch were traveling and hauling great loads upon the snow, their Connecticut and Massachusetts neighbors laid in wood in November in cumbrous carts, and this continued to the close of the seventeenth century; it was much later before long journeys were undertaken upon sleigh-runners. English farmers, more than five hundred years ago, made their own horse-collars of straw. The American colonists also made them of straw, and added the art of weaving them from the husks of the maize. But oxen chiefly were used for plowing and other farm work in the seventeenth, and even into the eighteenth century. When the "horse-hoe," a progenitor of our modern cultivator, came into vogue in England, and was brought to the colonies, Jared Eliot used oxen to draw it, yoking them far apart that they might pass on each side of the row of Indian corn. But the cheapness of the horse brought that animal into more general use in the years just preceding the Revolution.

Grain was reaped with sickles, though "scythe-cradles" were not unknown. Threshing was done in New England with a flail; in New York and to the southward wheat was often trodden out by horses or oxen on the hard and well-prepared threshing floor in the open field. Both methods are older than human records, and both continue in out-of-the-way places to-day. Winnowing was performed in the primitive way, by throwing the grain against the wind and then running it through sieves; in some places large willow winnowing fans were used. The winnowing machine in its simplest form is a Dutch device, and did not reach England until 1710; "Dutch fans" were little known in the colonies.

While virgin land was abundant, manure was but little sought for, though in New England the settlers learned from the Indians the art of burying a whole fish in each hill of corn. In some places, the horse-foot crab was cut in pieces and put into the hill for both corn and potatoes. A part of the stipend of a minister in Cape Cod was two hundred fish from each of his parishioners to fertilize his sandy corn-ground. The Connecticut agriculturist,



ALEXANDER SPOTSWOOD, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA FROM 1710 TO 1723. (FROM A PORTRAIT BELONGING TO BENJAMIN ROBINSON, ESQ., OF KING WILLIAM CO., VA., AND NOW IN THE VIRGINIA STATE LIBRARY.)

Eliot, used creek mud and sand, and sowed clover to recuperate worn-out fields, as did the Pennsylvania botanist and agriculturist, Bartram, following a fashion then just coming into English agriculture. But Eliot could not introduce another practice freshly brought to England from the Low Countries,—that of growing turnips on poor lands and putting sheep on them. "Our poor land is so poor," he writes, "that it will not bear turnips bigger than buttons." In Maryland and North Carolina, no method of fertilizing was known but one that has been followed in Europe since the middle ages,—that of using a pen of movable hurdles for confining cattle at night on an impoverished piece of ground; and sheep were thus confined for the same purpose in New England.

Travelers from Europe united with colonial writers in condemning the general badness of farming in the thirteen provinces. Clayton and Beverley in Virginia and Eliot in New England were unsparing in their denunciations of the slovenly husbandry of their neighbors. Clearings were frequently made by merely girdling the larger trees and burning up the undergrowth. On land treated in this way, the dead trees presented a ghostly appearance, and their falling boughs endangered the lives of travelers. Wheat was dragged in with a tree-top or with a wooden-tine harrow. Spades and hoes were made by

country smiths, and were unwieldy. Pennsylvanians sometimes sowed oats in the rows of Indian corn and followed with wheat, thus killing out the noxious blue grass and destroying the fertility of the soil at a blow. In this and the more southern provinces, land weary of hard usage was allowed to lie fallow, or was abandoned to old-field pines. The colonial farmer, North and South, had so long scratched the earth's cuticle that he came to believe that deep plowing ruined the land. Jared Eliot was one of the first to set the example of actually stirring the ground.

But in every new land a sort of bad husbandry is good husbandry. The very first comers suffered from their failure to perceive this. They felt obliged, in the antique phrase of Jared Eliot, "to stubb all staddles,"—that is, to grub up by the roots the smaller saplings,—and to cut down, or at least trim up, all the great trees. They even leveled and pulverized the ground with rollers, after the method of English farmers. It took years to show them that the conditions of success were different in a new world. In England, land was precious and labor cheap; the problem was to get as much as possible out of an acre. But in America, acres were unnumbered and human hands were few. To get as much as possible out of a man was the stint set before the colonists. The Virginian never calculated how much his field yielded to the acre: he counted his yield to the hand. It was inevitable that the planter of tobacco should girdle and burn the trees for new ground in preference to fertilizing an old field, and that the New England farmer should leave the roots in his field and impoverish the soil by the shallowest culture. The newly come English farmer who tried to improve colonial methods no doubt paid the penalty of failure; just as the emigrant from the older States who tries deep plowing and clean culture on cheap prairies remote from markets now grows poor, while his neighbors prosper by an energetic skimming of the

land. The difficulties of the very earliest colonial agriculture discouraged careful farming. The forest was a deadly foe; a great part of the settler's life was passed in killing trees. The New Englander had to watch his sandy field on the coast for two weeks after corn planting, to keep the wolves from digging it up in search of the fish that enriched the hill. In some colonies, the squirrels were so pernicious that two-pence apiece was paid for killing them; in Maryland and northern Virginia, every planter was obliged by law to bring to a public office the heads of four of these pests. Then, too, the woods tempted the settler from his toils with abundant and savory meat, and the virgin streams were alive with fish. Only the indefatigable, conservative, and frugal German peasant on the Pennsylvania limestone soil, aided as he was by the toil in the field of his wife and children, could farm with thoroughness in such an environment.

As population increased, as cities were built, as commerce opened markets, and land grew valuable in the parts of the country that had been earliest settled, superficial farming, grown by this time to a tradition, was no longer commendable, or even excusable. The influence of enlightened example became necessary to abolish it. Virginia was said to have been more improved in Governor Spotswood's time than in the century preceding. The governor himself, and some such lords of great estates as William Byrd of Westover, were influential in introducing improvements; and half a century later Josiah Quincy found Virginia agriculture very far advanced. Jared Eliot—an enlightened and wealthy clergyman-farmer in Connecticut—tried all the artificial grasses of England. He introduced the drill, and persuaded the ingenious President Clap, of Yale College, to simplify its construction from the cumbrous English model. In a hundred ways, this grandson of the apostle Eliot strove for the betterment of



MEDAL AWARDED TO REV. JARED ELIOT, NOW IN POSSESSION OF CHARLES G. ELLIOT, ESQ., GOSHEN, N. Y.

American husbandry; but his writings have the air of begging pardon that a clergyman should make himself useful beyond the range of his profession. He excuses himself by telling how Charles V., on a visit to the Netherlands, sought out the tomb of Buckhelsz, who enriched his country by finding out a method for curing and barreling herring. Bartram, the botanist, and other Pennsylvania Quakers used many improvements in farming, and the wet lands on the Schuylkill were drained. Irrigation was also used in some parts of Pennsylvania to promote the growth of grass, and the agriculturist Masters made composts of forest leaves in the modern fashion. It is interesting to know that there was occasional correspondence between the men, scattered through the colonies, who were striving to lift agriculture out of the rut of stupidity into which it is always apt to sink. One reads with pleasure that fifty copies of Eliot's first little "Essay on Field Husbandry" were bought by "Benjamin Franklin, Esq., of Philadelphia," and that the progressive Bordley, of Maryland, ordered "Dr. Eliot's Essays" by way of London.

Alongside the new-born enthusiasm for science and the desire for improvement in practical affairs, which makes the later colonists seem to belong to our age rather than to the preceding one, there lingered many incongruous superstitions, even in the minds of

intelligent men. The almanacs of the time were publications of considerable importance, and one finds in these little pamphlets exact directions for regulating farming operations by the position of the sun in the zodiac. Even Eliot cannot shake himself free from these notions; his essays tell us with unruffled gravity that trees must be girdled in the old of the moon, "that day the sun moves out of the foot into the head," but brush is to be cut when the sun is in the heart. This day for giving a fatal stab to obnoxious alders unhappily falls, now and then, on Sunday, as the good parson confesses. In one of his later papers he half apologizes for his astrological nonsense, as though he had a dawning perception of its absurdity. In the very year before the outbreak of the Revolution the "Massachusetts Calendar" tells its readers to cut timber, for lasting, in the last quarter of the moon, naturally; but wood for firing should come down in the first quarter — perhaps because the moon is then firing up; and there follows a list of the proper phases of the moon for killing beeves, for sheep-shearing, apple-gathering, hedge-cutting, manuring land, grafting trees, cutting hair, and I know not how many operations besides. Similar notions can be found to-day among the illiterate; a hundred years ago and more, they were treated as scientific principles by men of liberal training.

SOME OLD CONSIDERATIONS.

The Puritan lies in his tomb —
A grand fellow was he in his day;
But now he's so bothered for room
He'd have hardly the space to pray,
Should he rise on his knees.

Not a foot from him down below
Great Sachem Paupmunock lies,
With his kettle of corn and his bow;
And both he might use, could he rise,
And sit at his ease.

Right over the two is my bed,
Delightfully propped on the great;
And here at my ease overhead
I rest on two Pillars of State,
And I sleep very well.

If they muttered a word under ground,
I dare say 'twould come to my ears;
But I've heard not the slightest sound,
And they've slept there two hundred years,
So the records tell.

I muse as I think of them there,
And sometimes I laugh to myself,
As I say — What a fine old pair!
But how easily laid on the shelf,
When we youngsters came!

The Sachem sang in his throat,
The Puritan twanged through his nose;
We sing a more lively note
Of the ruby red and the rose:—
In the end 'tis the same.

We too shall hobble away
From the merry folk and the fire;
"Good-bye" to the singers shall say,
And pass from the lute and the lyre,
From the folk and the flame.

GENERAL SHERMAN.*

For a few days prior to the first of November last, a tall, spare man, with erect soldierly bearing, a face curiously furrowed up and down, crosswise and diagonally, with wrinkles, gray, stubbly beard, but with light brown hair showing scarcely a trace of time's first touches, and with a hazel eye of a keen and youthful expression, might have been seen directing the packing of books and papers in a large, handsome room of the new War Department building at Washington. He wore a simple business suit, and the two assistants who helped him in the task of arranging the volumes and documents were also clad in plain clothes. Occasionally the tall man sat down at a desk and wrote a page or two of foolscap, which he added to a pile of manuscript, or rapidly wrote a letter in a small, clear, peculiar hand. His movements were so alert and his physical expression was so vigorous that no one, seeing him for the first time, would have thought for a moment of calling him old. It was William Tecumseh Sherman, General of the Army of the United States; the manuscript was his last report as Commander-in-Chief; the assistants were his aides-de-camp, and the preparations going on were for the removal of his personal papers, and for turning over the office to his successor. A recent act of Congress provided for the retirement from active service of all officers on reaching the age of sixty-four. General Sherman will reach this limit of age on the 18th of February, but he anticipated the date for relinquishing his command to the Lieutenant-General, in order that the latter might make recommendations concerning the army, as its new chief, to Congress at the present session.

The signing of a few official papers, and a cordial shaking of hands with the new commander, was all there was of ceremony connected with the transfer of command. The control of the military forces of a powerful nation was passed over without the beat of a drum or the firing of a salute. Aside from the great martial renown of the two general officers who took part in this simple ceremony, the event was one of national interest. Our system of government provides very few positions of dignity in which the tenure is suffi-

ciently long for the occupants to get a firm hold upon the regard and memory of their fellow-citizens. Presidents come and go, and the fame of each largely effaces that of him who went before. As to cabinet ministers, who can remember those in office ten years ago? The office of commander-in-chief, on the other hand, is one of both dignity and permanence. Even if there had been no Shiloh, no Vicksburg, no Atlanta, and no March to the Sea, the retirement from this high post of one who, like General Sherman, has held it for nearly fifteen years, would be a memorable event. When such an event marks the withdrawal from public life of one of the most famous generals of modern times and one of the great popular heroes of our Civil War, it attracts universal attention.

The title of General does not pass from Sherman to Sheridan with the transfer of the command of the army. Sheridan remains Lieutenant-General. In 1869, soon after the promotion of Sherman to the rank of general, made vacant by Grant's accession to the Presidency and the consequent promotion of Sheridan to Sherman's former rank of lieutenant-general, Congress, in a spirit of small economy both of titles and of pay, enacted that the two highest grades in the military establishment should continue only during the life of the then incumbents. Thus there is no further promotion beyond the grade of major-general. Since the foundation of the government there have been but three commanders with the full title of general. The first was Washington, upon whom the rank was conferred by Congress a few weeks before his death, and a few months after he had been made lieutenant-general in anticipation of a war with France; the second was Grant, to honor whom Congress revived the grade in 1866; the third was Sherman, who was promoted to Grant's place in 1869.†

The *Memoirs of General Sherman*, written by himself, and published in 1875, begin at his twenty-sixth year and end with the close of the civil war. They form a remarkably vivid and graphic picture of nineteen years of his life. The personality of the writer is everywhere infused into the narrative. The book mirrors the man. It takes no account, however, of his boyhood or early manhood.

* The writer wishes to acknowledge indebtedness in particular to General Grant and to General Sherman, for information and for revision of the proofs.

† The following is a list of the officers who have acted as commanders-in-chief of the army, by seniority of rank or by special assignment from the President:

Its opening sentence is, "In the spring of 1846, I was a first-lieutenant of Company G, Third Artillery, stationed at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina." We like to read about the early careers of famous men. We want to know whether the boy showed the budding of the genius which made the man great, what conditions molded his character, what circumstances threw him into the channels of action where he won renown. General Sherman has left this curiosity to be satisfied by some future biographer. A few facts concerning his youth and early manhood have been gathered for this sketch.

General Sherman did not come of a military family. His ancestors were mainly lawyers and preachers. The Sherman genealogy, like that of most old New England families, goes back to the first of the name who emigrated from Europe, and no further. Edmund Sherman left Dedham, Essex County, England, in 1634, with his three sons, and landed in Massachusetts. The sons were Edmund, Samuel, and John, and all were at Boston in 1636. John was a preacher. There also came over a cousin, one Captain John Sherman, from whom descended Roger Sherman, of Revolutionary fame, and William M. Evarts and George F. Hoar, statesmen of the present day. From Samuel descended the family of General Sherman, through the following line: Rev. John Sherman, born 1650; another John, born 1687; Daniel, a judge, born 1721; and Taylor, also a judge, born 1758, grandfather of the General, who married Betsey Stoddard and had three children—Charles, Daniel, and Betsey. To Grandmother Betsey might be attributed the talent of the later members of the family. She was a woman of uncommon

strength of character, who was always called on to give advice in times of trouble to her whole circle of relatives and descendants—a strong-willed, intelligent, managing woman, of a type much rarer in the present generation than it was a century ago. Judge Taylor Sherman was a man of position in Norwalk, Connecticut, and was one of the commissioners appointed by the State to quiet the Indian title to the Fire Lands district in Ohio, a part of the tract ceded by Congress to compensate Connecticut people for their losses in Benedict Arnold's raid. The Fire Lands are embraced in the present counties of Huron and Erie. Judge Sherman established the county seat of Huron and named it Norwalk, from his home town. He received two sections of land for his services, and, returning to Connecticut, died in 1815.

His son, Charles R. Sherman, was admitted to the Norwalk bar at the age of twenty, and signalized the event by marrying his sweetheart, Mary Hoyt, in defiance of the dictates of prudence; and then, starting for Ohio to make a career for himself, leaving his bride behind, he settled at Lancaster, and next year returned to bring his wife and a baby, that had arrived in the meantime, out to his new home, by a horseback journey of over six hundred miles. The young lawyer volunteered in the war of 1812, but saw no fighting, his service being as a commissary; and after that brief episode he came back to his practice at Lancaster. His family increased and multiplied, as was the way of the sturdy New England stock of that day. Eleven children were born to him, six boys and five girls, and all grew up and married. Of these are now living Elizabeth, William Te-

1. George Washington, from June, 1775, to December, 1783.

2. Henry Knox, from December, 1783, to June, 1784.

3. Major Doughty, from June, 1784, to September, 1789. There was no United States army during this period, except two companies of artillery commanded by a major. The Continental line had been disbanded, and a new army had not been formed.

4. Josiah Harmar, from September, 1789, to March, 1791.

5. Arthur St. Clair, from March, 1791, to March, 1792.

6. Anthony Wayne, from March, 1792, to December, 1796.

7. James Wilkinson, from December, 1796, to July, 1798.

8. George Washington, who was created a lieutenant-general and resumed the command of the army, from July, 1798, to December, 1799.

9. Alexander Hamilton, from December, 1799, to June, 1800. It used to be a mooted question in the War Department whether Hamilton had ever commanded the army, but the recent discovery of an order bearing his signature as "major-general commanding" settled the dispute.

10. James Wilkinson, from June, 1800, to January, 1812.

11. Henry Dearborn, from January, 1812, to June, 1815, the period of the war of 1812.

12. Jacob Brown, from June, 1815, to February, 1828.

13. Alexander McComb, from May, 1828, to June, 1841.

14. Winfield Scott, from June, 1841, to November, 1861, the longest term of all. Scott was the first officer, after Washington, who held the rank of lieutenant-general. This was conferred upon him by Congress after the outbreak of the civil war, but did not pass to his successor in command.

15. George B. McClellan, from November, 1861, to March, 1862.

16. Henry W. Halleck, from July, 1862, to March, 1864.

17. Ulysses S. Grant, from March, 1864, to March, 1869.

18. William T. Sherman, from March, 1869, to November, 1883.

19. Philip H. Sheridan, from November, 1883. The portraits of all these commanders, except Major Doughty, can be seen on the walls of the Army Headquarters office at Washington.

cumseh, John Hoyt, and Fanny. The father took a fancy to the character of the Indian chief Tecumseh, who flourished in the Northwest in the early part of the present century and was killed at the battle of Tippecanoe, and wanted to bestow the name on his first-born son; but the mother objected, and the baby was called Charles, after one of her brothers. The father renewed his proposition when the second son was to be named, but was again overruled in favor of James; but after both brothers had been honored, a third son was born, and a compromise was effected by the parents, by virtue of which the father assented that his first name should be William, and the mother that the cognomen of the Indian chief should be his second, or "middle name." So he was called William Tecumseh Sherman, and as he grew up his companions, seizing upon the more uncommon word, usually nicknamed him "Cump," or "Tecumps." The father was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1824, soon after Tecumseh's birth, by Governor Ethan A. Brown. One of the General's earliest recollections is of the group of children waiting on the porch of the Lancaster house for the Judge to come riding home from his circuit, and of their competition for the honor of mounting his horse and taking it to the stable. On one occasion success in this rivalry came near being fatal to Tecumseh, for the animal threw him upon a pile of stone, where he was picked up for dead with wounds upon his head, the scars of which he still carries.

Judge Sherman died suddenly in Lebanon, in 1829, leaving his widow an income of only two hundred and fifty dollars a year with which to bring up eleven children. The second boy had obtained a place in a store in Cincinnati. The eldest was in college at Athens. The other children were at home attending the village schools. Fortunately, the Judge had left behind him many friends, who came forward with practical offers of assistance to the family. He was a kindly, social man, and was greatly beloved by his associates of the bench and bar. Good humor beamed from his face. He had a clear head, a generous heart, and a ready wit. The three older boys were adopted by friends and relatives. Charles Hammond, of Cincinnati, took Lampson. John, the future Senator and Secretary of the Treasury, was sent to an uncle in Mount Vernon. Tecumseh entered the household of Thomas Ewing, then a member of the United States Senate, and one of the most powerful of the Whig statesmen of that day. Ewing was warmly attached to the dead Judge, and treated his friend's son as though he had been his own. The lad was destined for the

West Point Military Academy by his guardian, and his studies in the village schools took the direction of preparing him for the examination required for admission to that institution. One summer he laid aside his books and worked as rod-man with the engineers who were constructing the Hocking Valley Canal. For every day's work he was paid a silver half dollar, and he was supremely happy in the possession of the first money gained by his own toil.

In looking back upon his youth in Lancaster, General Sherman does not remember that he had even the ordinary boy's fondness for reading about wars and battles. He cared most for history and books of travel, and was very fond of novels—a taste he has not outgrown. The grizzly veteran of sixty-four reads a good romance with as much interest as did the school-boy of eighteen. He is a remarkably fast reader, having a faculty of going through a volume rapidly and extracting what is new and interesting to him, while rejecting all the dullness, repetition, and mere padding. For poetry he never cared much, reading with most pleasure Shakspeare and narrative poems of dramatic character, such as Scott's "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." He was a good student, getting along in his Latin as far as Horace, and in Greek to the *Græca Majora*, before going to West Point. In his physical habits he was active and vigorous, fond of outdoor sports and of long tramps with rod and gun. All the region around Lancaster was as well known to him as his own door-yard. Every wood, stream, and hill was familiar ground. He had a great memory for the topography of a country and an instinct for pushing his way through forests and thickets—faculties that in after years stood him in good stead.

He went to the Military Academy with no ambition to be a soldier, but with a great desire to secure the education offered. In that day, to get an education was the ambition of every bright boy in the West. Good schools were rare then, and the people were poor. Education was not the cheap and convenient thing it is to-day. To be fed, clothed, and housed at the expense of the Government, and taught mathematics, languages, and engineering, seemed an enormous prize to lads who worked hard on farms and in shops eight months in the year to get the means to go to school the other four. The fortunate possessors of cadetships at West Point were universally envied. Young Sherman did not, like Lincoln and Garfield, pass through a boyhood of toil and privation, for his guardian was in comfortable circumstances; but he fully appreciated the advantage of going to the Military Academy. His idea at the

time was that he would not stay long in the army when through with the Academy, but would go West and become a civil engineer.

He was sixteen when he received his appointment to West Point, procured by the influence of his guardian, and started on what then seemed a long and adventurous journey. Three days and nights of stage travel brought him to Fredericktown, Maryland, whence there was a railroad to Washington; but he was advised to avoid the novel and dangerous mode of travel and stick to the coach, which he did. General Jackson was President at the time, and was at the zenith of his fame. The young cadet stared for an hour through the wooden palings of the White House grounds, watching the great man pace up and down the gravel walk, muffled in an enormous overcoat and wearing upon his head an uncouth cloth cap. The journey to New York was made by railroad to Baltimore, boat to Havre de Grace, rail to Wilmington, boat to Philadelphia, boat to Bordentown, rail to Amboy, and boat to New York. Sherman stopped at the American Hotel in Broadway, just above the Astor House, kept by "Billy" Cozzens, and the next day went up the river to West Point, and reported at the Academy. He had no trouble in passing the examination.

The life of the Academy was irksome to him because of its restraints. In the Corps of Cadets he was not considered a good soldier. This is shown by the fact that he was never selected for any office in the corps, but remained a private for the entire four years. He was not particular in his dress, and his bearing was not sufficiently military to secure the commendation of the martinet of the school. He applied himself closely to his studies, however, stood high in drawing, chemistry, mathematics, and philosophy, and so succeeded in reaching the grade of sixth in a class of forty-three. It is perhaps worth remarking here that men who have successfully conducted great campaigns and fought great battles have not, as a rule, taken much interest in the polishing of buttons, or the exact alignment of a company of troops.

Sherman's distaste for military matters went further than the details of dress and drill. He felt no special liking or aptitude for the profession of a soldier. That he succeeded in it so remarkably he now attributes to mental grasp and intensity of purpose rather than to any inborn talent. In his own opinion he was not a natural soldier; but he could make all his thoughts and feelings converge to one point, which he acknowledges to be a military quality. He had no love for pomp and parade, for uniforms, gold lace, and feathers;

the paraphernalia of war excited no enthusiasm in his nature, and he instinctively abhorred violence. We must admit that there was nothing manifested in the character of the West Point cadet that marked him as one destined to play a great part in the greatest war of modern times. Yet he displayed excellent qualifications for either soldier or citizen—self-poise, a quick intelligence, close application to the task at hand, keen observation both of persons and things, and conscientiousness.

After his graduation, in 1840, Sherman was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Third regiment of artillery, and sent to Florida with a company of recruits. General Zachary Taylor was in command there. The worst of the Seminole war was over; but there were still many savages lurking in the Everglades, and the business of the troops was to hunt them out, capture them, and remove them to the Indian Territory. It was rough work for the young lieutenant; but he enjoyed the wild life of the forest, the bayous, and the swamps. The habit of independent judgment which characterized his opinions and operations during the civil war, showed itself thus early. He thought the policy of the Government toward the Seminoles a mistake. The Indian Territory he believed to be much better fitted for the abode of white people than Florida. The latter was an Indian paradise, abounding in game and fish, but of small account for white settlement. The Seminoles, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, and Creeks should have been concentrated in Florida, where they would have been surrounded by the sea on all sides but one, and could easily have been protected against encroachment, and the vast agricultural plains west of Arkansas should have been left open to civilization. This was his idea then, and he has never changed it.

From Florida, after two winter campaigns, Lieutenant Sherman was transferred to Fort Moultrie, near Charleston, South Carolina. There he remained four years, fretting, no doubt, at the uneventful life of the garrison, but finding diversion in hunting all through the lowland counties of the State, and in the aristocratic society of the then rich and proud little city close at hand across the bay from the fort, to which his uniform was a passport. Charleston then exercised an intellectual and political leadership throughout the South out of all proportion to her population, and Sherman was able to gain an insight into the Southern character which was of great service to him when he came to march armies through the Southern States. What was of even greater importance, he learned, and never afterward forgot, the topography of the

region. After the March to the Sea in 1864, when his victorious army turned northward through South Carolina, he knew the roads and the fords, and remembered that when the "up country" was impassable by reason of the spring mud, the low country, nearer the sea, was sandy, and the river bottoms were hard.

It is remarkable to what an extent Sherman's early career gave him special fitness for the great part he played during the rebellion. In 1843 he was ordered to Marietta, Georgia, on some duty connected with losses of property during the Seminole war. He spent three weeks there, and, with his habit of riding and hunting, became well acquainted with the region north of Atlanta, where he was to fight battles and conduct grand strategic movements twenty-one years later. A ride across western Georgia to Belfonte, Alabama, and a stay of four weeks at the Augusta Arsenal, gave him a further acquaintance with the region. "That the knowledge I then gained was of infinite use to me, and consequently to the Government, I have always felt and stated," wrote General Sherman in a recent letter referring to his early career. When he fought his way down to Atlanta in 1864, pushing back mile by mile a daring and active enemy, he remembered all the features of the country—the course of the streams, the gaps in the mountain ranges, the roads, and the strong defensible positions. His knowledge even went so far as the location of farms and houses. On ordering General McPherson to charge with his corps the Confederate intrenchments on Kenesaw Mountain, he said: "About half-way up the mountain you will find a plateau where there is a peach orchard; it will be a good place to stop and let your men get breath for the assault." He recalled, just at the time when the recollection was most valuable, his visit to the peach orchard in 1843, and how the owner had told him he had planted it on the north side of the mountain so that the buds would not develop too soon and be nipped by the spring frosts.

The Mexican war gave Sherman no experience in fighting. His company was sent out to California to help hold the territory on the Pacific coast just wrested from Mexico. He got a valuable experience, however, as adjutant to Colonel Mason, who exercised both civil and military power prior to the organization of the State. In this position he mingled in the political and business life of the strangely varied and energetic community which the gold discoveries had attracted to California. It was an excellent place to study human nature, and to weigh the characters and powers of individuals. There was little military routine in the life of the lieutenant

of artillery, but a great deal of active intercourse with men and affairs. In 1850 he returned to the East, and on May day married in Washington Ellen Boyle Ewing, a daughter of his former guardian, Senator Thomas Ewing. The house in which the wedding took place is still standing on Pennsylvania avenue—a very plain building now, but a fine mansion in those days. There were famous guests at the wedding—Clay, Webster, and Benton, and President Zachary Taylor with all his cabinet—and it was a brilliant affair, with music, dancing, and feasting, and was followed by a bridal tour to Niagara Falls.

The lieutenant was appointed Captain and Acting Commissary of Subsistence and stationed at St. Louis, whence in 1852 he was transferred to New Orleans. In 1853 he accepted a proposition to go back to California with money furnished by a St. Louis capitalist, and in company with a friend to start a bank in San Francisco. He was tired of the army, where there seemed to be nothing ahead for him but the rank of major, which was the highest he supposed he could reach by a lifetime of service; so he embraced this very flattering opportunity to get into civil life, and threw up his commission. The St. Louis capitalist must have reposed extraordinary confidence in the two young ex-officers to whom he gave his money to use on the other side of the continent; but they justified his faith in their honesty and capacity. The bank was established and did a good business. Sherman took it safely through a panic, mingled in the turbulent, eager life of those days of wild speculation, sudden fortunes, and as sudden ruin, vigilance committees, and political upheavals; a major-general of State militia at one time, and at all times a conservative citizen, upon whom men could rely to pay debts when due, give sound advice, keep a cool head under all circumstances, and act energetically when occasion required.

The San Francisco bank flourished for five years; but in 1858, after the flush times were over, the St. Louis capitalist wished to withdraw his funds. So the business was closed up and all the creditors were paid in full, and Sherman soon found himself back in his boyhood's home at Lancaster without occupation. In 1859 he went to Leavenworth, Kansas, as a lawyer and real estate agent. He knew nothing of law except what he had learned from reading Blackstone and Kent while in the army; but Judge Leconte said he would admit him to the bar, without examination, "on the ground of general intelligence." He was now thirty-nine years old, with a wife and children, and had still his place to make in life. From his thirteen years' army service he

had gained the reputation of being a quick, intelligent, willing officer, and that was all. From his venture in business life he had gained plenty of experience, but no fortune. The expenses of his family and of travel had consumed his savings.

In this situation, and with no very flattering outlook for legal business in a rude frontier town, he was glad to receive an offer from the Governor of Louisiana, through the influence of a friend, of the superintendency of a new educational institution endowed with a grant of land from Congress and of money from the State, called the "Louisiana Seminary of Learning and Military Academy," to be established at Alexandria. The State conferred upon him the title of Colonel, and he set to work with his characteristic zeal and concentration of purpose to organize the school. In a few months it was in good shape, with a fair attendance of cadets. The superintendent was well liked and respected; but the high excitement of the Presidential campaign of 1860 soon made his position uncomfortable. The mania of secession was spreading rapidly through the South. A growing prejudice against Northern men pervaded all classes. Colonel Sherman's brother John was a United States Senator from Ohio, and one of the most conspicuous of the Republican leaders. Naturally the Superintendent of the Louisiana Military Academy fell under suspicion as being unsound on the slavery question and the so-called rights of the South. Some of the leading politicians undertook to corner him at a dinner party, and asked him point-blank to give his views on the institution of slavery. He did not hesitate to say that he thought the field hands should receive better treatment, and that the practice of separating families, and selling wives away from their husbands and children from their mothers should be reformed altogether. The slave-holders respected him for his frankness, and did not trouble him further; but when Louisiana prepared to join in the mad whirl of disunion, Sherman wrote to the Governor asking to be relieved from his position at the Academy the moment the State determined to secede. "On no earthly account," he wrote, "will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States." He left Louisiana soon after, with an official acceptance of his resignation and a letter from the Governor abounding in handsome and hearty compliments. His family were sent to the Ewing homestead in Lancaster, a refuge always in times of trouble and uncertainty, while he went to St. Louis to look for something to do. When the rebellion began with the firing on Fort Sumter, in April,

1861, he was president of a street railroad company in that city.

Soon after the first outbreak of hostilities, Sherman proffered his services to the War Department in a frank letter, in which he said that his army record would indicate the position in which he could be of most service. He was offered the chief clerkship of the War Department, coupled with the promise of early advancement to the post of Assistant Secretary. This clerical office in a Washington bureau was not at all to his liking. He did not volunteer under the three months' call for troops, because he had a family to support and could not give up his new business relations for a ninety-days' commission. Besides, he had no faith in Secretary Seward's ninety-day theory of the war. His residence in Louisiana had impressed him with a just conception of the determination, enthusiasm, and courage of the Southern people. He knew they were in earnest in their States' rights doctrine, and believed they would fight long and bravely in defense of their idea. With that idea he had no sympathy, and he was eager to combat it in behalf of the unity and supremacy of the nation. When the three years' call for volunteers was made by Lincoln in May, 1861, he was eager to go to the field, and gladly accepted the colonelcy of one of the new regiments of regulars, the Thirteenth. It was a long step forward from his last army rank of captain to the colonelcy of a regiment; but those were days when colonels and even generals were made out of shop-keepers and lawyers, and trained soldiers were in great request. It might be said that Sherman had powerful friends close to the Administration at Washington, who no doubt had a hand in influencing his appointment; but, on the other hand, there was his West Point education, his thirteen years of army service, and the impression he had everywhere made upon his seniors as a man competent for command and for the management of large affairs. If he had had no brother in the Senate and no friends in the Cabinet, he would in the end have made his way to the front of events just as Grant did, and Sheridan and Thomas and McPherson, and all the other really great commanders of the civil war.

Soon the War Department sent for the new colonel to come to Washington and to leave the recruiting of his regiment to his subordinates. Into the next four years were closely crowded the great events, experiences, and successes of Sherman's life. He now entered upon the field of action for which his whole previous career was a fortunate schooling and training. His military studies; his campaigns in the Florida Everglades; his hunting excursions

sions and travels in South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama; his intimate acquaintance with the Southern people; his participation in the military government of California; his business career in that State in times when the strongest qualities of human nature were developed by the eager rush and competition of a wild multitude from all over the world seeking sudden wealth; his residence in Louisiana and association with its public men when the ferment of secession was in progress—all this varied experience was a remarkably effective preparation for a quick-brained, positive, patriotic man to play a great rôle in the war. There was nothing fortuitous in Sherman's success. He had no "lucky star." His great military achievements were the result of training and experience acting upon a nature at once susceptible and resolute, thoughtful and energetic, prudent and courageous. Let us add that he had the emphatic advantage for a military commander of perfect physical health and a robust, wiry constitution, capable of enduring great fatigue, and that he was forty-one years old, and therefore in the full enjoyment of his bodily and mental powers.

It is not within the scope of this article to describe in detail the events connected with Sherman's war record. They are a part of recent history, known to every school-boy. Besides, he has himself described them in the very frank, clear, straightforward narrative of his "Memoirs," wherein the story of his campaigns, his relations with his superior and subordinate officers, and his personal opinions and feelings, from Bull Run to Bentonville, is fully told. Within the limits of the present sketch, we can only glance at the most salient points of his war record—turning-points where the pathway to success was not plain, or steps of progress to greater eminence as a commander.

At Blackburn's Ford, just before the Bull Run battle, he "saw for the first time cannon-balls strike men and crash through the trees." He commanded a brigade in the battle, and threw his three regiments in succession, in good military shape, across an open field upon a portion of the enemy's line sheltered in a wood, but each came back repulsed. He held them together, however, and did not take them off the field until the rout became general all around them. Then he brought them back to the forts near Washington in rather better shape than most of the other brigades. He was profoundly mortified at the result of the affair; and when a report came to camp that he with certain other colonels were to be made brigadier-generals, he was incredulous, and remarked that it was more probable they would all be court-martialed and cashiered, as

they deserved, for the loss of the battle and the shamefully disorderly retreat.

The promotions were made, however, and Sherman was sent off to Kentucky as a brigadier-general. He had gained a valuable experience at Bull Run, though he did not realize it at the time. He had discovered that he could handle a brigade under fire with coolness and presence of mind, and that he did not "get stampeded," as the expression was at the time, by disaster.

The beginning of Sherman's career as a general officer was clouded by a cruel slander, which gained wide currency in the press of the country and came near blasting all his hopes of usefulness in the struggle against the rebellion. From Washington he was sent to Louisville, and was, temporarily and much against his wishes, placed in command of the forces gathered to resist the movement of the enemy into Kentucky. While busy organizing his raw levies, he was visited by the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, who asked him how many troops he wanted in his department. At that time, new regiments, as fast as raised, were being sent either to the army of the Potomac at the East or to Fremont in Missouri. McClellan had one hundred thousand men to operate on a line sixty miles long; Frémont as many to move from a base one hundred miles long; while Sherman had only eighteen thousand men to hold a line three hundred miles long, which was the center and key to the whole position. With these facts in mind, he answered Cameron's question by saying, "Sixty thousand men now, and two hundred thousand before we are done." Soon after, some one in the war office, in a conversation with Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas, at which a newspaper correspondent was present, said, "Sherman must be crazy; he wants two hundred thousand men sent to Kentucky." Next day it was telegraphed to a New York daily that the Secretary of War thought Sherman crazy, and in a few days' time the story had spread throughout the press of the country that he was actually insane, or, at least, rather off his mental balance. Perhaps his quick, nervous, earnest manner gave some color to the wretched story; at all events, there were returning officers who pretended to know him and who professed to have doubts as to his soundness, when questioned by newspaper reporters. His "insanity" proved to be prophecy, for before six months had elapsed there were more than sixty thousand Union soldiers in Kentucky, and before the war ended the Federal armies south of the Ohio were fully two hundred thousand strong. Sherman was relieved and sent to St. Louis,

where Halleck had succeeded Frémont. Halleck put him in command of a camp of instruction; but when General Grant began his brilliant campaign against Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, he was posted at Paducah to gather troops from Indiana and Ohio and send them up to reinforce Grant. Both Grant and Sherman were brigadier-generals; but Sherman then outranked Grant by virtue of his regular army colonelcy, and Congress had not passed the law which authorized the assignment of general officers to command seniors of the same grade. Nevertheless, Sherman made no assertion of his right to command. Every boat loaded with troops which went up the Cumberland or the Tennessee brought to Grant a cordial note from him, asking what more he could do to aid him, and offering to come and serve under him in any capacity. Here was the beginning of the historic military and personal friendship which lasted throughout the war and since, and was never marred by clashing ambition or jealousy.

Grant was made a major-general for the capture of Fort Donelson, so there was no question of relative rank after that. Sherman joined him soon after with fresh troops, and was assigned to the command of a division. From that time on, whenever Grant was promoted, he recommended Sherman for the position he had vacated. As the one advanced, the other followed, step by step—to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, to the command of the four armies operating in the military division of the Mississippi, to the lieutenant-generalship of the army after the war, and then to the post of general when Grant became President.

General Sherman's hardest battle was Shiloh. He commanded the key of the position and held it. He regards it as the most severe struggle of the war. There was no chance for military genius to show itself by strategy and maneuvers. It was a soldiers' fight—a test of manhood where courage and steadiness won the day. The question was whether Grant's forces could stand their ground against the tremendous assaults of the enemy until dark, when Buell could come up with reinforcements. General Grant has often said, in describing the battle, that, as he rode from end to end of the line again and again, he always felt renewed confidence when he passed Sherman's position and exchanged a few words with him. Whatever happened, he felt sure Sherman would hold his ground.

Shiloh gave Sherman new life. He had been cast down by the newspaper stories about his sanity. "Now I was in high feather," he writes in his *Memoirs*. He had led a division in a pitched battle, and felt confidence in

himself. The insanity story was revived again after his repulse at Chickasaw Bayou; but he had gained the friendship and good opinion of his commanding general and the love of his soldiers, and could afford to laugh at it. The Chickasaw Bayou affair was a part of the failure of General Grant's first demonstration against Vicksburg. Grant moved down from Holly Springs; Sherman with his division went down the Mississippi and up the Yazoo on steam-boats; they were to meet in the rear of Vicksburg. The Confederate generals Van Dorn and Forrest raided and destroyed Grant's communications. Sherman, who was cut off from telegraphic news of his chief, failed to get a lodgment in the rear of Vicksburg, and the whole plan miscarried, to be succeeded, however, by the more brilliant and entirely successful movement of the following spring.

Certain incidents connected with the Vicksburg campaign of 1863 are well worth narrating here, as showing Sherman's lack of the jealousy and egotism which marred the characters of many of the generals of the late war. All that rainy winter, when the country along the Mississippi was flooded and the army was inactive, General Grant held to a purpose, never once divulged to any person, of sending the fleet past the Vicksburg batteries when the spring opened, and throwing his army below the town to invest it from the south. When fair weather came, he secured the coöperation of Admiral Porter, and then issued his orders to his division commanders. Sherman's part in the plan was to go up the Yazoo and make a feint against Haines's Bluff. When he received his orders, he hastened to Grant's head-quarters and argued against what seemed to him a very hazardous move. He thought Grant was placing himself in a position where an enemy would have maneuvered a year to get him—a hostile force on both sides of him, and one of them between him and his base of supplies. Sherman failed to convince Grant, who had been cut off from his base at Oxford some months before and had learned that he could subsist an army upon the country. Besides, he believed that in the critical condition of opinion in the North, a great risk ought to be taken for the prospect of a great success. In a letter to Rawlins, Grant's chief of staff, written next day, Sherman reiterated his objections to the plan of campaign. The letter was shown to Grant and remained unanswered. With perfect loyalty to his chief, and without the least feeling of resentment for the rejection of his plan of falling back on Memphis and operating on the line of the railroad, Sherman carried out his part of the campaign as zealously and

energetically as though the whole scheme had been his own. During eighteen days of forced marches and fighting and forty-nine days of siege, he did not once take off his clothes to sleep. After Grant's forces had crossed the Big Black, Sherman was given the lead in the advance upon Vicksburg. The two generals rode out one morning ahead of the marching columns, careless of the occasional bullets that came whistling by from squads of retreating rebel pickets. They reached the top of Walnut Hills, which Pemberton, the Confederate general, had occupied the year before, and which Sherman had in vain assaulted from the low land in front. There Sherman exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Grant, this is the biggest campaign in history. You ought to write a report on it at once. Napoleon never made a campaign like this." A few days later, when Sherman was holding the lines facing east from the Big Black to Haines's Bluff, Governor Yates came down from Illinois to visit the camps, accompanied by all the State officers. As Grant was passing along the lines one day, he came upon Sherman, whose back was toward him, and who was saying to a knot of the Illinois visitors: "This is the greatest campaign in history, and Grant deserves all the credit for it. I wrote him a letter before we started, in opposition to the whole plan." Now the letter was never sent to the War Department, nor made public in any way, and Sherman need not have mentioned it; but he was not willing to have any credit given to him which belonged to Grant.

After the fall of Vicksburg, the battle of Chattanooga, and the relief of Knoxville, Sherman marched across the State of Mississippi from west to east, making what is known in the history of the war as the Meridian raid. He had two divisions of troops, and found no great difficulty in penetrating the enemy's country, and foraging for supplies for his men and animals. The success of the raid set him to thinking about the feasibility of a much longer one, which should cut the Confederacy in two. Indeed, the expedition was the forerunner of Sherman's March to the Sea. It emancipated him from the "base-of-supplies" theory of campaigning, to which all the Union generals in the first two years of the war had been closely wedded, and from which the rough experience of having his communications cut and his stores burned had freed Grant the previous fall after his advance south from Holly Springs. The autumn of 1863 brought the half-defeat, half-victory of Chickamauga, the retirement of Rosecrans from the command of the Army of the Cumberland, the concentration of forces under Grant at Chattanooga, the skillfully planned

and brilliantly fought battle of Missionary Ridge, in which Sherman bore a conspicuous part, the promotion of Grant to the general command of all the Union forces and the immediate command of the Army of the Potomac, and Sherman's succession to the leadership of the four armies of the Tennessee, the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Trans-Mississippi. Sherman now felt that the time was close at hand to strike a death-blow at the vitals of the Confederacy. He had in round numbers one hundred thousand men, after providing for the garrisons in his rear and for the protection of the railroad to Nashville which brought him supplies. The conditions of the war had changed. For the first two years of the struggle, no general was wholly responsible for the result of a movement, because no one could be sure that his plans would be carried out by his subordinate commanders. Well-meaning incompetency, bungling zeal, if not positive disobedience of orders, were constantly spoiling the best-laid schemes. When a commanding general sent a brigade or a division out on one or the other flank to march to a given place, or make a particular demonstration, the chances were hardly even that the orders would be strictly carried out. But by 1864 the political generals, and what the soldiers called the "corn-stalk brigadiers," had been weeded out or seasoned into good officers, and the rank and file had been inured to hard marching and steadiness under fire. "We could now play the game of war," says Sherman, speaking of the plans for his Atlanta campaign. How well he played the game need not be rehearsed here. By vigorous attacks in front, followed by skillful flank movements, he crowded his enemy southward through the broken and difficult country of upper Georgia, driving him from one strongly fortified position after another. The campaign might truthfully be called a hundred-days' battle, for there was hard fighting almost every day, from the time the advance began until the evacuation of Atlanta. Up to that time Atlanta, the focus of the Georgia system of railways, had been the objective point; but when Atlanta fell, and the Confederate General Hood extricated his army from the steadily encircling grasp of his antagonist, and made off into Alabama, with evident designs on Middle Tennessee and Kentucky, Sherman chose a new objective point—the army of General Lee, nearly a thousand miles distant at Richmond, Virginia. Here was the crisis of his career. Here his military genius shone with the brightest luster. Both Lincoln and Grant urged him by telegraph to follow Hood in his retreat—urged, but did not com-

mand, and wisely, at last, left all to his own judgment. Sherman penetrated Hood's plans, divining that, after gathering up reinforcements in Alabama, he would strike at Nashville. He sent back the prudent, courageous Thomas with two corps to encounter Hood and hold Nashville, and destroying his own communications set out with sixty thousand men to march through the enemy's country to the sea, three hundred miles distant, with the ultimate purpose of getting in the rear of Lee's army in Virginia.

The plan of this boldest and most successful strategic movement of the war was entirely Sherman's. There was no council of war. The first information the corps commanders had of the movement was in the orders for the march. Each received a map showing the sea-board, from Hilton Head to Ossabaw Sound, and the country back as far as Atlanta. Sherman had no doubt about his ability to subsist his army on the country as he advanced, and if provisions should wholly fail he reflected that he had twelve thousand horses and mules. He remembered that, while he was in California, an army officer had traversed two thousand miles of desolate country with a small party, living upon mule meat the whole way. Besides, he had carefully studied the latest census returns from the counties he expected to march through, and knew about how many thousands of people were living in each. These people must be producing corn and meat, and their food supplies would subsist his soldiers.

General Joseph E. Johnston, who commanded the Confederate forces engaged in resisting the advance upon Atlanta, once narrated the following incident, which well illustrated the impression Sherman had made upon the minds of the Southern soldiery at that time as a commander of resources and ready expedients. Johnston stood on Kenesaw Mountain watching with his glass the movements of his enemy's wagon-trains on the great plain to the northward. A staff officer came riding up with the news that the rebel cavalry had got in the rear of Sherman's army and had burned a number of railroad bridges. The officer had been forced to make a detour of two days to get around the Union Army. Scarcely had he finished speaking when a whistle was heard, and a moving train appeared in the distance, showing that Sherman had already rebuilt the bridges and re-opened his communications. Walking past a group of soldiers lounging in the shade a few minutes later, the General overheard them discussing Sherman's chances of success. Said one of them: "We'll make it a Moscow campaign and destroy his whole army." "How can you make it a Moscow campaign without

any snow?" asked his less enthusiastic comrade. "I mean that we'll cut his communications, destroy everything, and starve him out. We'll burn all the bridges." "Don't you know he carries duplicate bridges along with him?" "Well, we'll blow up the big tunnel." "Oh, hell!" exclaimed the other man, with a look of disgust; "you don't know old Tecumseh Sherman. He's got a duplicate tunnel too!"

The Atlanta campaign, followed by the March to the Sea and the subsequent rapid movement through the Carolinas, may be said to have disemboweled the Confederacy. The rebellion collapsed when Lee surrendered his army in Virginia to Grant, because there was no line of retreat, no practicable point for resistance. Hood's army had been crushed by Thomas at Nashville in exact accordance with Sherman's foresight. After the surrender of Johnston in North Carolina, there was no organized rebel force nearer than Texas powerful enough to be called an army. Public opinion North and South was right in instantly according to Grant and Sherman the supreme honors for bringing the war to an end.

For Sherman, however, the war closed, as it had begun, with much bitterness and injustice. His laurels were made very thorny for a time by a fierce political animosity which cruelly misconstrued his acts and motives. The terms of surrender for Johnston's army, which he forwarded to Washington for approval, raised a tempest of passionate denunciation. He was accused of surrendering to Johnston. Even the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, usually cool-headed and just, sent a dispatch to the newspapers intimating that Sherman was facilitating the escape of Jefferson Davis with wagon-loads of specie. At this distance of time it is difficult to comprehend this sudden outburst of distrust and hostility, and impossible to find excuse for the calumnies heaped upon a gallant soldier who had rendered such conspicuous service to his country. His terms for Johnston's surrender provided that the rebel soldiers should return home with a pledge that they would not be molested so long as they obeyed the laws, and that the State governments existing in the South should go on with their civil functions. A short time before he had met Lincoln, and believed that these conditions were approved by the President. But since then Lincoln had been assassinated, and the new President, Andrew Johnson, was at that time full of gall and bitterness toward the conquered South. The Republican leaders had conceived projects of holding the conquered States by military force, obliterating their local governments, and giving the elective franchise to the blacks. Sherman's simple and

generous terms clashed with these plans. Grant was sent post-haste by Stanton to take charge of matters in North Carolina; but on arriving there he wisely left Sherman to negotiate the new terms with Johnston, and to march his victorious army up to Washington to be mustered out. The whole question of the political future of the revolted States was left for Congress to determine. Sherman soon realized the truth of the prediction made by old General Scott in 1861, that after the war should end no power on earth would be able to restrain the fury of the non-combatants.

That the question was determined unfortunately and wrongly, General Sherman still believes. Though a Republican in his party attachment, he had no sympathy with the reconstruction measures. He still thinks the long epoch of misgovernment, turbulence, discontent, and bloodshed through which the South passed, after the war ended, to reach its present condition of quiet and prosperity, might have been avoided; that a dozen years were worse than lost, and the general progress of the whole country checked; that negro suffrage was prematurely enforced; that it would have come in good time through the operation of political forces in the States themselves. In his opinion the long, costly, and angry experiment of reconstruction only brought the South, in the end, to the point where he proposed it should start when arms were laid down—that is to say, to the enforcement of order and individual rights by local public opinion and State law, without the interference of the national government.

SHERMAN'S habits during his campaigns were of the simplest. He rose early in the morning, and was up late at night. In the face of the enemy, five hours' sleep sufficed him. Before the reveille sounded, he was often in the saddle and out on the most exposed parts of his line. The orders were always to arouse him at any hour of the night, if reports came in. During the Atlanta campaign he set the example to his troops of discarding tents and reducing baggage to a minimum. There was but one tent attached to his head-quarters, and that was used by his adjutant-general and his clerks. With his staff he slept on the ground under a tent fly, which was stretched at night over a pole resting in the crotches of some convenient saplings. It used to be said that his head-quarters were in a candle-box, because one or two small boxes, emptied of the candles they originally had contained, served to transport his papers. The soldiers called him "Old Tecums" and "Uncle Billy," the latter nickname coming into general use in the army during the March to the

Sea. At his head-quarters a single sentry stood guard; but nobody, whether officer or private soldier, who wanted to speak to the General, was stopped. He always had a cordial and encouraging word for the soldiers when he rode along the lines in front of the enemy or passed a marching column. For the details of military etiquette and ceremony he cared nothing; but for steadiness in action and endurance in hard marching, he had a quick eye and a ready word of praise. He was usually communicative and outspoken, unless his plans demanded secrecy. Sometimes his frankness deceived the enemy more than concealment would have done. After he captured Savannah, he sent a flag-of-truce boat to Charleston and gave permission to go upon it to the families of Confederate officers who wished to get inside the Confederate lines. Among the applicants for passes was the wife of a Confederate surgeon, who told the General she wanted to go to Columbia, South Carolina, to join her husband. "Don't go to Columbia, madam," exclaimed Sherman. "I shall be there myself in a few days with my whole army. You are at liberty to tell that to your rebel friends in Charleston." The lady made haste to communicate this information to the Confederate commanders in Charleston as soon as she arrived; but all agreed that, if Sherman actually meant to march to Columbia, he would never have said so. His advance reached Columbia a day after the surgeon's wife arrived.

Many good anecdotes of Sherman were current during the war. Some of them, he once said, when they were brought to his notice, had been told of every general since Hannibal. Here is one of unquestionable authenticity, which shows his sagacity in dealing with the population of conquered towns. After he occupied Memphis, the people kept the churches, schools, and places of business closed, so that, save for the movements of the soldiers, the place looked like a city of the dead. He issued an order directing that the stores and shops should be opened during business hours, the schools resume their courses, and the churches hold their customary services. Among the people who called at his head-quarters to protest against this order, or to ask for explanations, was the clergyman of an Episcopal church, who said that the ritual of his denomination contained a prayer for the President which, under the circumstances, embarrassed him. "Whom do you regard as your President?" asked Sherman, bluntly. "We look upon Mr. Davis as our President," replied the minister. "Very well; pray for Jeff Davis if you wish. He needs your prayers badly. It will take a great

deal of praying to save him." "Then I will not be compelled to pray for Mr. Lincoln?" "Oh, no. He's a good man, and don't need your prayers. You may pray for him if you feel like it, but there's no compulsion," answered Sherman, instantly divining that the worthy clergyman wanted to pose as a martyr before his parishioners, and had hoped that he would be ordered to use the prayer for the President of the United States. The next Sunday the prescribed prayer was so modified by the preacher as to leave out all mention of the President, and to refer only to "all in authority."

After the great review of homeward-bound troops in Washington, in the spring of 1865, General Sherman was sent to St. Louis, to command in the Indian country. He was not intrusted with any of the business of reconstruction, and wanted nothing to do with it. In the West he found a field of effort entirely congenial, the protection of the great Pacific Railroad then being built westward from the Missouri River. He took the warmest interest in this enterprise, regarding it as destined to complete the work of consolidating and unifying the American people—a work in the progress of which the great civil war would be regarded from the historical point of view as only a tragic incident. Much of the time he spent out on the line in Nebraska and Wyoming. He held councils with the Indian tribes, and told the chiefs that if they interfered with the construction of the railroad the Government would send out all the soldiers it lately had in the South and exterminate them. In later years, the Northern and Southern roads to the Pacific had the benefit of his active interest and protection. His troops guarded the surveyors and track-builders, and cleared hostile Indians from the path of the advancing rails. Strongly inspired, as always, with the national idea, he saw in the long lines reaching across the continent the bands of perpetual union for the Republic as well as the arteries for the circulation of the forces of civilization.

Since his promotion to the rank of general, Sherman has been the commander of the army in fact as well as in name. He has traversed every State and Territory, and visited every military post in the country except two. He used to direct the movement of troops in Idaho and Arizona by telegraph from his head-quarters in the War Department as effectually as he had those of the companies at the Washington Arsenal, almost within sight of his windows. It may well be doubted whether there is any man living as familiar with the geography, resources, and means of communication of the whole United States, from

Florida to Alaska and from Maine to Mexico. He has been a great traveler, making long journeys every summer, traversing thousands of miles of bridle-trails and rough roads over deserts and mountains, in the far West, to inspect the garrisons, visit the Indian reservations, and facilitate the construction of the Pacific railroads,—always observant, energetic, hardy and cheerful, defying fatigue, and picking up bits of information from every one he met,—a delightful companion for a tough march or for an evening at a frontier post or by a hunter's camp-fire.

IN 1871 and 1872 General Sherman spent a year in the Old World, visiting the Mediterranean countries, Turkey, the Caucasus, Russia, Austria, Germany, and the nations of Western Europe. He kept a journal of the tour—a big, solidly bound volume, written in a clear, graceful hand, intended only for a personal record, but abounding in vigorous descriptions of people and places. Friends who are privileged to read it do not find much about the armies of Europe. He attended reviews when invited, but he cared more for the affairs of peace—the people, their ways of living, and their comparative standing in the scale of civilization; the cities and their characteristics; the railways, ports, agriculture, and manufactures of the regions he visited. In time of peace he is evidently more a citizen than a soldier. He went to the battle-fields of the then recent Franco-Prussian war, however, and, remembering with what vigor his antagonist at Atlanta, General Hood, had resisted the movements to coop him up, what tremendous blows he had struck in quick succession at different points on the steadily enveloping line, and how he had finally escaped with his whole army, he came to the conclusion that, with courage and good generalship, Napoleon could have cut his way out of Sedan, or Bazaine out of Metz.

It may be permitted to glance at the home and social life of one who has been so long in a conspicuous public position. Eight children have been born to General Sherman, of whom six are living. One died an infant, and was never seen by the father. Willie, the eldest boy, who was with the General in his campaign on the Mississippi, and was greatly beloved by the soldiers, died in 1863. The eldest of those living is Minnie, now Mrs. Fitch, whose husband resigned a lieutenancy in the navy that he might enjoy a home life, and is now a manufacturer. The second daughter, Lizzie, is unmarried. Thomas, the eldest son remaining, was educated first in the Georgetown Seminary, then at Yale College, and then in the St. Louis Law School.

He gave up a law partnership to become a Catholic priest, greatly against his father's wishes. The third daughter, Ella, Mrs. Thakara, is, like her eldest sister, the wife of an ex-naval officer, who is now engaged in manufacturing. Rachel and Philemon Tecumseh are the two younger children.

General Sherman enjoys a harmonious and affectionate family life. He is social in his nature, and during his long residence in Washington he mingled freely in the society of the capital, liking best, however, not the grand parties and receptions, but small gatherings having an intellectual bent — a paper to be read, perhaps, on some scientific discovery or some recent explorations, and afterward a little unpretentious music and much good conversation. Such gatherings are frequent in Washington during the winter season, and the tall, erect form of the General of the Army was often conspicuous at them. It made no difference whether the house was that of a millionaire or a foreign Minister, or of some poor artist or department clerk; for Sherman was always very democratic in his social habits, caring little for wealth or high position. He is exceedingly fond of the drama in all its higher forms, and is a frequent visitor of theaters. Writing of this taste in a private letter, published in the newspapers not long ago, he said:

"To me the stage is not only a powerful instructor, but the very best kind of a rest in the midst of the cares of life. Seated in an audience, with some well-arranged play, one experiences not only a needed rest, but more, a cheerful mental support, relieving the mind far more than reading or even social converse. I have always been, am now, and purpose to be, a great friend of the drama, a friend of those who play upon the stage, and a friend of the managers who bear the burden of preparation and arrangement."

He is active and temperate in his habits, eating but twice a day and taking much ex-

ercise on horseback and on foot, frank and cordial in his manner, accessible to all, still fond of the woods and the fields, of good novels, and of young company, and not appearing as old within eight or ten years as the *Army Register* makes him out to be. It seems a pity that he should be shelved upon the retired list when he is as well fitted as ever for command.

If we were to shut our eyes to the verdict of history and to the glamour of romance which surrounds successful commanders, and should take an original and coldly critical view of General Sherman's career during the civil war, we should still have to dissent wholly from his modest estimate of himself, that he had no natural military genius. For the minor business of soldiering as a profession we may grant that he had no taste or special talent; but for leading great armies he certainly displayed the highest qualities. His is the genius, not of drills and reviews, but of grand maneuvers and of decisive action in the crisis of a campaign,—the genius that directs large bodies of troops over a wide expanse of country to produce a prearranged result; that divines where an enemy is going to strike and prepares for the event; that sees the weak spot in an adversary's strategic plan or line of battle and delivers an effective blow at the right time; the genius, too, that inspires a whole army with lofty, patriotic fervor and perfect *esprit de corps*, that commands the confidence of officers and men, and that makes of regiments, brigades, divisions, and corps a single vast organism moved by one will. In these highest attributes of successful generalship, Sherman must fairly be ranked with the great military chiefs, not of our own country and our late war alone, but of the whole world and of all history.

E. V. Smalley.

HER CHOICE.

"BEHOLD! it is a draught from Lethe's wave.
Thy voice of weeping reacheth even that strand
Washed by strange waters in Elysian land;
I bring the peace thy weary soul doth crave.
Drink, and from vain regret thy future save."
She lifted deep, dark eyes wherein there lay
The sacred sorrow of love's ended day,
Then took the chalice from the angel's hand.
Life with new love, or life with memory
Of the old love? Her heart made instant choice;
Like tender music rang the faithful voice:
"O sweet my love, an offering to thee!"
And with brave smile, albeit the tears flowed fast,
Upon the earth the priceless draught she cast.

Eliza Calvert Hall.

"HIS WIFE'S DECEASED SISTER."

It is now five years since an event occurred which so colored my life, or, rather, so changed some of its original colors, that I have thought it well to write an account of it, deeming that its lessons may be of advantage to persons whose situation in life is similar to my own.

When I was quite a young man I adopted literature as a profession, and, having passed through the necessary preparatory grades, I found myself, after a good many years of hard and often unremunerated work, in possession of what might be called a fair literary practice. My articles, grave, gay, practical, or fanciful, had come to be considered with a favor by the editors of the various periodicals for which I wrote, on which I found in time I could rely with a very comfortable certainty. My productions created no enthusiasm in the reading public; they gave me no great reputation or very valuable pecuniary return; but they were always accepted, and my receipts from them, at the time to which I have referred, were as regular and reliable as a salary, and quite sufficient to give me more than a comfortable support.

It was at this time I married. I had been engaged for more than a year, but had not been willing to assume the support of a wife until I felt that my pecuniary position was so assured that I could do so with full satisfaction to my own conscience. There was now no doubt in regard to this position, either in my mind or in that of my wife. I worked with great steadiness and regularity; I knew exactly where to place the productions of my pen, and could calculate with a fair degree of accuracy the sums I should receive for them. We were by no means rich; but we had enough, and were thoroughly satisfied and content.

Those of my readers who are married will have no difficulty in remembering the peculiar ecstasy of the first weeks of their wedded life. It is then that the flowers of this world bloom brightest; that its sun is the most genial; that its clouds are the scarcest; that its fruit is the most delicious; that the air is the most balmy; that its cigars are of the highest flavor; that the warmth and radiance of early matrimonial felicity so rarefy the intellectual atmosphere that the soul mounts higher and enjoys a wider prospect than ever before.

These experiences were mine. The plain claret of my mind was changed to sparkling champagne; and at the very height of its effervescence I wrote a story. The happy thought

that then struck me for a tale was of a very peculiar character, and interested me so much that I went to work at it with great delight and enthusiasm, and finished it in a comparatively short time. The title of the story was "His Wife's Deceased Sister"; and when I read it to Hypatia she was delighted with it, and at times was so affected by its pathos that her uncontrollable emotion caused a sympathetic dimness in my eyes which prevented my seeing the words I had written. When the reading was ended, and my wife had dried her eyes, she turned to me and said: "This story will make your fortune. There has been nothing so pathetic since Lamartine's 'History of a Servant Girl.'"

As soon as possible the next day I sent my story to the editor of the periodical for which I wrote most frequently, and in which my best productions generally appeared. In a few days I had a letter from the editor, in which he praised my story as he had never before praised anything from my pen. It had interested and charmed, he said, not only himself, but all his associates in the office. Even old Gibson, who never cared to read anything until it was in proof, and who never praised anything which had not a joke in it, was induced by the example of the others to read this manuscript, and shed, as he asserted, the first tears that had come from his eyes since his final paternal castigation, some forty years before. The story would appear, the editor assured me, as soon as he could possibly find room for it.

If anything could make our skies more genial, our flowers brighter, and the flavor of our fruit and cigars more delicious, it was a letter like this. And when, in a very short time, the story was published, we found that the reading public was inclined to receive it with as much sympathetic interest and favor as had been shown to it by the editors. My personal friends soon began to express enthusiastic opinions upon it. It was highly praised in many of the leading newspapers; and, altogether, it was a great literary success. I am not inclined to be vain of my writings, and, in general, my wife tells me, think too little of them; but I did feel a good deal of pride and satisfaction in the success of "His Wife's Deceased Sister." If it did not make my fortune, as my wife asserted that it would, it certainly would help me very much in my literary career.

In less than a month from the writing of this story, something very unusual and unexpected happened to me. A manuscript was returned by the editor of the periodical in which "His Wife's Deceased Sister" had appeared. "It is a good story," he wrote, "but not equal to what you have just done. You have made a great hit, and it would not do to interfere with the reputation you have gained, by publishing anything inferior to 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' which has had such a deserved success."

I was so unaccustomed to having my work thrown back on my hands that I think I must have turned a little pale when I read the letter. I said nothing of the matter to my wife, for it would be foolish to drop such grains of sand as this into the smoothly oiled machinery of our domestic felicity. But I immediately sent the story to another editor. I am not able to express the astonishment I felt when, in the course of a week, it was sent back to me. The tone of the note accompanying it indicated a somewhat injured feeling on the part of the editor. "I am reluctant," he said, "to decline a manuscript from you, for you know very well that if you sent me anything like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' it would be most promptly accepted."

I now felt obliged to speak of the affair to my wife, who was quite as much surprised, though perhaps not quite as much shocked, as I had been.

"Let us read the story again," she said, "and see what is the matter with it."

When we had finished its perusal, Hypatia remarked: "It is quite as good as many of the stories you have had printed, and I think it very interesting, although, of course, it is not equal to 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

"Of course not," said I; "that was an inspiration that I cannot expect every day. But there must be something wrong about this last story which we do not perceive. Perhaps my recent success may have made me a little careless in writing it."

"I don't believe that," said Hypatia.

"At any rate," I continued, "I will lay it aside, and will go to work on a new one."

In due course of time I had another manuscript finished, and I sent it to my favorite periodical. It was retained some weeks, and then came back to me. "It will never do," the editor wrote quite warmly, "for you to go backward. The demand for the number containing 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' still continues, and we do not intend to let you disappoint that great body of readers who would be so eager to see another number containing one of your stories."

I sent this manuscript to four other period-

icals, and from each of them it was returned with remarks to the effect that, although it was not a bad story in itself, it was not what they would expect from the author of "His Wife's Deceased Sister."

The editor of a western magazine wrote to me for a story, to be published in a special number which he would issue for the holidays. I wrote him one of the character and length he asked for, and sent it to him. By return mail it came back to me. "I had hoped," the editor wrote, "when I asked for a story from your pen, to receive something like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' and I must own that I am very much disappointed."

I was so filled with anger when I read this note that I openly objurgated "His Wife's Deceased Sister."

"You must excuse me," I said to my astonished wife, "for expressing myself thus in your presence, but that confounded story will be the ruin of me yet. Until it is forgotten, nobody will ever take anything I write."

"And you cannot expect it ever to be forgotten," said Hypatia, with tears in her eyes.

It is needless for me to detail my literary efforts in the course of the next few months. The ideas of the editors with whom my principal business had been done, in regard to my literary ability, had been so raised by my unfortunate story of "His Wife's Deceased Sister" that I found it was of no use to send them anything of lesser merit; and as to the other journals which I tried, they evidently considered it an insult for me to send them matter inferior to that by which my reputation had lately risen. The fact was that my successful story had ruined me. My income was at an end, and I actually stared me in the face; and I must admit that I did not like the expression of its countenance. It was of no use for me to try to write another story like "His Wife's Deceased Sister." I could not get married every time I began a new manuscript, and it was the exaltation of mind caused by my wedded felicity which had produced that story.

"It's perfectly dreadful," said my wife. "If I had had a sister, and she had died, I would have thought it was my fault."

"It could not be your fault," I answered, "and I do not think it was mine. I had no intention of deceiving anybody into the belief that I could do that sort of thing every time, and it ought not to be expected of me. Suppose Raphael's patrons had tried to keep him screwed up to the pitch of the Sistine Madonna, and had refused to buy anything which was not as good as that. In that case I think he would have occupied a much earlier

and narrower grave than that on which Mr. Morris Moore hangs his funeral decorations."

"But, my dear," said Hypatia, who was posted on such subjects, "the Sistine Madonna was one of his latest paintings."

"Very true," said I; "but if he had married as I did, he would have painted it earlier."

I was walking homeward one afternoon about this time, when I met Barbel, a man I had known well in my early literary career. He was now about fifty years of age, but looked older. His hair and beard were quite gray, and his clothes, which were of the same general hue, gave me the idea that they, like his hair, had originally been black. Age is very hard on a man's external appointments. Barbel had an air of having been to let for a long time, and quite out of repair. But there was a kindly gleam in his eye, and he welcomed me cordially, and on his invitation I went with him to his room. It was at the top of a very dirty and well-worn house, which stood in a narrow and lumpy street, into which few vehicles ever penetrated except the ash and garbage carts, and the rickety wagons of the venders of stale vegetables.

"This is not exactly a fashionable promenade," said Barbel, as we approached the house, "but in some respects it reminds me of the streets in Italian towns, where the palaces lean over toward each other in such a friendly way."

Barbel's room was, to my mind, rather more doleful than the street. It was dark, it was dusty, and cobwebs hung from every corner. The few chairs upon the floor, and the books upon a greasy table, seemed to be afflicted with some dorsal epidemic, for their backs were either gone or broken. A little bedstead in the corner was covered with a spread made of New York "Heralds," with their edges pasted together.

"There is nothing better," said Barbel, noticing my glance toward this novel counterpane, "for a bed-covering than newspapers. They keep you as warm as a blanket, and are much lighter."

The only part of the room which was well lighted was at one end near the solitary window. Here, upon a table with a spliced leg, stood a little grindstone.

"At the other end of the room," said Barbel, "is my cook-stove, which you can't see unless I light the candle in the bottle which stands by it; but if you don't care particularly to examine it I won't go to the expense of lighting up. You might pick up a good many odd pieces of bric-à-brac around here, if you chose to strike a match and investigate, but I would not advise you to do so. It would pay better to throw the things out of the win-

dow than to carry them down stairs. The particular piece of in-door decoration to which I wish to call your attention is this." And he led me to a little wooden frame which hung against the wall near the window. Behind a dusty piece of glass it held what appeared to be a leaf from a small magazine or journal. "There," said he, "you see a page from 'The Grasshopper,' a humorous paper which flourished in this city some half dozen years ago. I used to write regularly for that paper, as you may remember."

"Oh yes, indeed," I exclaimed. "And I shall never forget your 'Conundrum of the Anvil,' which appeared in it. How often have I laughed at that most wonderful conceit, and how often have I put it to my friends."

Barbel gazed at me silently for a moment, and then he pointed to the frame.

"That printed page," he said solemnly, "contains the 'Conundrum of the Anvil.' I hung it there so that I can see it while I work. That conundrum ruined me. It was the last thing I wrote for 'The Grasshopper.' How I ever came to imagine it, I cannot tell. It is one of those things which occur to a man but once in a life-time. After the wild shout of delight with which the public greeted that conundrum, my subsequent efforts met with hoots of derision. 'The Grasshopper' turned its hind legs upon me. I sank from bad to worse,—much worse,—until at last I found myself reduced to my present occupation, which is that of grinding points to pins. By this I procure my bread, coffee, and tobacco, and sometimes potatoes and meat. One day, while I was hard at work, an organ-grinder came into the street below. He played the serenade from *Trovatore*, and the familiar notes brought back visions of old days and old delights, when the successful writer wore good clothes, and sat at operas; when he looked into sweet eyes, and talked of Italian airs; when his future appeared all a succession of bright scenery and joyous acts, without any provision for a drop-curtain. And as my ear listened, and my mind wandered in this happy retrospect, my every faculty seemed exalted, and, without any thought upon the matter, I ground points upon my pins so fine, so regular, and smooth, that they would have pierced with ease the leather of a boot, or slipped, without abrasion, among the finest threads of rare old lace. When the organ stopped, and I fell back into my real world of cobwebs and mustiness, I gazed upon the pins I had just ground, and without a moment's hesitation threw them into the street, and reported the lot as spoiled. This cost me a little money, but it saved me my livelihood."

After a few moments of silence Barbel re-

sumed: "I have no more to say to you, my young friend. All I want you to do is to look upon that framed conundrum, then upon this grindstone, and then to go home and reflect. As for me, I have a gross of pins to grind before the sun goes down."

I cannot say that my depression of mind was at all relieved by what I had seen and heard. I had lost sight of Barbel for some years, and I had supposed him still floating on the sun-sparkling stream of prosperity, where I had last seen him. It was a great shock to me to find him in such a condition of poverty and squalor, and to see a man who had originated the "Conundrum of the Anvil" reduced to the soul-depressing occupation of grinding pin-points. As I walked and thought, the dreadful picture of a totally eclipsed future arose before my mind. The moral of Barbel sank deep into my heart.

When I reached home I told my wife the story of my friend Barbel. She listened with a sad and eager interest.

"I am afraid," she said, "if our fortunes do not quickly mend, that we shall have to buy two little grindstones. You know I could help you at that sort of thing."

For a long time we sat together and talked, and devised many plans for the future. I did not think it necessary yet for me to look out for a pin contract, but I must find some way of making money or we should starve to death. Of course the first thing that suggested itself was the possibility of finding some other business; but, apart from the difficulty of immediately obtaining remunerative work in occupations to which I had not been trained, I felt a great and natural reluctance to give up a profession for which I had carefully prepared myself, and which I had adopted as my life-work. It would be very hard for me to lay down my pen forever, and to close the top of my inkstand upon all the bright and happy fancies which I had seen mirrored in its tranquil pool. We talked and pondered the rest of that day and a good deal of the night, but we came to no conclusion as to what it would be best for us to do.

The next day I determined to go and call upon the editor of the journal for which, in happier days, before the blight of "His Wife's Deceased Sister" rested upon me, I used most frequently to write; and, having frankly explained my condition to him, to ask his advice. The editor was a good man, and had always been my friend. He listened with great attention to what I told him, and evidently sympathized with me in my trouble.

"As we have written to you," he said, "the only reason why we did not accept the manuscripts you sent us was, that they would

have disappointed the high hopes that the public had formed in regard to you. We have had letter after letter asking when we were going to publish another story like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.' We felt, and we still feel, that it would be wrong to allow you to destroy the fair fabric which yourself has raised. But," he added, with a kind smile, "I see very plainly that your well-deserved reputation will be of little advantage to you if you are to starve at the moment that its genial beams are, so to speak, lighting you up."

"Its beams are not genial," I answered. "They have scorched and withered me."

"How would you like," said the editor, after a short reflection, "to allow us to publish the stories you have recently written under some other name than your own? That would satisfy us and the public; would put money in your pocket, and would not interfere with your reputation."

Joyfully I seized that noble fellow by the hand and instantly accepted his proposition. "Of course," said I, "a reputation is a very good thing; but no reputation can take the place of food, clothes, and a house to live in; and I gladly agree to sink my over-illuminated name into oblivion, and to appear before the public as a new and unknown writer."

"I hope that need not be for long," he said, "for I feel sure that you will yet write stories as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

All the manuscripts I had on hand I now sent to my good friend the editor, and in due and proper order they appeared in his journal under the name of John Darmstadt, which I had selected as a substitute for my own, permanently disabled. I made a similar arrangement with other editors, and John Darmstadt received the credit of everything that proceeded from my pen. Our circumstances now became very comfortable, and occasionally we even allowed ourselves to indulge in little dreams of prosperity.

Time passed on very pleasantly one year; another, and then a little son was born to us. It is often difficult, I believe, for thoughtful persons to decide whether the beginning of their conjugal career or the earliest weeks in the life of their first-born be the happiest and proudest period of their existence. For myself, I can only say that the same exaltation of mind, the same rarefaction of idea and invention, which succeeded upon my wedding day, came upon me now. As then, my ecstatic emotions crystallized themselves into a motive for a story, and, without delay, I set myself to work upon it. My boy was about six weeks old when the manuscript was finished; and one evening, as we sat before a

comfortable fire in our sitting-room, with the curtains drawn and the soft lamp lighted, and the baby sleeping soundly in the adjoining chamber, I read the story to my wife.

When I had finished, my wife arose, and threw herself into my arms. "I was never so proud of you," she said, her glad eyes sparkling, "as I am at this moment. That is a wonderful story! It is, indeed! I am sure it is just as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

As she spoke these words, a sudden and chilling sensation crept over us both. All her warmth and fervor, and the proud and happy glow engendered within me by this praise and appreciation from one I loved, vanished in an instant. We stepped apart, and gazed upon each other with pallid faces. In the same moment the terrible truth had flashed upon us both:

This story *was* as good as "His Wife's Deceased Sister"!

We stood silent. The exceptional lot of Barbel's super-pointed pins seemed to pierce our very souls. A dreadful vision rose before me of an impending fall and crash, in which our domestic happiness should vanish, and our prospects for our boy be wrecked just as we had begun to build them up.

My wife approached me, and took my hand in hers, which was as cold as ice. "Be strong and firm!" she said. "A great danger threatens us, but you must brace yourself against it. Be strong and firm!"

I pressed her hand, and we said no more that night.

The next day I took the manuscript I had just written, and carefully folded it in stout

wrapping paper. Then I went to a neighboring grocery store, and bought a small strong tin box, originally intended for biscuit, with a cover that fitted tightly. In this I placed my manuscript; and then I took the box to a tinsmith, and had the top fastened on with hard solder. When I went home I ascended into the garret, and brought down to my study a ship's cash-box, which had once belonged to one of my family who was a sea-captain. This box was very heavy, and firmly bound with iron, and was secured by two massive locks. Calling my wife, I told her of the contents of the tin case, which I then placed in the box; and having shut down the heavy lid, I doubly locked it.

"This key," said I, putting it in my pocket, "I shall throw into the river when I go out this afternoon."

My wife watched me eagerly, with a pallid and firm-set countenance, but upon which I could see the faint glimmer of returning happiness.

"Wouldn't it be well," she said, "to secure it still further by sealing-wax and pieces of tape?"

"No," said I; "I do not believe that any one will attempt to tamper with our prosperity. And now, my dear," I continued in an impressive voice, "no one but you and, in the course of time, our son shall know that this manuscript exists. When I am dead, those who survive me may, if they see fit, cause this box to be split open, and the story published. The reputation it may give my name cannot harm me then."

Frank R. Stockton.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Difficulty of Political Reform.

THE difficulty of effecting political reforms is illustrated in every age, and is a frequent source of discouragement to those actually engaged in such work. Even simple reforms often require years for their accomplishment, while greater ones are sometimes delayed for generations. Nothing could be much simpler or more obviously advantageous, for instance, than the administrative reforms that have so long been desired in this country; yet, after more than twenty years of discussion and agitation, these reforms are only just begun. Among the greater political movements we may mention that for the abolition of slavery, which had continued for nearly a generation before public sentiment was thoroughly aroused. In this case, indeed, there was a powerful interest arrayed against the reformers; but the

strangest circumstance in the case was the prolonged opposition or apathy of the people of the free States themselves. Another remarkable example of the difficulty of reform was seen in the case of the anti-corn-law movement in England. The abolition of the corn-laws was obviously for the benefit of the mass of the English people; yet it is matter of history that at first the people could not be brought to take an interest in the reform, and that the difficulty of effecting it was so great that at one time Cobden himself, the great leader of the movement, was on the point of abandoning the task in despair. We think that few instances can be found in history of important improvements in political affairs without a prolonged and persistent agitation in advance.

The reasons for this fact are various. The sluggishness of public opinion, the opposition of sinister interests, the absorption of men's minds in their personal

affairs, and that pride of opinion which makes men unwilling to acknowledge that anything they have approved or sanctioned can be wrong, all have an influence in keeping things as they are, even when a change is imperatively required. The fact, too, that most men are impervious to new ideas after they have reached middle life is an essential factor in the case; and it not infrequently happens that a new generation has to be trained up in the reform principles before any outward improvement can be effected.

Our purpose at this time, however, is not to inquire into the causes which render political changes difficult, but to point out certain circumstances which, in a free country, go far to compensate the evil, and which deserve to be accounted among the benefits of free government. Some men, seeing the difficulty of moving public opinion in a democratic community, and eager to effect improvements in political affairs, are led to doubt the wisdom of popular government, and to say that a benevolent despot and an enlightened aristocracy is a better depository of political power than the people themselves. But, besides the difficulty of securing benevolence in a despot or enlightenment in an aristocracy, history shows that even if they possess these qualities, they are less easily moved to effect reforms than the people themselves.

There have been benevolent despots who effected nothing for the political improvement of the nations they governed. The Antonines, for instance, were among the best personal rulers the world ever saw; yet they did nothing of importance in the way of political reforms, but left the Roman empire as they found it. As for aristocracies, though they often administer the government with much intelligence so far as their own interests are concerned, they are, nevertheless, the most conservative, the most bigotedly opposed to progress of all the species of government that ever existed, as the history of Sparta, Carthage, and Venice abundantly proves. The states that have been most largely and most uniformly progressive have been without exception those of a popular character, or those in which popular influence has been powerfully felt; and therefore the impatience that earnest reformers sometimes feel at the sluggishness and perversity of the popular mind ought never to make them lose faith in the benefits of free government.

But even if monarchs and aristocracies were as active friends of progress and as ready to effect improvements as popular governments are, yet improvements made through the agency of the people are far more beneficial than those effected without them. For, in the first place, reforms effected by the people themselves, or in accordance with their deliberate desire, are likely to be permanent; while if not thus effected, their permanence is uncertain. A benevolent monarch may make great improvements in laws and institutions, and thereby largely promote the well-being of the people; but if his successor happens to be a man of a different stamp, as is quite likely to be the case, all the improvements thus made may be set aside, and the condition of the people may become worse than before. Besides, the government of a nation, even under an absolute monarch, is largely influenced by public opinion; and if public opinion has not been educated to approve and support a reform, it may be set aside or rendered nugatory by the opposition of the people

themselves. There are even instances in history where a nation has surrendered liberty itself, simply because the mass of the people had not learned to appreciate its value. But, under a popular government, where no considerable change can be made without the concurrence of the people, a reform once effected is very rarely reversed. So well is this understood in England, that when an important measure has been carried there with the express approval of the people, no statesman ever thinks of repealing it, but the popular decision is everywhere accepted as final. This, then, is one of the benefits of free government—that political improvements once effected are certain to endure; and in this fact reformers may find encouragement when their temper is tried and their patience exhausted by the sluggishness of public opinion and the seeming dullness of the popular conscience.

But there is another consideration of still greater importance. The general and prolonged discussion which necessarily precedes reform in a popular government has an educating effect of the highest value. This has long been recognized by political philosophers as one of the principal benefits that popular government confers, and the history of such government in all ages bears out this view. Even the routine work of government, such as the conduct of municipal affairs, has an educating influence of no little value; but it is far surpassed in this respect by those discussions of principle which necessarily precede the enactment of great reforms. Questions involving the principles of morals and the happiness perhaps of millions cannot be pondered by any man without improving to some extent both his intellect and his character; and this educating influence is especially valuable in the case of the masses of men, because of the narrowness of their mental horizon. Men of leisure and men of intellectual tastes can find means of culture and mental stimulus in various ways; but the minds of the uneducated and toiling masses are seldom roused to thought except by some matter of great practical importance. Now, political affairs are of the highest importance to every one; and hence, in a country where the control of affairs is lodged in the hands of the people, the educating influence of political discussion and action is felt in a high degree, and is one of the most potent means of popular culture. This influence cannot be made available except under popular government; for the people will seldom take a very lively interest in governmental affairs if they are not to be called upon to help in deciding them. But if their voice is potent in deciding what shall be done, no question of importance can arise in which they will not take an interest; and then the discussion of such questions by the more instructed minds will quicken the popular intelligence and educate the popular conscience as few other agencies will.

When, therefore, the advocates of political reform in a free country grow discouraged, as they sometimes will, and wish, perhaps, that they themselves had independent power to carry out their measures, they may find comfort in the thought that while the reforms they desire, if really beneficial, can hardly fail to be realized at last, the mere discussion of them before the people has an effect on the popular mind that may be little less important than the reforms themselves.

Religious Snobbery.

THERE is a tone in the manner in which some men preach religion that may be called demagogical. It is, as it were, an ignoble bidding for votes, an appeal to something not the best in the man who is listening in order to win his sympathy and suffrage. It is a spirit that ignores the decent instincts of human nature; that does not hesitate to offend the refined listener, while catering to the prejudices and vulgarities of the more ignorant and brutal. It is a kind of preaching that has not even the excuse of being based on the dangerous principle of doing evil that good may come. It is the preaching of vulgarians, who naturally express themselves in terms that are coarse, and who are, moreover, bent upon making effects by fair means or foul. They are themselves vulgar by nature, and their determination to be effective carries them into oratorical excesses, unmitigated either by taste or conscience. We could give numerous and recent examples of demagogical preaching of the Gospel, but we should then be compelled to disfigure our page with vulgarities, and even with shameless blasphemies.

On the other hand, there is a certain kind of religious snobbery which is not altogether unknown in America, but which has hitherto taken no very deep root here. That it is not a wide-spread or serious social disease in this country may be inferred from the fact that our fiction does not often deal with examples of this sort of snobbery, though the thing is, of course, by no means unknown, and is perhaps yet to receive the treatment it deserves at the hands of our story-writers.

Native religious snobbery does not flourish among us very vigorously, nor does the plant give signs of powerful growth in its exotic varieties. We are led to this statement by the comparative non-success, on this side of the water, of one who has been called in England "the apostle to the genteel." This apostle (famous not only socially, but by means also of the glamour wrought by the pen of an eminent romancer) came among us not long ago and began at once a public career of interviewing and lecturing. In the natural course of events, a number of "wealthy" and "fashionable" (in lieu of "noble") converts should have adorned the mission of the distinguished apostle. So far, however, we have heard of few or no "conversions," and we have been led to consider the cause. As nearly as we can determine, this cause lies in the fact that Americans recognized immediately the uncongenial tone and bearing of the religious snob. The interviewers early discovered in the apostle a willingness to talk, with seemingly deprecation, of the fact that he had been the means of converting the rich and the noble; and when the apostle called their attention to the fact that he had also converted at least one poor man, this poor man, it was noticed, was that interesting social phenomenon, a noble bankrupt. Finally the

reporters were called upon to chronicle the public statement, by the modern apostle, that his great predecessor as a converter, St. Paul, was the one man among the Apostles who might be called a "gentleman!"

It was, therefore, soon understood that the genius of the romancer had created a fascinating image which had no counterpart in reality; and as snobbery in religion is not considered beautiful or desirable in this country, the "apostle to the genteel" evidently made the same mistake, in coming to America, that was made by a fellow-countryman and fellow-apostle of his who, instead of the robes of a priest, wore the knee-breeches of an aesthete.

"Minister and Citizen."

THE recent consecration of Dr. Henry C. Potter as Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, while an event of unusual interest and importance inside the denomination to which Bishop Potter belongs, is also an event of public and general interest, not only on account of the prominence of the office, but more especially owing to the antecedents and character of the man. For Dr. Potter, as rector of Grace Church, has not only proved himself on occasion a sympathizer and co-worker with other communions, but he has shown himself to be one of those clergymen who were described not long ago in these columns (on the occasion of the death of Dr. Bellows) as equally zealous and useful in the capacity of minister and in that of citizen.

While rector of a parish which has been unfortunately known as "fashionable," Dr. Potter has distinguished himself and his church as leaders in charitable work; he has been a helper of the poor,—not of the miserably poor only, but also of the respectably (and therefore sometimes neglected) poor. He has not troubled himself with partisan politics in either church or state, but his labors have been directed to advance the causes of religion and civilization in this great and teeming city among the poor and among the rich as well; and he has been an earnest worker in every movement in which a good and public-spirited citizen should make himself felt. It is not every faithful preacher of the Gospel who has the qualities which fit him in addition for this work of citizenship; it is not necessary that every minister should be so gifted; nevertheless, such men are greatly needed in New York. They form, and always have formed, an important and most valuable part of our life as a community; and it is a satisfaction that Dr. Potter's church, in bidding him go higher, has not bidden him go away from a city where his usefulness has been so pronounced, but has merely placed him in an office of wider and more visible influence.

OPEN LETTERS.

"New York as a Field for Fiction."

COMMENT.

DEAR MR. BUNNER: The chief fault I should find with your literary family, as presented in your "Open Letter" on "New York as a Field for Fiction," in *THE CENTURY* for September, is that the best part of it is under ground. The next faults I should find are its over deference to the "foreign" sentiment and the episodic character of the material suggested as new. I dare say that you did not intend to convince me, but I do not see how you can expect to convince others, in these active times, that your Dutch colonists of the earliest period, or those coming next after them, with a "forced infusion of English blood,"—your Huguenots, your Knickerbockers of the middle period, your Battery beaux and Bowling Green belles,—are more suitable material than their descendants now actually alive and well. We want vital questions, even in our fiction. I will back Gertrude's descendant, "leading the dance of youth and love in some grander new house far up-town," for interest against Gertrude herself in old Bleeker street or Greenwood Cemetery, every time. So, too, the briefless young lawyer, whom we fully understand, struggling for his living up in the rarefied air of sky-offices near Trinity chimes and through Marine Court, Part II., seems a much more worthy object of sympathy than your English Cambridge graduate, whose customs we know nothing about except by hearsay, and whom we only half believe in. Such a one, if stranded here,—as he might be stranded anywhere,—would be but a mere episode in the life of the great city, and not an essential part of it. If it were intended to display New York, he would have to be connected with its typical and essential features, which would still remain to be discovered.

Nor do I see why even the Columbia boys should be ruled out of New York fiction. For my part, I no longer seem to yield the same prompt allegiance as once to the warm and mellow Good Old Times, to the Quaint, the Genial, nor even the Foreign; and I believe that many story-reading persons are of the same way of thinking. The old times have been pretty thoroughly utilized, in one way and another. To have recourse to them now seems a manner of dodging the present. Here we are, with all our passions, humors, fancies, stirrings of romance as genuine as ever were. Who will picture us? who go a little deeper than ever before? who add a trifle to the knowledge of human nature? That is the original field. The original man will have a keen eye for such study of character as can be actually put to the test. Something in the nature of social science is what is wanted, rather than archaeology; the method of examination of the subject on his feet and going about his affairs, instead of that by exhumation and autopsy, after long burial.

I think, perhaps, I have been a rather extreme example of the opposite view. I fear that I was a bad case of it. I remember when I thought Egypt,

classic antiquity, knights, minnesingers, chateaines, moss-troopers, burghers, pilgrim-fathers, and buccaneers,—you know the whole menagerie,—down to about the year 1800, the only part of created existence worth the slightest attention. The greatest recommendation to favor was that one should be dead and should have worn a party-colored costume. Next to this, if he *would* live, it was to be European. At present, I flatly do not believe in them. They were no better, no whit more worthy of interest, than ourselves. Come! They were not so good. We are the fish still remaining in the sea better than any yet caught.

It was Europe itself that finally dispelled that impression. I found that an individual was not necessarily the more great, glorious, wise, nor entertaining for being a European, and it occurred to me that he might not be for being dead, even for several hundred years. Foreignness is a kind of antiquity; distance in time and in space is practically the same thing, and the sentiment about them hangs together.

You allow a small modern and home department, however, to those who will not be satisfied, for a novel of New York, with colonial ancestors merely. A part of the new material is "the New England invasion." But you will surely remember that this is just what Rodman Harvey was,—a New England invasion. He had succeeded with his store in a smaller place, had come here and had married, for a second wife, a representative of the Knickerbocker blood, and had become a magnate. He must have resembled, in several ways, the late ex-Governor Morgan, William E. Dodge, and their class, and no men were more essentially of New York than these.

You omit from the list, entirely, low life, which we must agree to be full of interest, and characteristic, here as elsewhere. You omit, too, the life around the great newspaper offices, the seat of government and local politics, and the great financial institutions. And then you choose a class in one of the lower wards, who ran with the machine to fires in their youth, and now go to church on Sundays, and call them the bourgeois of New York. If there be a proper bourgeois of New York, since when has this thick-witted class anywhere—the Philistines of the violent modern protest—become the most entertaining material for the use of the literary artist? Upon what theory, too, can it be maintained that East Broadway, with half a dozen immigrant Mulligans and Lochmüllers domiciled in it to each ex-running-to-fires-with-the-machine bourgeois, is more essentially New York than the vast area of brown-stone houses above Twenty-third street?

Of all the material which you sketch in, after having somewhat too hastily cleared the decks, I venture to find most serviceable the contingent of Parisianized Americans fleeing from the wreck of the last French Empire. A similar contingent is at this moment intimately allied with the British Empire. Both of these would do excellently in New York as a field

for fiction, not simply for themselves, but because they are part and parcel of the society which gives New York its peculiar aspect at home and reputation abroad.

We must agree that everything cannot be put into a single book. What, then, is the thing to do, having set out with the purpose of giving some faint idea of the life of the metropolis in a story? Is it to take isolated and eccentric figures and episodes, however interesting, which might have passed anywhere? It is rather to take those leading personages, traits, and localities with which its identity is bound up. You appear to complain of the typicalness of the characters with which I have very inadequately attempted to do this, as if typicalness were a vice. I have taken, you say, "the typical merchant," "the typical belle," "the typical snob," and so forth; and you would seem to imply that this should not have been done, but that the future aspirant should depend for his effects upon personages of a very different sort, it is not at all clear what. An interesting supplement to your article would be a brief review of fiction in New York, to show whether the field is really so preëminent as to leave no room on that score for the figures most prominent in actual life. I think it would be found much less full than indicated. It is doubtful if it can ever be so full as to exclude that central figure of our money-making day, the merchant prince, at all.

However poorly I have treated them, the typicalness of my characters cannot justly be blamed. There is considerable misconception on this point. It is fancied that a character which is a type must become a mere abstraction. But a type should be a very clearly cut individual, who has the added value of representing not only himself, but a whole interesting class. It is of such characters that we can say "How natural!" "I, too, have seen that." To seek for mere individuals who are not types, if such a thing were possible, would be to make a literature of bearded ladies and living skeletons, to pretend that "cranks" and monstrosities were the best material. I do not think we are really at issue on this point, but rather in some difference of statement. I have happened, just at the moment of writing this, upon Pailleron's amusing play of "le Monde où l'on s'ennuie." There is a short preface to it, in which it appears that he has been attacked for alleged portraiture in some of his characters. He replies, defending himself in a few words which express so well what types really are and ought to be as to seem worth quoting as a final definition. He says: "I have taken the traits of which I have made my types from drawing-rooms and from individuals in the privacy of home. And they are so thoroughly types and so little portraits that as many as five different names have been given to each of them."

Yours very truly,

W. H. Bishop.

MY DEAR MR. BISHOP: The chief fault I should find with your pleasant note, just received, is that it seemingly is addressed to some person of views very

"J'ai pris dans les salons et chez les individus les traits dont j'ai fait mes types. Et ce sont si bien des types et si peu des portraits qu'on a mis sur chacun d'eux jusqu'à cinq noms différents."

different from those of the writer of the "Open Letter" in the September CENTURY.

I have looked carefully over that document, and I cannot find that anything I have said there makes me responsible for the somewhat startling theory which you attribute to me,—that an individual is the less an individual because he is also a type. What I did try to point out is that one cannot draw an individual by describing merely the traits he has in common with all others of his class,—which is, you will agree with me, simply substituting an abstraction for a character.

And I must have made myself sadly misunderstood if you have taken the few incidental suggestions I sketched out as prescriptive or directive, or designed to cover the whole field of fiction. I chose them, in fact, purely as illustrations of my idea,—that the roots of our metropolitan life are deeper and older, and the fruit that springs therefrom richer and mellow, than most people believe.

It makes little matter, I think, when or where a man finds the time and scene of his story. But it is all-essential that he should give his work sympathetic, conscientious, and unprejudiced study, and should not trust too readily to accepted traditions or unconventional valuations.

Allow me to thank you for the pleasant way in which you have met me, and to add a sincere wish that whatever field you choose for yourself may prove prolific in laurels.

Yours sincerely,

H. C. Bunner.

Our Jury System.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

SIR,—In reading in the JUNE CENTURY the replies to "Is the Jury System a Failure?" it struck me that the defenders of the present system had confined themselves too strictly to a statement of the direct and immediate results that would be likely to ensue from the abolition of the jury system and the substitution thereof of a tribunal of judges. Not infrequently the indirect, uncalculated results of a sweeping change in civil government are of vastly greater moment to society than the direct results.

The consideration of such a change in our judicial system suggests three important queries as to its results. These are:

First. Its direct effect upon the administration of justice.

Second. Its ultimate effect upon the constitution and character of the new tribunal.

Third. Its effect upon public opinion regarding the administration of justice.

There is, I presume, no advocate of the jury system who will deny that it might be improved by wiser legislation, especially as regards the manner of selecting juries. And no one who has seen its workings will deny that it has some advantages over any system that has ever been tried. It is an advantage that no litigant can know, until his case is on trial, the precise personnel of the tribunal which is to decide his case. He may know a few days beforehand, it is true, who will probably compose the panel from which his jury will be drawn, but no man can tell him who will be drawn.

If he knows or believes that any member of the panel is hostile or prejudiced against him, or will be influenced by sinister motives in deciding the cause, he has only to challenge him peremptorily, without giving any reason, and his opponent has a like opportunity. And any party to a cause who desires to use improper means to influence the tribunal in his favor, is likely to be baffled in any attempt he may make by this uncertainty as to who will constitute this tribunal. In fact, the obstacles to any attempt to tamper with the jury are, in most cases, practically insurmountable, since the majority of cases which are tried by juries occupy less than two days after the jury is drawn, and this affords too little time to make the acquaintance of the individual jurors sufficiently to enable a man to approach them safely with corrupt propositions. It is the opinion of many of our ablest lawyers that on questions of fact, where the jury are carefully instructed as to the law, the average judgment of twelve good jurymen is quite as likely to be correct as that of a bench of judges.

Upon the second question, the ultimate effect of the proposed change upon the constitution and character of the new tribunal, we must first remember that we cannot presume that the new tribunals would be composed of the same quality of men as those who now constitute the judges of our courts; for I will premise, for the sake of the argument, that the judges of our courts throughout the United States are, as a class, upright, incorruptible, impartial, and able men. When it is charged in the public prints that the appointment of a judge of the most august tribunal of the nation (I might say in the whole world, since no other tribunal has such extensive powers conferred upon it) has at least in a single instance been the work of an unscrupulous speculator, would it not be well, whether we believe this terrible accusation or not, to pause before making such changes in our judicial system, to consider whether we should not be making it easy for soulless corporations and millionaires whose god is mammon, in many localities, and especially in our great commercial centers, to pack our judicial tribunals and to give us courts in comparison with which the New York city courts during the Tweed régime were Aristidean?—courts that would not only nullify as unconstitutional all legislation that sought to release the people from the toils of the masters whose behests these courts would be chosen to carry out, but courts that would, upon occasion, twist the facts in a case into conformity with the desires of their masters. It is said that some men of shining legal abilities, but of sullied personal character, have made very acceptable judges. It is not difficult for a lawyer to see how this might be. Since men are always controlled by the strongest motive, and with some men ambition may be a stronger motive than avarice, a desire to rank high as a jurist might prevail over any other incentive with a man not over-scrupulous. When a judge decides questions of law, he does it under the eyes and in the face of a jury he dare not defy, *i. e.*, a vigilant and critical bar. He has before him two interested contending parties, each ever ready and watchful to take exceptions to his errors of judgment even. He must state clearly his positions in regard to the law, and they are subject to revision by a higher tribunal. They then go into the reports,

and are read and reread by lawyers who have made a thorough and exhaustive study of their subject matter, and who are competent to pass upon his rulings. In matters of law, all his faults "observed, Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote." And a man of good legal abilities who, while occupying the position of a *nisi prius* judge even, should attempt to go very far in modifying or wresting the existing law, contrary to precedent and authority, would soon find that he had entered upon a thorny road, whatever might be his motive for wandering.

Any one who has prepared a case for an appellate court, when it is essential to review the evidence, knows how extremely difficult it is, in many cases, to present any adequate picture of the testimony to the higher court, even with the aid of a stenographer's report of the testimony. The appearance and manner of the different witnesses, which oftentimes, and justly too, has so much weight with the jury, is entirely wanting. A skillful and unscrupulous court, organized in the interests of a wealthy corporation, seconded by able attorneys, as such corporations usually employ, might make short shrift for a poor man with a doubtful or even a just cause, aided, as too often he would be, only by inexperienced counsel, such as his lack of means would frequently compel him to employ. The testimony in such cases would often not be reported, and very frequently the only spectators of the conduct of the court would be the litigants and their witnesses. Moreover, every party having a cause for trial could know with tolerable certainty, for days and usually for weeks and months before the trial, what persons would constitute the tribunal which would try the case, and, if he had corrupt intentions, would have ample time to discover the weakest points in the character of each individual composing the tribunal. The old saying, that "every man has his price," is undoubtedly true in the sense that every man is approachable in some way, and is susceptible to certain influences,—in some cases consciously, and in others unconsciously.

Proceeding to the third point,—the effect of the proposed system upon public opinion,—there are men, and their number is not small, whose own self-knowledge justifies them in the belief that all courts are corrupt and that a poor man has no chance in our courts, or who have so often asserted such an opinion that they have come to believe it. Under our present system, most reproaches of this kind are thrown upon the jury; but the jury is an impersonal, ever-changing body. The odium of an unjust verdict, or one that is condemned by public sentiment, whether such condemnation is merited or not, is divided among twelve men, who separate to their several homes and never meet again to act together under any circumstances whatsoever. If, through mistake, or for any other reason, they have given an unrighteous verdict, the harm is largely confined to the particular case decided; there is no danger that the same body will repeat the offense and thus acquire a cumulation of odium. Would not a succession of unpopular verdicts, occurring in tolerably close succession, even if right, tend to bring a continuing tribunal into contempt, and would not the tendency be toward causing the populace to suspect bribery and corruption on the part of the court? Would not every decision in which there was any general interest, if made contrary to an uninformed

public opinion, whether right or wrong, by a court already unpopular, add to its unpopularity? I need not occupy space to show that anything that tends to bring our courts into contempt, or to throw suspicion upon them, is subversive of our institutions.

When we see what an outcry is raised in one of the larger States of this Union against its supreme court, for deciding a question of abstract law, *i. e.*, whether a certain proposed amendment to the State constitution was legally adopted so as to become a part of that constitution, and such decision was against the wishes of what claimed to be a majority of the people of the State, and the renomination of the Chief Justice of that court was successfully opposed by some of the leading journals of his own political party for the reason, openly avowed, that his decision on this question was not satisfactory, we may well hesitate before we subject our courts to the odium to which they would certainly be subjected in doing their duty to men accused of heinous crimes and generally suspected by the community to be guilty, where there is yet no sufficient evidence of guilt. And a fair-minded man with an average amount of common sense has often but to carefully sit through and watch an important trial of this kind to know how unjustly juries are sometimes abused by the newspapers and the general public, for performing their plain duty under the law and the evidence submitted to them.

Eugene Lewis.

MOLINE, ILL.

Some New Inventions.

A DESCRIPTION was given in this magazine some months since of a new design in steam-ship construction, with a promise of further information when the design was realized in actual practice. A small steamer, built to test this design, has been launched, and from an examination of the vessel in dock at East Boston a note may be made of the present position of the experiment. The objects sought appear to be speed and safety. To insure these, the hull is extremely sharp and built upon very fine lines, the boat being very long and narrow, and with the greatest width somewhat in advance of the center. The upper part of the vessel is rounded, beginning just above the water-line, the sides bending inward and meeting in the center in the form of a low arch slightly flattened in the middle. To give the ship this peculiar form, the ribs are continuous from the keel upward and over the deck, the outer skin being carried directly over the top of the vessel. On the deck is a small wheel-house, with a dome-shaped roof of heavy glass, one or two hatchways, and the two smoke-stacks. A light railing serves as a guard round the narrow deck, and, beyond the ventilators and sky-lights, there is nothing more visible on the outside. This peculiar form is intended to give great strength to resist the shock and weight of water falling on the deck as the vessel is forced through the waves. It is thought the hull will plunge through the waves instead of riding over them, and that in rough water the deck will be often swept by heavy seas that, finding no hold, will simply roll off without inflicting damage or materially checking the headway. How far this interesting theory may prove correct, experiment can alone decide. At the present writing nothing has been done. This

is explained by an apparent failure of the motive-power put into the vessel. Suitable boilers and engines are to be provided, and the tests will be made upon a complete and thorough scale. The vessel as it now stands certainly presents an admirable opportunity to conduct what might be called physical research in the field of navigation, and it is to be hoped that when the new engines are complete something of value may be added to the science of ship-building.

Objections are sometimes raised against the study of mechanics by girls as being, in a general way, useless, seeing that the feminine mind is not inventive. To the mechanical mind this objection has a certain flavor of decayed absurdity, a mingled air of ignorance and prejudice. How shall the bird fly if it is born and reared in a cage? The most valuable mental faculty in invention is imagination. Women certainly have that. The trouble is not that they cannot invent, but that they have not imagined the necessity of an invention. One of the greatest of American inventors could construct complete in his mind a working carpet-loom, and then make the drawings and build the loom, and it would at once make such carpets as he saw in his mind. Given imagination, there need be only a knowledge of the laws of mechanics, patience, and work. These are the essentials of invention, and they are as much feminine as masculine. The seeing a want prompts to a lively imagination of a way of supplying the want, and this is invention. When women are educated to see the relations of things and understand something of mechanics, feminine inventions will follow quickly enough. In fact, the Patent Office reports already contain a very considerable number of patents issued to women, some of which have proved of great commercial value.

One of the two exhibitions recently opened in Boston devoted liberal space for the display of work by women and girls. From an examination of this display, something may be learned of the more recent inventions brought to a practical commercial position by women. The list is small, but suggestive, as it includes such diverse subjects as iron castings, bronze bearings for journals, and improved furniture. The only criticism that can be made against the display assumes the form of a regret that what seems to be a really good alloy, that has stood the severe test of regular work in heavy machinery, should not be boldly put with the machine tools in another part of the exhibition, where it would be seen of men. In the "woman's department" it is half smothered by the Kensington stitch. Among the inventions patented and exhibited by women, may be mentioned a few that seem to indicate a clear knowledge of what is wanted and the wit and skill to supply the want. A trunk with a tray has the objection that, if a dress is laid in the tray and it does not fill it to the top of the cover, the garment will not stow well, and if the trunk is turned over it will be injured. To obviate this, an improved tray is shown, having a canvas bottom with straps and pockets, and arranged in such a way that it can be placed in any position in the trunk and securely fastened there. The garment is placed in the tray and pinned to the canvas or fastened by the straps, and then, if the trunk is turned over, it cannot get out of place nor be thrown about, even if the trunk is half empty. In furniture three exhibits are made by women. One of these is a

bedstead with the space under the mattress utilized as a bureau, a number of drawers being provided on each side, the exhibit showing considerable skill in designing cabinet work. Allied to this is a large arm-chair for school-teachers, with smaller chairs arranged under the seat in the manner of drawers, and designed to be drawn out to give seats for children who, in the discipline of school life, must "sit with teacher." A bureau is shown, having apparently two sets of drawers. One of these is false and opens as a cupboard door. Within is a shelf that may be drawn out, and is intended to support a washing-bowl, while the space below is for the water-jar. These three exhibits clearly indicate the pressing necessity for economy of space in domestic life in city tenements and apartments, and will, no doubt, fill a want and find a market. The most profitable patents are often those that seem the most simple and commonplace. Perhaps the most promising design by a woman is an adjustable book-cover. Every one is familiar with the art of covering books with paper, but no one before seems to have hit upon the happy thought of a locking device that will keep the paper shield always firmly in position without the aid of paste. The idea was plainly suggested by the many forms of locking paper boxes, and it will, no doubt, prove quite as valuable in a commercial sense. An improved stove-grate, unfortunately not shown in position, a new oil-stove showing a clear understanding of the theory of this class of stoves, a new glaze for pottery, a new life-preserver, and a new plastic material that may be used as a substitute for clay are also exhibited by women. In practical scientific work there is also a creditable display of chemicals and dye-stuffs, all by women. These are only a few of the exhibits made by women that depart in any degree from the conventional needle-work, and they are worthy of notice for two reasons: they indicate an effort to grasp the wants of the world and a right understanding of means to ends; and they also show that there is a steady widening of the field in which women may find profitable employment.

The increasing attention given to outdoor life and sports has naturally led to the introduction of improved appliances for comfort or convenience in fields and woods. In boats, tents, and camping facilities this is specially noticeable. American canoes and traveling boats have exhibited several new types, some of which have been described in this magazine. Of late, attention seems to be given more to camping facilities. Among these is a tent of the common A shape, having rounded ends completely closed, and movable sides, which may be raised so as to make it by day in good weather into a large dining or shelter tent, fully open to the air; while at night or in rough weather one or both of the sides may be let down, closing the tent either partially or completely, one loose corner making a door when required. Another device consists of a lawn seat with a canopy or sun-shade, that may be turned into a single bed with a small, low tent over it for camp use. In camp furniture a new outfit, consisting of six chairs, two beds, and one table, may deserve attention, as all these pieces are designed to be packed into one trunk of medium size. The outfit examined seemed to be strong and well made, and very neatly and compactly fitted to the trunk.

An invention has just been brought out in this country as a substitute for stained glass. In stained glass, each piece of glass, in the mosaic that forms the design or picture, must be inclosed in the lead sash or "leads." These lines of leads cross the window in every direction, and often greatly mar the effect of the design. In the new method of treating window glass there are the same leads, but they are used in a manner that is not possible in stained glass, and for a wholly different reason. The method of preparing the glass is quite simple. A suitable design is prepared in colors, and in its treatment there may be the greatest freedom, as the leads that follow the main lines of the design or picture are merely the divisions between the colors. Over the pattern is laid a sheet of clear glass. A composition that melts only at a high temperature is then placed in a tube having a cone at the lower end and a small opening at the point. The heated composition flows through this, like paint from a color tube, and is allowed to fall on the glass over the pattern, where it leaves a raised line that instantly hardens and clings firmly to the glass. With this fluid pencil the main lines of the pattern are drawn on the glass, making the leads of the future work, and marking the divisions of the colors. It is plain that, in the hands of the designer, a picture, pattern, or geometrical design can thus be drawn directly in free-hand on the glass, which is a wholly novel method of treatment. The lines of the pattern having been drawn in the hot composition, the next step follows at once. Each of the spaces between the leads is then filled in with a colored composition that sets quickly and forms a transparent or translucent adherent film on the glass. In about forty-eight hours this coloring material is dry and hard, and when varnished will stand washing and all ordinary temperatures. The finished work examined appeared to give a closer imitation of stained glass than anything yet produced. The colors are pure and strong, and the designs showed a degree of freedom not before obtained in any decorative treatment of glass. The invention is worthy of examination chiefly on account of this very freedom, as any design or picture can be drawn on the glass and reproduced in transparent colors. The cost is said to be about one half that of the cheaper forms of stained glass.

Charles Barnard.

Free Trade with Canada.

IN the July number of *THE CENTURY* appeared an interesting article from the pen of Mr. Watson Griffin on the above subject. For us Canadians it possessed a peculiar value, indicating as it did the opinion of a well-informed and thoughtful American on the trade relations between the two countries. In a certain degree it was also flattering to Canada, Mr. Griffin freely recognizing the boundless resources of the Dominion and the rapid strides toward prosperity made in the past few years. Dealing with the question of reciprocity, Mr. Griffin has presented us with an American view—how widely entertained I know not—of the trade relationship between Canada and the United States. He urges on his fellow-countrymen to turn their attention to the land so rapidly

gaining in wealth and strength immediately on their borders, and before it is too late to secure better terms with a market which would repay them a hundred-fold. He readily sees the immense advantages which would accrue to the United States were the "tariff wall" removed, and the corresponding injury done to Canadian trade, and he candidly acknowledges that Canada would suffer as the United States would gain by a reciprocity treaty. Winnipeg would be forced into competition with Chicago, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and, in Mr. Griffin's own words, a certain blow would be struck at its future greatness. Continuing, he confesses that the growth of eastern Canada would be greatly retarded, and that were free trade established between the two countries the United States would reap the lion's share of the advantages. But Mr. Griffin has a most peculiar view of "the eternal fitness of things," to use an Americanism. He coolly discusses the probabilities of the Canadian people agreeing to reciprocity, and, without showing any adequate results to be gained by them, concludes that they would accept it! No new markets opened up to us, no impetus to our manufactures, no demand for our products, our rising industries crushed in the bud, and our country sacrificed on the altar of a pure and disinterested affection. But we are an eminently practical people, and without some corresponding gain would hardly be inclined thus to lay bare our markets and expose our industries. Once on a time, not so very long ago either, we would gladly have accepted reciprocity, but the Federal Government at Washington saw fit to reject our advances. It was the best thing the United States ever did for us—the most fortunate event which has happened to Canada since confederation. In self-defense we were forced to retaliate; but what was once a mere means of protection has now become to us a tower of strength. Under the National Policy, the "tariff wall" of which Mr. Griffin writes, Canada has suddenly sprung from youth to young and sturdy manhood. Self-dependence has been taught her; she gives employment to her own youth—no longer annually sending them away; industries that were never dreamt of have come into existence, and she is on the opening of a career bright with every promise. We are not a particularly visionary people, but we have faith in our country. Perhaps it lies not on the surface and is not readily seen, but it is implanted deep and strong in the hearts of the people. Despite Mr. Griffin's opinion to the contrary, the Canadians have every trust in their National Policy. Since its introduction in 1879, Canada has made unexampled progress. A land rich and fertile to the verge of unbelief, of which Canadians themselves knew but little, has been opened up, trade with foreign countries has increased to an enormous extent, the people of the different provinces have been drawn into closer connection, and a new impetus has been given the varied interests of the country.

Canada, on the whole, gladly accepted the Reciprocity Treaty in 1854, throwing open her priceless fisheries in return for the manufactured products of her neighbor. But even then there was disappointment and grumbling in the provinces by the sea. And when the treaty expired, and the United States refused all offers of renewal, among those who looked into the future and saw the destiny awaiting the young

nation there was a feeling of relief. And how that foresight has been verified needs but a glance at the Canada of to-day. In 1881 her trade in proportion to her population exceeded that of the United States, and her shipping likewise in proportion was more than four times as great, while the volume of trade had increased from \$130,000,000 in 1868 to \$210,000,000 in 1882. The abrogation of the treaty forced her to find new markets, and to-day she enjoys the best of trade relations with the commercial countries of the globe. Her trade demanded new outlets; direct steam communication has been opened with France and Brazil; her products find a ready sale in South America, and the business done with the West Indies has more than quadrupled. The increase of immigration in 1882 was one hundred and ninety per cent. over that of 1880, and sixty-five per cent. over that of 1881, while the increase in the United States in 1882 was only three and a half per cent. more than the previous year. And while these statistics give us every encouragement as a growing people, still they show us our youth as a nation, being barely sixteen years of age, alongside the one hundred and six which have elapsed since the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The growth of Canada has been rapid since confederation, the intellect of the Dominion keeping pace with its progress as a State. In a speech recently made by Lord Dufferin at the Empire Club, London, he stated that, in his opinion, the population of Canada at the close of the next century would be forty millions. That, however, is but a moderate estimate.

Mr. Griffin writes that in the recent elections, in which the National Policy was the question at issue, many of those who voted for it did so merely with a view of forcing the United States, by retaliation, to entertain the idea of reciprocity; that in negotiations for free trade, Americans could rely upon the full support of the Reformers with a liberal sprinkling of Conservatives; and that as many of the Conservative members were elected by small majorities, a slight change in public sentiment might make a great change in parliamentary representation. This is certainly a surprising statement from one apparently so well informed as Mr. Griffin. Does he imagine that the Reformers would readily play into the hands of the Americans—cheerfully throw open the markets of their country for the surplus products of the United States? He should know that our political institutions are sufficiently democratic to allow the people to have something to say in such matters. It is they who say whether we shall have free trade or protection. And Mr. Griffin's notions of our political men must indeed be crude. Were the Conservative party defeated to-morrow, there would be but few changes made in their policy by the Liberals. For the policy is not a cast-iron one; it is regulated and moderated as the trade of the country demands, building up our industries, and discouraging all species of monopoly. Many of the Reform party support it as a general measure. But Mr. Griffin makes the greatest mistake when he thinks that a slight change in public sentiment would make a great change in parliamentary representation, and that free trade with the United States would be the result. Fully as many, if not more, Reformers hold their seats by narrow majorities as Conservatives. The

great mass of the people in the Dominion support the Liberal Conservative party. They have a majority not only in parliamentary representation, but also of the entire vote cast in every province but one, and it would take a very powerful and complicated combination of circumstances to oust them from their position. Time alone will solve the question which Mr. Griffin imagines is in the power of the Reform party, and which he considers they are only too eager to effect. The day of reciprocity has gone by; we were taught a severe lesson once, and we have profited by it, and though at some future time the "tariff wall" may be lessened, for the present Canada is content with matters as they are.

J. Fred. Harley.

Joseph Jefferson as "Caleb Plummer."

THE actor who permits himself to become identified with one impersonation imperils his artistic fame, however excellent as a work of art that impersonation may be. The reason of this is obvious. The public, which never looks below the surface, first learns to imagine that the man who plays only one part can play no other, and then, having studied and enjoyed each look, gesture, and vocal modulation which made the original characterization famous, is prompt, when the actor appears in a new guise, to recognize everything, however insignificant, which is familiar, and consider it evidence of his lack of versatility, without giving him credit for the many instances wherein that very gift of versatility is shown most clearly. Shallowness of this kind is to be expected on the part of the general mass of theatergoers, who never think of the means so long as the result is pleasing, and care more for the personality of the player than for his art; but is surprising when exhibited in the judgment of persons professing themselves to be thoughtful observers. And yet there is nothing more common in the current dramatic criticism of the day than the tendency to pronounce general condemnations of the work of even the most competent actors on the score of their "mannerisms," without vouchsafing any consideration to artistic merits which atone handsomely for many minor defects.

It is plain that in many cases the word "mannerism" is used without the least comprehension of the only meaning which it can have legitimately in dramatic criticism. An actor, being after all only a man, cannot be blamed because he does not possess supernatural attributes. It is manifestly impossible for him to change at will the physical characteristics which nature gave him to distinguish him from his fellow mortals. His figure, his carriage, his speech, his features, although they may be greatly disguised by theatrical device, impose certain arbitrary limitations in the way of impersonation; and to hold him artistically responsible for these would be just as reasonable as to denounce him for not having been born somebody else. The reproach of "mannerism" is not, therefore, necessarily applicable to the actor who fails to conceal his own identity (for that identity may be, and often is, exquisitely appropriate to the stage character; but to the actor who, through ignorance, incapacity, or conceit, is the slave of violent, absurd, and inartistic habits, which are foreign to his natural behavior, and

are displayed in every character he undertakes, from *Romeo* to *Caliban*.

There have been few more delightful examples of the art of the skilled comedian in this generation than that furnished in the *Caleb Plummer* of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, witnessed in the Union Square Theater. Nevertheless, many of the critics of the daily press, while admitting its charm and its effect upon the spectators, found fault with it because it reminded them at times of *Rip Van Winkle*, and reproduced certain little tricks of Mr. Jefferson's own manner. It would have been almost miraculous if it had not; and yet, as a matter of fact, this performance is no less remarkable for the versatility which it displays than for its extraordinary mastery of theatrical resource. That in it Mr. Jefferson occasionally awakens reminiscences both of *Rip* and of himself is indisputable; but what then? No actor ever did or ever will attain artistic eminence, without embodying in his best impersonations some of his own personal characteristics, for the simple reason that only men of strong individuality (in one direction or another) and with marked personal or mental traits can ever hope to comprehend or express the emotions, whether of joy or sorrow, which impart life and reality to the dramatic fiction. It does not follow at all that the great actor, either in tragedy or comedy, should be dominated by the emotions which he simulates,—this, indeed, is not commonly the case,—but simply that there must be in his own nature a chord which is capable of stirring in response to the feigned joys or woes to be portrayed. If any one, after witnessing Mr. Jefferson's *Caleb*, will take the trouble to read carefully Dickens's beautiful little story of "The Cricket on the Hearth," he will find a striking illustration of the truth of this theory in the radical difference between the author's conception of the old toy-maker and the actor's exposition of it. There is not a trace in Mr. Jefferson's *Caleb* of the dull, vacant, hopeless depression which the novelist paints with so pathetic a touch. He has not the dull eye and vacuous manner which tell of a spirit crushed by perpetual and remediless misery, because there is not in the comedian himself any sympathy with this particular phase of human nature. His own temperament is buoyant, hopeful, placid, and sunny, and he naturally—it might be said, necessarily—invests *Caleb* with some of his own brightness and humor. He effects this, too, without robbing the part of any of its exquisite pathos. He even heightens the color of the picture by the artistic employment of contrast. The scene with the blind *Bertha* and *Tackleton* would not be half so touching and suggestive as it is, if the pitiful anxiety and wistful tenderness of *Caleb* at this juncture were not emphasized by the memory of the childlike mirth and simple gayety of his meeting with *Perrybingle*, in the preceding scene. This old man, so ragged, cold, and timid, with his grateful appreciation of a kind word,—his bustling, nervous efforts to be of some assistance,—his beaming smile, playing around the pinched and drawn old lips,—his bright eye, now beaming with merriment, now eloquent with love or commiseration,—is a creation so absolutely human and real that, for the moment, all sense of the wonderful skill which creates the illusion is lost.

The full extent of that skill may be appreciated best by comparing this study of *Caleb* with that of

Rip, and noting, not the occasional intonation, the curious little gasp, and other trifling points common to both impersonations, but the radical differences which exist between them. These are to be found, not in the variety of costume only,—the only pretense of versatility afforded by the ordinary hack-actor of the day,—but in the man himself, in his walk, in his gestures, in his carriage, in his address, in his voice, and in his laugh. The only constant point of resemblance between the two men is in the matter of age. In all other respects they are as opposite as the poles. There is nothing in common between the reckless and shameless, if fascinating, jollity of *Rip* and the sweet, unselfish, indomitable cheerfulness of *Caleb*, or between the methods which throw a glamour of poetry and romance about the forlorn and forgotten reveler and those which are so infinitely pathetic in the case of the old toy-maker. On the one hand, a detestable character is endowed with irresistible charm by the sheer force of poetic imagination; and on the other, a nature of a type at once the simplest and the highest is portrayed with a truth which is as masterly as it is affecting. There is nothing in "*Rip Van Winkle*" more touching than those scenes where *Caleb* listens while *Dot* reveals to *Bertha* the story of his noble deceit, and where he recognizes the son whom he deemed lost in "the golden South Americas." The play of emotion on Mr. Jefferson's face at the moment of recognition, as wonderment, doubt, and hope are succeeded by certainty and rapturous joy,—his deprecatory, spasmodic action as he turns away from what he evidently fears is a delusion of the senses,—and his final rush into the arms of his son,—are triumphs of the highest kind. Here the actor is lost in the fictitious character, and the simulation becomes an actual impersonation, which is the highest possible dramatic achievement.

It would be easy to dilate, if space permitted, on the beauty of the merely mechanical as opposed to the spiritual part of this performance. The fineness of the finish, noticeable in all Mr. Jefferson's creations, is equally remarkable in this. The minutest "business" is transacted with a neatness and precision which could not easily be surpassed. Nowhere is there a sign of premeditation or design; all is done simply, naturally, and without strain. The methods employed are those of comedy, and he never once permits himself to fall into extravagance except in his manner of kissing *Tilly* at the fall of the curtain. The indiscretion here is most perhaps, but it is a blot on a most delightful picture, which ought not to remain. It is only in works of the rarest excellence that the smallest blemishes are serious.

This impersonation would place Mr. Jefferson at the head of contemporary comedians if he had never been seen in other parts, and is an unanswerable proof, if any were needed, of the great range of his powers. It would be pleasant to say something of other recent achievements of the player who is now renewing the victories of a quarter of a century ago—of his *Bob Acres* and his *Golightly*; but the time does not serve, and nothing remains but to express the hope that it will not be long before he introduces some more portraits from his unrivaled gallery.

J. Ranken Towne.

Jefferson Davis and General Holt.

IN *THE CENTURY* for November is an article, "The Capture of Jefferson Davis," by Mr. Burton N. Harrison. The following phrases and sentences are to be found in this article: In a note by the author, on page 136 of the magazine: " * * * The scheme of Stanton and Holt to fasten upon Mr. Davis charges of a guilty foreknowledge of, if not participation in, the murder of Mr. Lincoln." And in the text, on page 145: "Stanton and Holt, lawyers both, very well knew that Mr. Davis could never be convicted on an indictment for treason, but were determined to hang him anyhow, and were in search of a pretext for doing so. * * * To have been a prisoner in the hands of the Government of the United States, and not to have been brought to trial upon any of the charges against him, is sufficient refutation of them all. It indicates that the people in Washington knew the accusations could not be sustained."

Now, I can safely leave the defense of Secretary Stanton to abler pens than mine. But I hold—contrary, I know, to the usual opinion—that the dead, whose time of action is past, stand less in need of vindication than the living. Therefore, I wish to speak as to the charges made by Mr. Harrison against General Holt; yet not with my own mouth; for it strikes me that the fitting answer to them is found in General Holt's own statement concerning another matter, published within the month, but before Mr. Harrison's paper was given to the public.

General Holt, in this statement (a reply, in the form of a letter published in the "Philadelphia Press," under the date of October 8th, to an attack upon him by the ex-conspirator, Mr. Jacob Thompson), speaks as follows concerning the actions of a certain Sanford Conover, first known to the General and the public as a witness in the trial of the assassins of President Lincoln (though Conover's testimony concerned not those conspirators executed for that crime, but others who were never brought to trial):

"In July, after the trial, Conover addressed a written communication to me from New York, of which the following is the opening paragraph:

"NEW-YORK, July 26, 1865.

"BRIG.-GEN. HOLT:

"Dear Sir: Believing that I can procure witnesses and documentary evidence sufficient to convict Jeff. Davis and C. C. Clay of complicity in the assassination of the President, and that I can also find and secure John H. Surratt, I beg leave to tender the Government, through you, my services for these purposes. * * *"

"On the second of August following," General Holt continues, "another letter to the same effect, but more urgent, was received from him [Conover], and, after a conference with the Secretary of War, with his full approval the proposal was accepted, and Conover entered on the fulfillment of his engagement. Some six or seven months were occupied in this, and after all the witnesses produced by him—none of whom were known to me—had been examined, and their depositions filed in the Bureau of Military Justice, Conover, under the supervision of the Secretary of War, was allowed a compensation, which, with what he had previously received, was deemed just, and no more, for his services,—such sums as were required for the attendance of the witnesses themselves having been before paid out from

time to time. Conover himself gave no deposition. In this there was no departure from the course habitually pursued by all the departments of the Government. * * * At this time, nothing had occurred to excite the slightest suspicion of Conover's integrity in all that he had done, or in the credibility of his witnesses. Some time afterward, two of these witnesses, conscience-stricken, came and confessed that they had sworn falsely, having been suborned to do so by Conover. Investigation satisfied me that they were sincere in their avowals, and without delay appropriate action was taken. A prosecution was set on foot against Conover, and he was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for perjury and subornation of perjury, and on the margin of all the reports made by me on the depositions of the witnesses he had produced, an indorsement was made, stating that the depositions were withdrawn and had been discredited. * * * Fortunately, this most guilty deception was discovered so soon that neither the reputation nor the sensibilities of anybody had suffered by the temporary credit given to it."

Had General Holt been maliciously determined to have the life of any one, would he have acted thus? Of course not. He showed himself in this affair, as always, a most honorable, high-minded, and just man.

The Secessionists will never forgive him, because, being a "Border man,"—a Kentuckian by birth,—he chose rather to remain true to the Union than to join them. But no loyal person will make this a ground of complaint against him.

Loyalist.

The Influence of Christ.*

WHO, after the Evangelists, will venture to write the Life of Jesus? This deprecatory question of Lessing has not prevented, during the last three or four decades, the composition of numerous biographies of him whose career is depicted inimitably by the Four Evangelists. Germany has been most prolific of these works. France has produced one excellent book of this class, "The Life of Jesus," by Pressensé, and another famous writing, of a critical and distinctive cast, the "Vie de Jésus" of M. Renan. Even Scotland, where the abstract discussions of theology have still the strongest fascination, has made its contributions to this species of biographic writing. It is easy to see how the minds of men are drawn away from the problems of dogmatic theology, such as predestination and free will, and fastened on the wonderful personality of the Founder. The attention is drawn away from the circumference to the center. It is remarkable that this vivid interest in the question, "What think ye of Christ?"—this concentration of thought on the Person who gives to Christianity its being,—is simultaneous with a widespread tendency, rife in all the empirical schools, to make little of personality and personal force, and to make everything of general causes and impersonal forces as determining the current of history. The one-sided character of this

last tendency, in its undervaluing of the significance of persons, and of the mysterious personal agency which is not to be resolved into anything merely physical or distinct from itself, is specially manifest when the attempt is made to explain the origin of the Christian religion. Here the great originating cause is a Person. Nothing in his environment suffices to explain him. Nothing in his antecedents or circumstances accounts for the appearance, then and there, of an individual so transcendently gifted, and predestined to exert so transforming an influence on human society.

Akin to the tendency which leads men to dwell on the history of Jesus, and to gather up all that can be ascertained respecting him, is the disposition to trace the stream of consequences which have flowed from his life, teaching, and death. In the mist of critical conjecture which is thrown over certain portions of the Evangelical narratives, and the doubts which afflict many minds, it is a relief to contemplate the verifiable results of the work of Jesus among men. Not a few derive their profoundest impressions of his ineffable power and excellence from a close survey of the history of Christendom. The growth of the grain of mustard-seed, the spread of the leaven, have a reality and impressiveness which the most skeptical minds are capable of recognizing. It is one of the best services which a work like the "Gesta Christi" of Mr. Brace renders that it gives the reader a fresh idea of the energy, the beneficent energy, that resides in the religion of Christ, and emanates from him, account for it as one may. Mr. Brace's work confines itself to the various forms of philanthropy in which the influence of Christ is directly traceable. He dwells on the mitigation of the excessive paternal authority which prevailed in the ancient world; the elevation of woman under the benign and pure teaching of the Gospel; the sanctity thrown around marriage and the domestic hearthstone; the melting of the chains of the bondman; the abolition of cruel and brutal sports, like the contests of the arena; the increased tenderness for children, compared with the practice and spirit of antiquity; the abandonment of the private wars which prevailed in the feudal ages; the discarding of torture and the reform of criminal jurisprudence; the substitution of arbitration for war, and the astonishing mitigation of the horrors of war which the spirit of humanity in modern times has introduced, etc. The effect of such a discussion depends, of course, on the interest that belongs to the illustrative facts. One sees from such a broad survey that there has been steadily operating a subtle and powerful influence which, when followed back, leads to the Cross of Christ. The truth of the sacredness of humanity, of the dignity and worth of every human soul, be its outward condition never so humble, obtained then a permanent lodgment in the human heart. There it has been living and acting with an increasing efficiency. Thus human society becomes more and more Christian. Christ is seen, not in visible form, but in his spirit, incorporated into men's thoughts and lives.

* *Gesta Christi*; or, *A History of Human Progress under Christianity*. By Charles Loring Brace. New York: A. C. Armstrong.

George P. Fisher.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

An Evening with Burns.

Suggested by a lecture on Burns by the Rev. Principal Grant,
of Queen's University, Kingston, Jan. 23, 1880.

WITHOUT, the "blast of Janwar wind"
About the building seemed to linger,
That, on a wintry night "lang syne,"
"Blew hansel in" on Scotland's singer.

Within, we listened, soul attent,
To tones attuned by tenderest feeling;
The music of the poet's soul
Seemed o'er our pulses softly stealing.

We saw again the plowman lad,
As by the banks of Ayr he wandered,
With burning eyes and eager heart,
And first on Song and Scotland pondered;

We saw him, as from Nature's soul
His own drew draughts of joy o'erflowing:
The plow's voice, the brier-rose,
The tiny harebell lightly growing,

The wounded hare that passed him by,
The timorous mouseie's ruined dwelling,
The cattle cowering from the blast,
The dying sheep her sorrows telling,—

All touched the heart that kept so strong
Its sympathy with humbler being,
And saw in simplest things of life
The poetry that waits the seeing!

We saw him, 'mid the golden grain,
Learning the oldest of romances,
As first his boyish pulses stirred
"A bonnie lassie's" gentle glances.

We saw the birk and hawthorn shade
Droop o'er the tiny, running river,
Where he and his dear Highland maid
Spoke their farewell—alas, forever!

There be the poet's wish fulfilled,
That summer ever "langest tarry,"—
For all who love the singer's song
Must love his gentle Highland Mary!

Alas! that other things than these
Were written on the later pages
That made that tortured soul of his
A by-word to the after ages.

For many see the damning sins
They lightly blame on slight acquaintance,
But *not* the agony of grief
That proved his passionate repentance.

'Twas his to feel the anguish keen
Of noblest powers to mortals given,
While tyrant passions chained to earth
The soul that might have soared to heaven.

'Twas his to feel in one poor heart
Such war of fierce conflicting feeling
As makes this life of ours too sad
A mystery for our unsealing;—

The longing for the nobler course,
The joining of the thing abhorrent,—
Because the lower impulse rose
Resistless as a mountain torrent,—

Resistless to a human will,
But not to strength that had been given,
Had he but grasped the anchor true
Of "correspondence fixed wi' heaven."

Ah well! he failed. Yet let us look
Through tears upon our sinning brother,
As thankful that we are not called
To hold the balance for each other!

And never lips than his have pled
More tenderly and pitifully
To leave the erring heart with Him
Who made it, and will judge it truly.

Nay, more, it is no idle dream
That we have heard a voice from heaven:
"Behold, this heart hath loved much,
And much to it shall be forgiven!"

Agnes Maule Machar.

The Summer Girl.

No more she'll stroll by moonlight this year upon
your arm;
She's gone to study Latin in a spot well fenced
from harm.

How cool her muslins somehow seemed,—she always
brought a breeze;
And how short she made the evenings in those
walks beneath the trees!

I must say it to her credit that she never lost her heart,
Nor in any piece of acting ever failed to know her part.

For she laughed at jokes, no matter how old and
stale and bad,
And she thought the present company the best she'd
ever had.

Then she gave us all her photograph, each the first
she ever gave:
"Would the recipient please be silent on the sub-
ject as the grave?"

But her art was quite transparent, and as harmless
as the sun,
And the misanthrope who shunned her did but lose
a heap of fun.

So, old fellow, ere we separate to join the winter
whirl,
Let's drink a parting bumper to that jolly summer
girl.

W. H. A.

The Way of It.

THE wind is awake, little leaves, little leaves,
Heed not what he says—he deceives, he deceives:
Over and over
To the lowly clover
He has lisped the same love and pledged himself
true,
As he'll soon be lisping and pledging to you.

The boy is abroad, dainty maid, dainty maid,
Beware his soft words—I'm afraid, I'm afraid:
He's said them before
Times many a score,
Ay, he died for a dozen ere his 'beard pricked
through
As he'll soon be dying, my pretty, for you.

The way of the boy is the way of the wind,
As light as the leaves is dainty maid-kind:
One to deceive
And one to believe—
That is the way of it, year to year,
But I know you will learn it too late, my dear.

John Vance Cheney.

I Wonder what Maud will Say!

DEAR Harry, I will not dissemble,
A candid confession is best;
My fate—but alas, how I tremble!—
My fate I must put to the test:
This morning I gathered in sadness
A strand from my locks slightly gray;
To delay any longer were madness—
I wonder what Maud will say!

The deed it were well to do quickly,—
Macbeth makes a kindred remark:
I wonder if Mac felt as sickly
When he carved the old king in the dark!
The fellows who marry all do it,
But what is the usual way?
Heigho! don't I wish I were through it!
I wonder what Maud will say!

Pray advise. Would you fix up a letter
With rhymes about roses and trees?
To tell it perchance would be better:
Alas, must I get on my knees?
No; kneeling is now out of fashion
Except in a novel or play.
Ah, love is a Protean passion!
I wonder what Maud will say!

Would you give her a pug or a pony,
A picture or only a book;
A novel—say Bulwer's "Zanoni,"
Or a poem—"Lucile," "Lalla Rookh";
Bonbons from Maillard's, or a necklace
Of pearls, or a mammoth bouquet?
By Jove! I am perfectly reckless—
I wonder what Maud will say!

Shall I speak of the palace at Como
Which captured the heart of Pauline?
There's a likeness of Claude in a chromo;
Would you buy it and practice the scene?
But no! I'm no Booth, nor an Irving;
My fancy has led me astray.
To a lover so true and deserving
I wonder what Maud will say!

Could I warble like Signor Galassi,
In passionate song I would soar,—
I recall she applauded him as he
Serenaded the fair Leonore;
My strain should resound love-compelling,
Far sweeter than Orpheus' lay;
Already my bosom is swelling—
I wonder what Maud will say!

Shall I tell her my love very gravely,
Or propose in a moment of mirth,
Or lead to the subject suavely,
And mention how much I am worth?
Old fellow, I know I shall blunder;
When she blossoms as bright as the day,
My wits will be dazzled. Oh, thunder!
I wonder what Maud will say!

Samuel Minturn Peck.

Good-bye.

WE say it for an hour or for years;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this,—
Good-bye.

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And scars our soul with going; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way,—
Good-bye.

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond Earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night,—
Good-bye.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

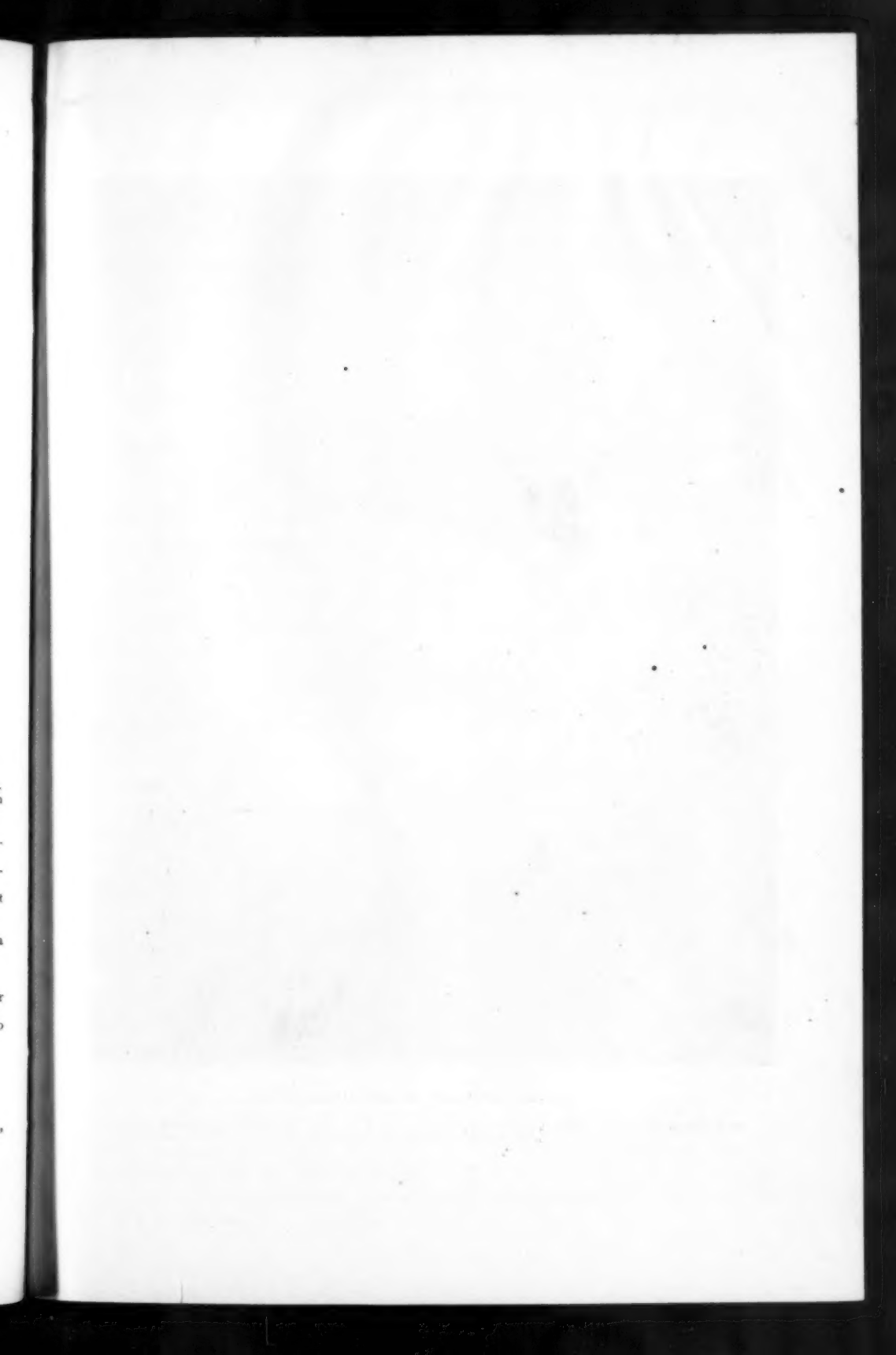
De price ob your hat aint de medjer ob your brains.
Ef your coat-tail catch a-fire, don't wait tell you kin
see de blaze 'fo' you put it out.
De grave-yard is de cheapes' boardin'-house.
Makin' new law-books don't swell de natchul hon-
esty in folks.
Dar's a fam'ly coolness 'twix' de mule an' de s'in-
gle-tree.
It pesters a man dreadful when he git mad an' don't
know who to cuss.
Buyin' on credit is robbin' nex' 'ear's crop.
Chris'mas widout holiday is like a candle widout a
wick.
A fat tramp better change his bizniss.
A bull-dog is a po' jedge o' coat-tails.
De craw-fish in a hurry look like he tryin' to git dar
yistiddy.
'Tis hard for de bes' an' smartes' folks in de wul' to
git 'long widout a little tech o' good luck.
Lean houn' lead de pack when de rabbit in sight.

J. A. Macon.

Strephon and Sardon.

"YOUNG Strephon wears his heart upon his sleeve,"
Thus wizened Sardon spake with scoffing air:
Perhaps 'twas envy made the gray-beard grieve,
For Sardon never had a heart to wear.

R. W. G.





HEAD OF A MAN, BY REMBRANDT.

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